

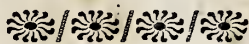
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Jan 27

Order of Public Worship OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

ADOPTED BY THE GENERAL CONFERENCE, MAY, 1896.

[Parts in brackets may be omitted.]



1. [VOLUNTARY.]

2. SINGING FROM THE HYMNAL, the people standing.

3. [THE APOSTLES' CREED.]

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ his only Son, our Lord: who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead, and buried; the third day he rose from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

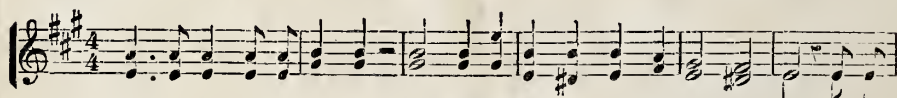
I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic Church, the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. Amen.

4. PRAYER, the minister and people kneeling, concluding with the Lord's Prayer, repeated audibly by all.

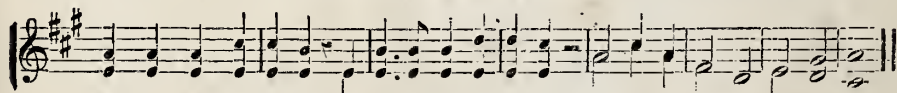
5. [ANTHEM.]

6. LESSON FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT, which, if from the Psalms, may be read responsively.

7. [THE GLORIA PATRI.]



Glo - ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost, As it



was in the be-ginning, is now, and ev-er shall be, world without end. A-men, A-men.

8. LESSON FROM THE NEW TESTAMENT.

9. COLLECTION AND NOTICES.

10. SINGING FROM THE HYMNAL, the people standing.

11. SERMON.

12. SHORT PRAYER, for a blessing on the Word.

13. SINGING, closing with a Doxology.

14. THE APOSTOLIC BENEDICTION.

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The

Indian Hymnal

LUCKNOW :
METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE,
1902.

P R E F A C E .

THE need of a hymn and tune book that can be used for Sablath, social and Sunday school services, has long been felt by the English-speaking congregations connected with our mission and scattered over India. In a number of cases local congregations have, for their own use, compiled and printed small collections of the most useful hymns and songs, but these have satisfied local demands only. At the Central Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in India, held in Calcutta in the early part of 1900, it was decided to provide a book that would more fully meet the needs of all our people, and a committee was appointed to supervise the comilation and issue of a hymn and tune book to be called "The Indian Hymnal."

The hymn book thus arranged for is now issued, with the hope that it will meet the approval of the congregations for which it was prepared, and that it will have a wide field of usefulness in India.

The committee gratefully acknowledge their indebtedness to the composers and publishers who have most generously given permission to use copyright hymns and music: to Messrs. Eaton and Mains of New York for the use of the plates and copyright hymns of The Methodist Hymnal and the Epworth Hymnal, to Bishop C. C. McCabe for the use of plates and hymns from The Finest of the Wheat, to the publishers of Songs of Joy and Gladness for the use of several of their best hymns, to Messrs. Morgan and Scott and Mr. Ira D. Sankey for the use of sixty plates from Songs and Solos, to the publishers of Hymns Ancient and Modern for the use of eight of their hymns, to Messrs. Marshall Bros. for eleven hymns from Hymns of Consecration and Faith, and to Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co. for two hymns from the Hymnal Companion.

Great pains have been taken to discover the owners of copyrights and to obtain their permission to use their hymns and tunes. If any copyright has been infringed it has been unintentional, and we trust that the oversight will be pardoned.

THE INDIAN HYMNAL.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS.

1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer - ful voice;

Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore him, and re - joice.

1 *Invitation to worship, Psalm 100.*

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed,
Without our aid he did us make:
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

3 O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good.
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

Wm. Kethe.

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bp. Thomas Ken.

2 *Reverential adoration.*

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men:
And when like wandering sheep we
strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful
songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with herten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding
praise.

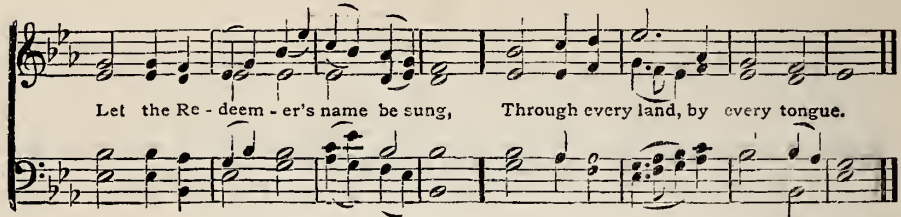
4 Wide as the world is thy command:
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts, alt. by J. Wesley

WORSHIP.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

JOHN HATTON.



3 *General invitation to praise God.*

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.
Isaac Watts.

4 *Jesus reigns.*

1 COME, let us tune our loftiest song,
And raise to Christ our joyful strain:
Worship and thanks to him belong,
Who reigns, and shall forever reign.

2 His sovereign power our bodies made:
Our souls are his immortal breath;
And when his creatures sinned, he bled,
To save us from eternal death.

3 Burn every breast with Jesus' love;
Bounds every heart with rapturous joy:
And saints on earth, with saints above,
Your voices in his praise employ.

4 Extol the Lamb with loftiest song,
Ascend for him our cheerful strain:
Worship and thanks to him belong,
Who reigns, and shall forever reign.

Robert A. West.

5 *Praise to the Saviour.*

1 JESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring:
Accept thy well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee:
Like the blest hour when from above
We first received the pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,
O may it ever, ever stay!
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold.

4 Let every moment, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts.

WORSHIP.

MALVERN. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

6 *The great Shepherd with his flock.*

1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat:
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Dost dwell with those of humble mind:
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And, going, take thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew:
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care:
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

William Cowper.

7 *Blest hour of prayer.*

1 BLEST hour, when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God;
To send to Heaven his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word.

2 Blest hour, when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased his people's voice to hear:
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

3 Blest hour, for, where the Lord resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given;

And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

4 Hail, peaceful hour! supremely blest
Amid the hours of worldly care:
The hour that yields the spirit rest,
That sacred hour, the hour of prayer.

5 And when my hours of prayer are past,
And this frail tenement decays,
Then may I spend in heaven at last
A never-ending hour of praise.

Thomas Raffles

8 *Undisturbed devotion.*

1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be
gone.
Let my religious hours alone:
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see:
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 O warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire:
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare!
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine:
Thy glorious name shall be adored,
And every tongue confess thee Lord.

Isaac Watts.

WORSHIP.

MILLER. L. M.

C. P. E. BACH, ARR. BY DR. MILLER.

1. E - ter - nal Power, whose high a - bode Be - comes the grandeur of a God,
In - fi - nite lengths be - yond the bounds Where stars re - volve their lit - tle rounds!

9 *Solemn adoration.*

1 ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God,
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds!

2 Thee while the first archangel sings.
He hides his face behind his wings,
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

4 Earth, from afar, hath heard thy fame.
And worms have learned to lisp thy name:
But O! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

5 God is in heaven, and men below:
Be short our tunes; our words be few:
A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

Isaac Watts.

10 *Living bread.*

1 THY presence, gracious God, afford;
Prepare us to receive thy word:
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixed with what we hear.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above:
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us the sacred word apply
With sovereign power and energy;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will;
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

John Fawcett.

11 *God revealed to faith.*

1 NOT here, as to the prophet's eye,
The Lord upon his throne appears;
Nor seraphim responsive cry,
"Holy! thrice holy!" in our ears:

2 Yet God is present in this place,
Veiled in serener majesty;
So full of glory, truth, and grace,
That faith alone such light can see.

3 Nor, as he in the temple taught,
Is Christ within these walls revealed,
When blind, and deaf, and dumb were
brought,
Lepers and lame, and all were healed.

4 Yet here, when two or three shall meet,
Or thronging multitudes are found,
All may sit down at Jesus' feet,
And hear from him the joyful sound.

5 Send forth the seraphim, O Lord,
To touch thy servants' lips with fire;
Saviour, give them thy faithful word:
Come, Holy Ghost, their hearts inspire.

James Montgomery.

WORSHIP.

BLESSED HOUR OF PRAYER.

W. H. DOANE.

1. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low-ly bend, And we gath-er to

Je-sus, our Saviour and Friend; If we come to Him in faith, His pro-tec-tion to share,

What a balm for the weary! O how sweet to be there! Blessed hour of pray'r, Blessed hour of pray'r;

D.S.—What a balm for the weary! O how sweet to be there!

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Blessed hour.

- 2 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the Saviour draws near,
With a tender compassion his children to hear;
When he tells us we may cast at his feet every care, What a balm, etc.—CHO.
- 3 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the tempted and tried
To the Saviour who loves them their sorrow confide;
With a sympathizing heart he removes every care; What a balm, etc.—CHO.
- 4 At the blessed hour of prayer, trusting him we believe
That the blessing we're needing we'll surely receive,
In the fullness of this trust we shall lose every care; What a balm, etc.—CHO.

Fanny J. Crosby.

SUPPLICATION.

T. R. MATTHEWS.

1. Je-sus, high in glo-ry, Lend a listening ear, When we bow before thee, Children's praises hear.

13

The hearer of prayer.

- 2 Though thou art so holy,
Heaven's almighty king,
Thou wilt stoop to listen,
When thy praise we sing.
- 3 Save us, Lord, from sinning,
Watch us day by day;

Help us now to love thee;
Take our sins away:

- 4 Then, when Jesus calls us
To our heavenly home,
We would gladly answer,
"Saviour, Lord, we come."

Anon, 1847.

WORSHIP

WARWICK. C. M.

SAMUEL STANLEY.

1. Lord, in the morn-ing thou shalt hear My voice as-cend-ing high:

To thee will I di-rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye:

14. Preparation for public worship.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting, at the Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 Now to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet;
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

Isaac Watts.

MARLOW. C. M.

REV. JOHN CETHAM.

1. Come, ye that love the Sav-iour's name, And joy to make it known,

The Sove-reign of your hearts pro-claim, And bow be-fore his throne.

WORSHIP.

15 *The glories of our King.*

1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your Lord, your Master, crown-^[ed]
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondering nations round
How bright those glories shine.

3 When, in his earthly courts, we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

4 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

Anne Steele.

BELMONT. C. M.

SAMUEL WEBBE.

1. Lord, when we bend be - fore thy throne, And our con - fes - sions pour,

O may we feel the sins we own, And hate what we de - plore.

16 *Confession, prayer, and praise.*

2 Our contrite spirits pitying see:
True penitence impart;
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam peace into each heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly thine.

4 And when, with heart and voice, we strive
Our grateful hymns to raise,
Let love divine within us live,
And fill our souls with praise.

5 Then, on thy glories while we dwell,
Thy mercies we'll review;
With love divine transported, tell—
Thou, God, art Father too!

Joseph D. Carlyle.

17 *Vying with the angels.*

1 A THOUSAND oracles divine
Their common beams unite,
That sinners may with angels join,
To worship God aright.

2 Triumphant host! they never cease
To laud and magnify
The Triune God of holiness,
Whose glory fills the sky.

3 By faith the upper choir we meet,
And challenge them to sing
Jehovah on his shining seat,
Our Maker and our King.

4 But God made flesh is wholly ours.
And asks our noblest strain;
The Father of celestial powers,
The Friend of earthborn man!

Charles Wesley

WORSHIP.

AZMON. C. M.

CARL GOTTHELF GLASER.

1. O for a thou - sand tongues, to sing My great Re - deem - er's praise;
The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs of his grace!

18 *Exultant praise to the Redeemer.*

- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

- 4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.
- 5 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

Charles Wesley.

PETERBORO'. C. M.

RALPH HARRISON.

1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

19 *Worshiping the Lamb.*

- 1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb!" our hearts reply,
"For he was slain for us."

- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.
- 4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Isaac Watts.

WORSHIP.

20

Renewed consecration.

1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heavens on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise:
My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,
But yet his wrath delays.

4 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

Isaac Watts.

21

Morning supplications.

1 AWAKE, my soul, to meet the day;
Unfold thy drowsy eyes,
And burst the heavy chain that binds
Thine active faculties.

2 God's guardian shield was round me
spread,
In my defenseless sleep:
Let him have all my waking hours
Who doth my slumbers keep.

3 Pardon, O God, my former sloth,
And arm my soul with grace,
As, rising, now I seal my vows
To prosecute thy ways.

4 Bright Sun of righteousness, arise;
Thy radiant beams display;
And guide my dark, bewildered soul
To everlasting day.

Philip Doddridge.

AWAKE MY SOUL. L. M.

1. A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re - deemer's praise;

He just - ly claims a song from thee, His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how free!

Lov - ing - kindness, lov - ing - kind - ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how free!

22

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!

WORSHIP.

LUTHER. S. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. A - wake, and sing.... the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb; Wake, ev - ery
heart and ev - - ery tongue, To praise the Saviour's name, To praise the Saviour's name.

23 *Song of Moses and the Lamb.*

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;

Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the eternal King.

4 Then shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

William Hammond, alt.

WAUGH. S. M.

REV. RALPH HARRISON.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, While ye sur - round his throne.

24 *Glory begun below.*

1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

WORSHIP.

3 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas :

4 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love ;
He will send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.

5 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin ;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in :

6 Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

7 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below :
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow :

8 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry :

We're marching through Immanuel's
ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

Isaac Watts, alt. by J. Wesley.

25 *The sacrifice of praise.*

With joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal Love.

2 Before thy throne we bow,
O thou almighty King ;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing :

3 While in thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal--
And lend a gracious ear.

4 Lord, teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing :
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

Thomas Jervis.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

ISAAC WATTS.



26 *The universal King.*

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing :
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown ;
He gave the seas their bound ;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord ;
We are his works, and not our own :
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod ;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

Isaac Watts.

WORSHIP.

WAKE THE SONG.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Praise the Rock of our sal - va - tion, Praise the might - y God a - bove;

Come be - fore his sa - cred pres - ence With a grate - ful song of love.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! He is God, and he a - lone;

Wake the song of ad - or - a - tion, Come with joy be - fore his throne.

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27

The Rock of Salvation.

- 1 Praise the Rock of our salvation,
Praise the mighty God above;
Come before his sacred presence
With a grateful song of love.
- CHO.—Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
He is God, and he alone;
Wake the song of adoration,
Come with joy before his throne.
- 2 Jesus' blood so freely offered,
Jesus' blood avails for sin;
Jesus at the door of mercy,
Waits to let the wanderer in.

- CHO.—Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
He is God, and he alone;
Wake the song of adoration,
Come with joy before his throne.
- 3 Praise the Rock of our salvation;
Catch from yonder radiant clime,
Strains by everlasting ages,
Echoed back in tones sublime.
- CHO.—Hallelujah! Hallelujah?
He is God, and he alone;
Wake the song of adoration,
Come with joy before his throne.

Fanny J. Crosby.

WORSHIP.

COME AND WORSHIP.

MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. An - gel voic - es breath-ing ev - er, Songs of praise to God on high,

Thro' the gates of light and glo - ry, Call us now from yon - der sky.

CHORUS.

Come and wor - ship, Come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ our Lord and King;

Come and wor - ship, Come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ our Lord and King.

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28

Call to worship.

2 O'er the lovely realm of nature,
By her sparkling fountains clear,
Thro' the forest and the valley,
Still the earnest call we hear,
Come and worship, etc.

3 When the morning in its beauty
Wakes the earth from sleep profound,
In the music of the song bird
We can hear the grateful sound,
Come and worship, etc.

4 In the whisper of the twilight,
When the zephyrs murmur low,
In the sighing of the leaflet,
We can hear where'er we go,
Come and worship, etc.

5 Come and worship our Creator,
Him whose mercy we adore;
Come and worship our Redeemer,
Sing and praise him evermore;
Come and worship, etc.

Fanny J. Crosby.

WORSHIP.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6, 4.

FELICE GIARDINI.

1. Come, thou al - might - y King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise:

Father all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign over us, Ancient of days!

29 *Invocation of the Trinity.*

2 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:

Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To thee, great One and Three,
Eternal praises be,
Hence evermore:

Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore!

Charles Wesley.

HENDON. 7.

ABRAHAM HENRI CÉSAR MALAN.

1 Lord, we come be - fore thee now, At thy feet we hum - bly bow; O do not our

suit dis - dain; Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain? Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

30 *Blessings implored.*

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;

Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

WORSHIP.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn :
Let the time of joy return :
Those that are cast down lift up :
Make them strong in faith and hope.

6 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee, a gracious God and kind :
Heal the sick, the captive free ;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

William Hammond

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7.

IGNACE PLEYEL



31 *Saints and angels praising God.*

1 SONGS of praise the angels sang.
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of peace was born :
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice :
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

4 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death :
Then amid eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

James Montgomery.

32 *Praise the Lord.*

1 PRAISE the Lord, his glories show,
Saints within his courts below,
Angels round his throne above,
All that see and share his love.

2 Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Tell his wonders, sing his worth:

Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise him, praise him, evermore !

3 Praise the Lord, his mercies trace :
Praise his providence and grace :
All that he for man hath done ;
All he sends us through his Son.

4 Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts :
All that breathe, your Lord adore.
Praise him, praise him, evermore !

Henry F. Lyte.

33 *Tribute of praise at parting.*

1 CHRISTIANS, brethren, ere we part,
Every voice and every heart
Join, and to our Father raise
One last hymn of grateful praise.

2 Though we here should meet no more,
Yet there is a brighter shore ;
There, released from toil and pain,
There we all may meet again.

3 Now to thee, thou God of heaven,
Be eternal glory given :
Grateful for thy love divine,
May our hearts be ever thine.

H. Kirke White, Alt.

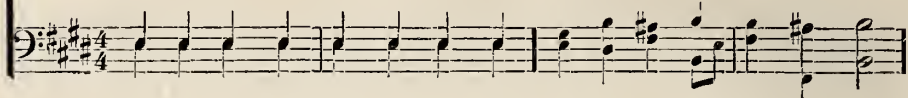
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SICILIAN HYMN. 8, 7, 4.

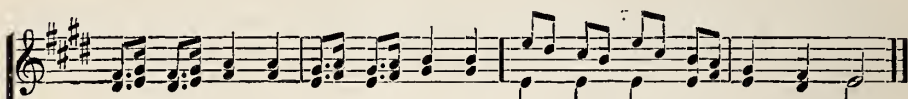
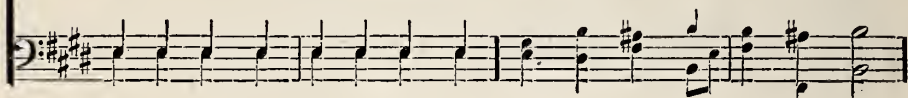
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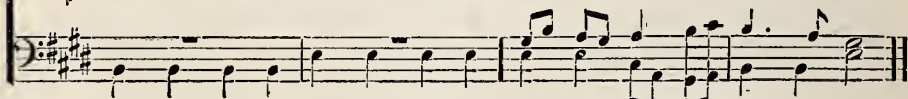
1. In thy name, O Lord, as - sem - bling, We, thy peo - ple, now draw near:



Teach us to re - joice with trem - bling; Speak, and let thy serv - ants hear:



Hear with meekness, Hear with meekness, Hear thy word with god - ly fear.



34 *Heavenly joy anticipated.*

1 IN thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near:
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear:
Hear with meekness,
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee:
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory
Without cloud in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore;
Sharing then in rapture greater
'Than they could conceive before:
Full enjoyment,
Full and pure, for evermore.

Thomas Kelly.

3 *For the fullness of peace and joy.*

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

Walter Shirley.

WORSHIP.

GOD BE WITH YOU.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain; By his counsels, guide, uphold you,

With his sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

CHORUS.

Till we meet,..... Till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet again, till we meet;

Till we meet,.... till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Till we meet, till we meet again.

Copyright, by J. E. Rankin

36

The Lord watch between us.

2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath his wings securely hide you;
Daily manna still divide you,
God be with you till we meet again.

CHO.—Till we meet, etc.

3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you;
Put his arms unfailing round you,

God be with you till we meet again.

CHO.—Till we meet, etc.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you;
Smite death's threatening wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

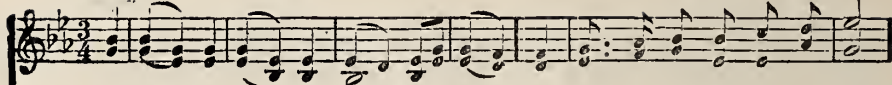
CHO.—Till we meet, etc.

Rev. J. E. Rankin.

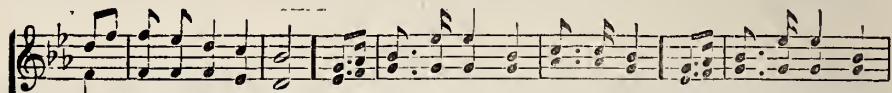
WORSHIP

ARIEL. C. P. M.

ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.



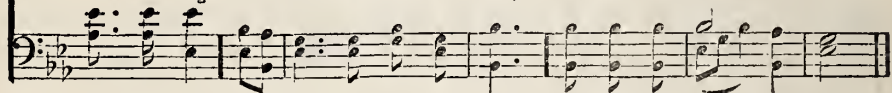
1. O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glo-ries forth,



Which in my Saviour shine, I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Gabriel



while he sings In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.



37 *Make His praise glorious.*

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

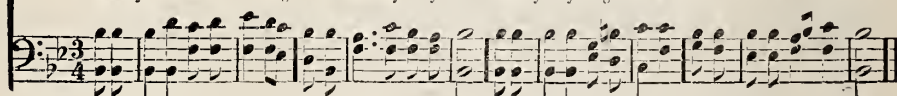
Samuel Medley,

STOCKWELL. 8, 7.

DARIUS ELLIOT JONES.



1. Silently the shades of evening Gather round my lowly door: Silently they bring before me Faces I shall see no more.



38

Memories of the dead.

1 SILENTLY the shades of evening
Gather round my lowly door;
Silently they bring before me
Faces I shall see no more.

2 O the lost, the forgotten,
Though the world be oft forgot!
O the shrouded and the lonely,
In our hearts they perish not!

3 Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend,
They, unlinked with earthly trouble,
We, still hoping for its end.

4 How such holy memories cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past,
Pointing up to that fair heaven
We may hope to gain at last.

Christopher C. Cox.

WORSHIP.

EVENTIDE. 10.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark - ness
deep - ens - Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!

39

Abide with me

1 ABIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens - Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me

3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!

4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Henry F. Lyta.

WORSHIP.

TWILIGHT.

QUARTET OR SEMI-CHORUS.

WM. F. SHEPWIN.

1. Day is dy - ing in the West; Heav'n is touch - ing earth with rest:

Wait and wor - ship while the night Sets her even-ing lamps a - light Thro' all the

FULL CHORUS.

p

sky. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are

cres.

full of thee! Heav'n and earth are prais - ing thee, O Lord most high!

Copyright, 1871, by J. H. Vincent.

40

Evening praise.

2 When forever from our sight,
Pass the stars, the day, the night.
Lord of angels, on our eyes
Let eternal morning rise
And shadow end.

3 Lord of life, beneath the dome
Of the universe, thy home,
Gather us who seek thy face
To the fold of thy embrace,
For thou art nigh.

EVENING PRAYER. 8, 7.

GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

1. Sav - iour, breathe an even - ing bless - ing, E'er re - pose our spir - its seal:

WORSHIP.

EVENING PRAYER.—*Concluded. Rit.*

Sin and want we come con-fess-ing, Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

Copyright, 1918, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

41 *Bless us now.*

- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly;
Angel guards from thee surround us,
We are safe if thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee:

Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.
4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston.

E. J. HOPKINS.

PARTING HYMN.

1. Sav - iour, a - gain to thy dear name we raise With one ac -

cord our part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless thee ere our wor - ship

cease, Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait thy word of peace. A - men.

42 *Close of service.*

- 2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With thee began, with thee shall end the day;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.
- 3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.
- 4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thy eternal peace.

John Ellerton.

WORSHIP.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. A - gain as even - ing's shad - ow falls, We gath - er in these hallowed walls;

And ves - per hymn and ves - per prayer Rise mingling on the ho - ly air.

43 *Evening prayer.*

2 May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer;
Lay down the burden and the care.

3 O God, our light! to thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest thou:

Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

4 Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the Spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer forever dwell.

Samuel Longfellow.

GOTTSCHALK. 7.

LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK. ARR BY E. P. PARKER.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight - - way;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would commune with thee.

44 *Communion with God.*

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon from us the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

George W. Doane.

WORSHIP.

HURSLEY. L. M.

PETER RITTEL. ARR. BY WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

1. Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear, It is not night if thou be near:
O may no earth-born cloud arise To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

45

Abide with us.

1 SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
O may no earthborn cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve.
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh.
For without thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble.

46

Morning mercies, daily discipline.

1 NEW every morning is the love
Our waking and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask,—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

5 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us this, and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

John Keble.

47

Morning and evening mercies.

1 MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distill like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

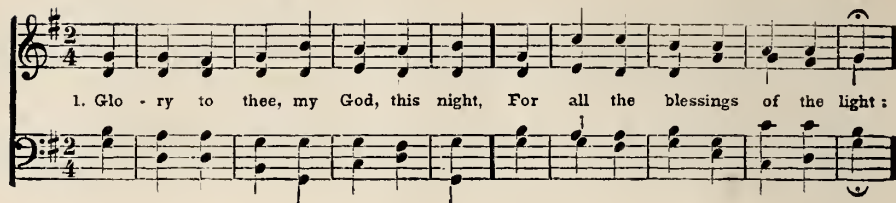
3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Isaac Watts.

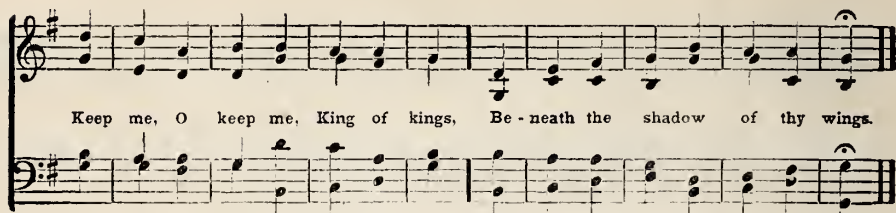
WORSHIP.

EVENING HYMN. L. M.

* THOMAS TALLIS.



1. Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light :



Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Be - neath the shadow of thy wings.

48 *Evening hymn.*

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son.
The ill which I this day have done :
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed :
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

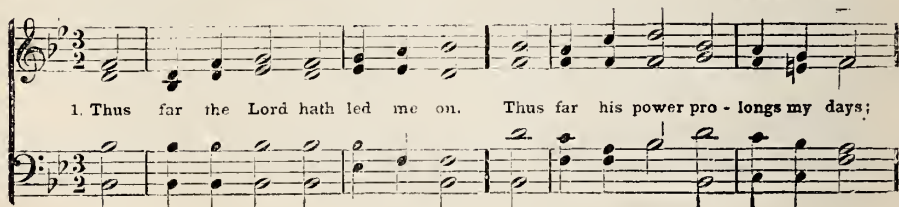
4 O let my soul on thee repose.
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close :
Sleep, which shall me more vigorous
make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

5 Lord, let my soul forever share
The bliss of thy paternal care :
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

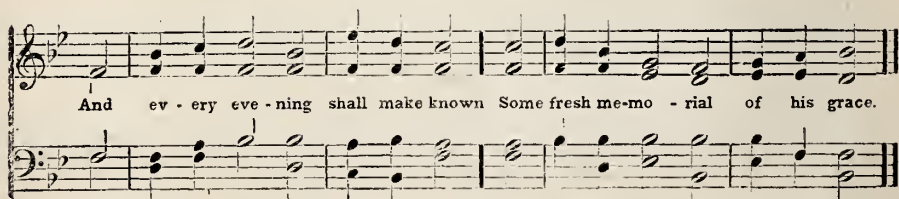
Thomas Ken.

HEBRON. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Thus far the Lord hath led me on. Thus far his power pro - longs my days ;



And ev - ery eve - ning shall make known Some fresh me - mo - rial of his grace.

49 *Evening meditations.*

1 THUS far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days ;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home :
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to
come.

WORSHIP—THE SABBATH.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall
come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

Isaac Watts.

50 *Evening prayer.*

1 AGAIN as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

2 May struggling hearts that seek re-
lease
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and
prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

3 O God, our light! to thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest thou;
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

4 Life's tumult we must meet again;
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the Spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer forever dwell.

Samuel Longfellow.

GRATEFUL PRAISE. 7.

1. Lord, this day thy chil - dren meet, In thy 'courts with will - ing feet;
Un - to thee this day they raise, Grate-ful hearts in hymns of praise.

51 *Grateful praise.*

1 LORD, this day thy children meet,
In thy courts with willing feet;
Unto thee this day they raise,
Grateful hearts in hymns of praise.

2 Not alone the day of rest
With thy worship shall be blest:
In our pleasure and our glee,
Lord, we would remember thee.

3 Help us unto thee to pray,
Hallowing our happy day;
From thy presence thus to win
Hearts all pure and free from sin.

4 All our pleasures here below,
Saviour, from thy mercy flow.
Little children thou dost love:
Draw our hearts to thee above.

5 Make, O Lord, our childhood shine,
With all lowly grace, like thine;
Then, through all eternity,
We shall live in heaven with thee.

W. Walsham How.

52 *Sabbath evening.*

1 SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose,
At the holy Sabbath's close.

3 Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God,
Symbol of the peace within
When the spirit rests from sin.

4 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshipper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

5 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of joy and peace in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

Samuel F. Smith.

THE SABBATH.

MEDEBAS. 7, 6.

GERMAN MELODY.

1. O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness, Most beautiful, most bright: } On thee, the high and lowly,
Thro' a - ges joined in tune, Sing "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the great God Tri - une.

53 *Day of rest and gladness.*

On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.
Christopher Wordsworth.

LISBON. S. M.

DANIEL READ.

1. Wel - come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise;
Wel - come to this re - viv - ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes!

54 *The Sabbath welcome.*

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!
2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day in such a place,
Where thou, my God, art seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.
4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

Isaac Watts.

THE SABBATH.

SABBATH MORN. 7. 61.

LOWELL MASON.

1st time.

2d time.

1. { Safe-ly through another week, God has brought us on our way ; }
 { Let us now a bless-ing seek, (Omit)..... } Waiting in his courts to-day:

1st time.

2d time.

{ Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e-ter-nal rest. }
 { Day of all the week the best, (Omit)..... } Emblem of e-ter-nal rest.

55 *Safely through another week.*

2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
 Through the dear Redeemer's name,
 Show thy reconciled face,
 Take away our sin and shame ;
 From our worldly cares set free,
 May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise ;
 May we feel thy presence near :

May thy glory meet our eyes,
 While we in thy house appear :
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.

4 May thy gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints ;
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief for all complaints :
 Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
 Till we join the Church above.

John Newton.

HEBER. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.

1. With joy we hail the sa-cred day, Which God has called his own ;

With joy the summons we o-bey, To wor-ship at his throne.

56 *Sabbath and sanctuary joys.*

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair !
 As here thy servants throng
 To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
 And pour the grateful song.

3 Spirit of grace ! O deign to dwell
 Within thy Church below :

Make her in holiness excel,
 With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found ;
 Let all her sons unite,
 To spread with holy zeal around
 Her clear and shining light.

Harriet Auber.

1 { The spacious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky,
And spangled heavens, a shin - ing frame, Their great O - rig - i - nal pro - claim : }

The unwea - ried sun, from day to day, Does his Cre - a - tor's power dis - play,

And pub - lish - es to ev - ery land The work of an al - migh - ty hand.

57 *The heavens declare His glory.*

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim :
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display.
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale.
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth ;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid the radiant orbs be found ?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
Forever singing as they shine,
" The hand that made us is divine."

Joseph Addison.

58 *Jehovah's sovereignty.*

1 FATHER of all, whose powerful voice
Called forth this universal frame !
Whose mercies over all rejoice,
Through endless ages still the same :
Thou by thy word upholdest all ;
Thy bounteous love to all is showed ;
Thou hear'st thy every creature's call,
And fillest every mouth with good.

2 In heaven thou reign'st enthroned in light,
Nature's expanse before thee spread ;
Earth, air, and sea, before thy sight,
And hell's deep gloom, are open laid :
Wisdom, and might, and love are thine ;
Prostrate before thy face we fall,
Confess thine attributes divine,
And hail thee sovereign Lord of all.

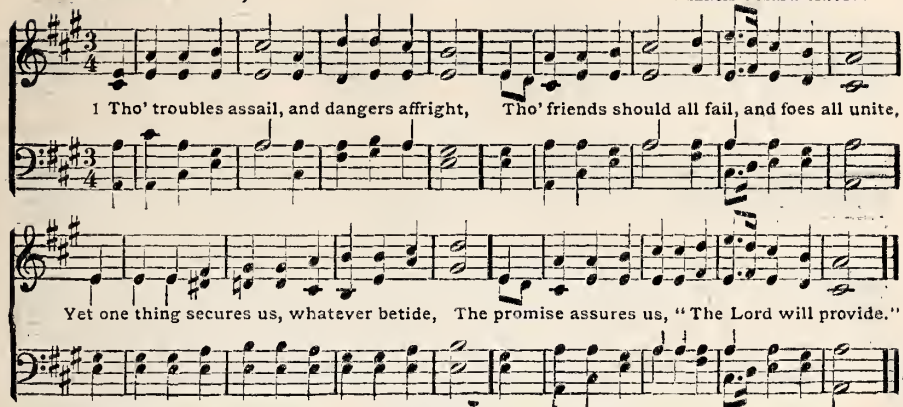
3 Blessing and honor, praise and love,
Co-equal, co-eternal Three,
In earth below, in heaven above.
By all thy works, be paid to thee.
Let all who owe to thee their birth,
In praises every hour employ ;
Jehovah reigns ! be glad, O earth,
And shout, ye morning stars, for joy !

John Wesley.

GOD.

LYONS. 10, 11.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.



1 Tho' troubles assail, and dangers affright, Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all unite,

Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide, The promise assures us, "The Lord will provide."

59 *The Lord will provide.*

2 The birds, without barn or store-house, are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread;
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will provide."

3 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,
The heart-cheering promise, "The Lord will provide."

4 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain;
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain;
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
This answers all questions, "The Lord will provide."

5 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim;
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's name:
In this our strong tower for safety we hide;
The Lord is our power, "The Lord will provide."

6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through;

Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, "The Lord will provide."

John Newton.

60 *Worshipping the King.*

1 O worship the King all-glorious above,
And gratefully sing his wonderful love:
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days.
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 O tell of his might, and sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space:
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

Sir Robert Grant.

GOD.

NICÆA. 11, 12, 10.

JOHN BACCHUS DYRLA

1. Holy, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty! Ear-ly in the morning our song shall rise to thee;

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer-ci - ful and mighty, God in Three Persons, blessed Trin-i - ty!

By permission of Hymns A. & M.

61

Holy, holy, holy.

- 2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,

Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see;
Only thou art holy! there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

- 4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity

Reginald Heber.

TAPPAN. C. M.

* GEORGE KINGSLEY.

1. The Lord our God is clothed with might, The winds o - bey his will; He speaks, and

in his heavenly height He speaks, and in his heavenly height The rolling sun stands still.

62 *Majesty and providence.*

- 1 THE Lord our God is clothed with
The winds obey his will; [might,
He speaks, and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.
- 2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar :
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.
- 3 Ye winds of night, your force com-
Without his high behest, [bine;

- Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.
- 4 His voice sublime is heard afar ;
In distant peals it dies ;
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.
- 5 Ye sons of earth, in reverence bend ;
Ye nations, wait his nod ;
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

H. Kirke White.

STILL, STILL WITH THEE. Arr. FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY, (1809-1847.)

1. Still, still with thee, when pur-ple morn-ing break-eth, When the bird
wak-eth, and the sha-dows flee; Fair-er than morn-ing, lov-li-er than
day-light, Dawns the sweet con-sci-ousness, I am with thee. A-men.

63

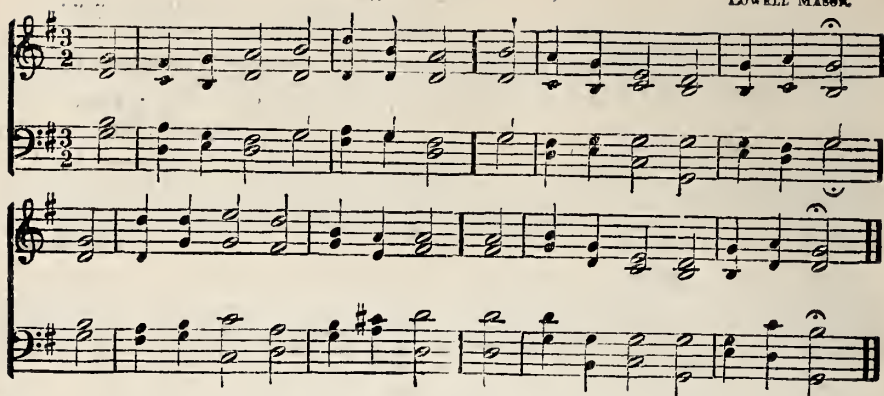
- 2 Alone with thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.
- 3 As in the dawning, o'er the waveless ocean,
The image of the morning-star doth rest;
So in this stillness, thou beholdest only,
Thine image in the waters of my breast.
- 4 Still, still to thee! as to each new-born
morning,
A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,
So does this blessed consciousness awaking,

- Breathe each day nearness unto thee and
heaven.
- 5 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to
slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath thy wings o'er-
shading, [there.
But sweeter still, to wake and find thee
- 6 So shall it be at last, in that bright morn-
ing, [flee;
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows
O in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought—I am
with thee. Amen.

Harriet Beecher Stowe

ROCKINGHAM. L. M. GOD.

LOWELL MASON.



64 *Security in God.*

1 GOD is our refuge and defence;
In trouble our unfailing aid:
Secure in his omnipotence,
What foe can make our souls afraid?

2 Yea, though the earth's foundations
rock,
And mountains down the gulf be
hurled,
His people smile amid the shock:
They look beyond this transient world.

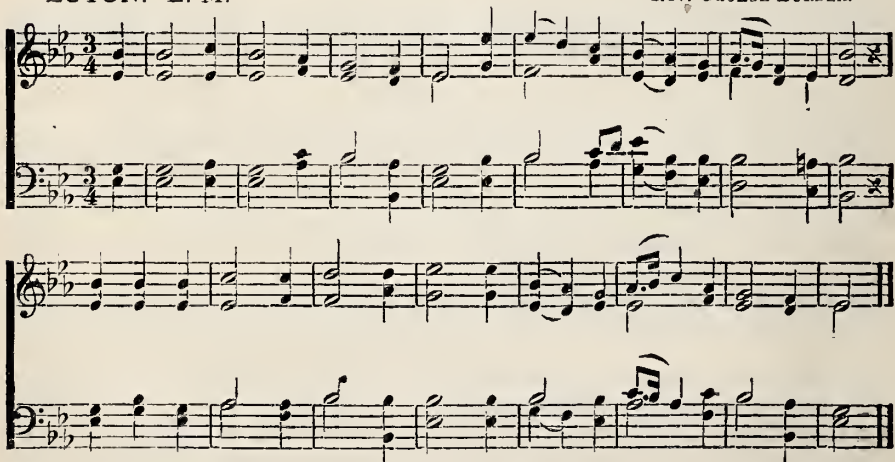
3 There is a river pure and bright,
Whose streams make glad the heavenly
plains;
Where, in eternity of light,
The city of our God remains.

4 Built by the word of his command,
With his unclouded presence blest,
Firm as his throne the bulwarks stand;
There is our home, our hope, our rest.

James Montgomery.

LUTON. L. M.

REV. GEORGE BURDER.



65 *Omnipotence and wisdom.*

1 COME, O my soul, in sacred lays,
Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
But O what tongue can speak his fame?
What mortal verse can reach the theme?

2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

GOD.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence, with wisdom, shines;
His works, through all this wondrous
frame,
Declare the glory of his name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till listening worlds shall join the song.

Thomas Blacklock.

66

Omnipresence.

1 LORD of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star:
Center and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

2 Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!

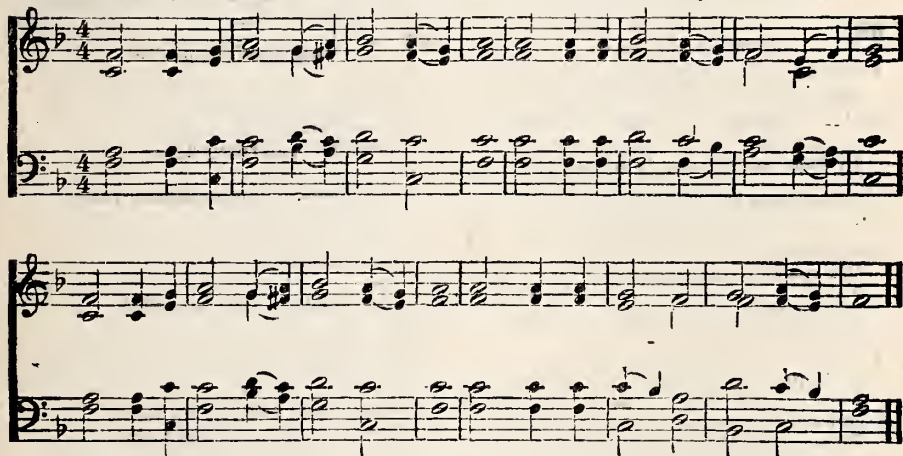
4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is
Before thy ever-blazing throne [love,
We ask no luster of our own.

5 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

Oliver W. Holmes.

HAMBURG. L. M.

GREGORIAN CHANT. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



67

From everlasting to everlasting.

1 Ere mountains reared their forms
sublime,
Or heaven and earth in order stood,
Before the birth of ancient time,
From everlasting thou art God.

2 A thousand ages, in their flight,
With thee are as a fleeting day:
Past, present, future, to thy sight
At once their various scenes display.

3 But our brief life's a shadowy dream,
A passing thought that soon is o'er,
That fades with morning's earliest
beam,
And fills the musing mind no more.

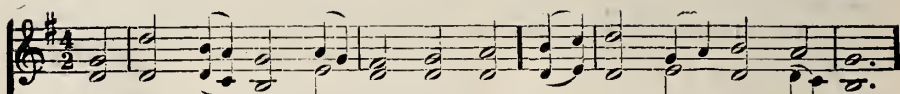
4 To us, O Lord, the wisdom give
Each passing moment so to spend,
That we at length with thee may live
Where life and bliss shall never end.

Harriet Auber.

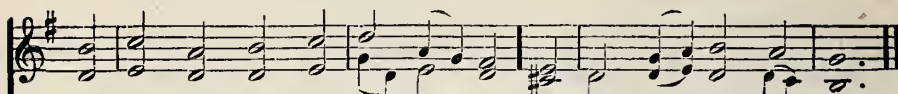
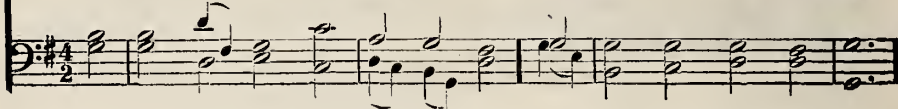
GOD.

STEPHENS. C. M.

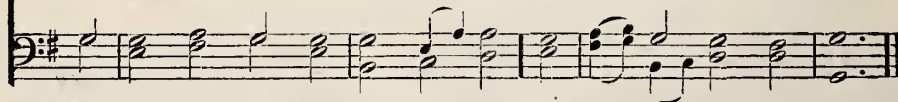
REV. WILLIAM JONES.



1. Fa - ther, how wide thy glo - ry shines, How high thy won - ders rise!



Known through the earth by thou - sand signs, By thou - sands through the skies.



68

Glory, mercy, grace.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines,
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand
signs,
By thousands through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power;
Their motions speak thy skill:
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.

3 Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ;
They show the labor of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet:

4 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms;

5 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brighter shone,
The justice or the grace.

6 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

7 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

Isaac Watts.

69

Majesty and love of God.

1 MY God, how wonderful thou art,
Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful thy mercy-seat
In depths of burning light!

2 How dread are thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

3 How beautiful, how beautiful,
The sight of thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

4 O how I fear thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

5 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as thou art;
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

6 No earthly father loves like thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as thou hast done
With me, thy sinful child.

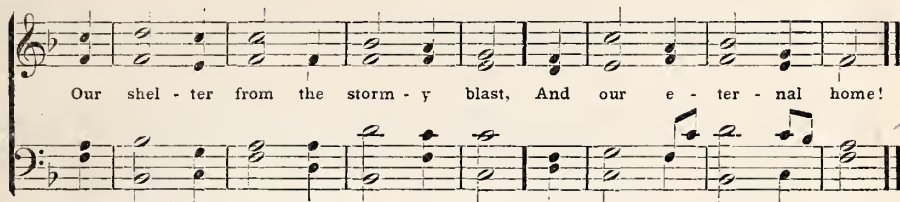
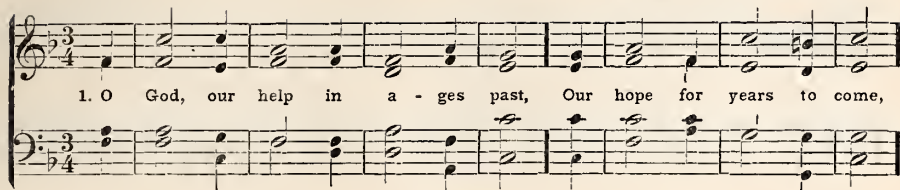
7 Father of Jesus, love's reward!
What rapture will it be.
Prostrate before thy throne to lie
And gaze, and gaze on thee!

Frederick W. Faber.

GOD.

MEAR. C. M.

WELSH AIR. AARON WILLIAMS.



70 *Man frail—God eternal.*

2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell secure ;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages. in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone :
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.

6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

7 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come ;
Be thou our guide while life shall last,
And our perpetual home !

Isaac Watts.

71 *To Deum laudamus.*

1 O GOD, we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored

2 To thee all angels cry aloud :
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry ;

3 "O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway."

4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy Church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

Nahum Tate.

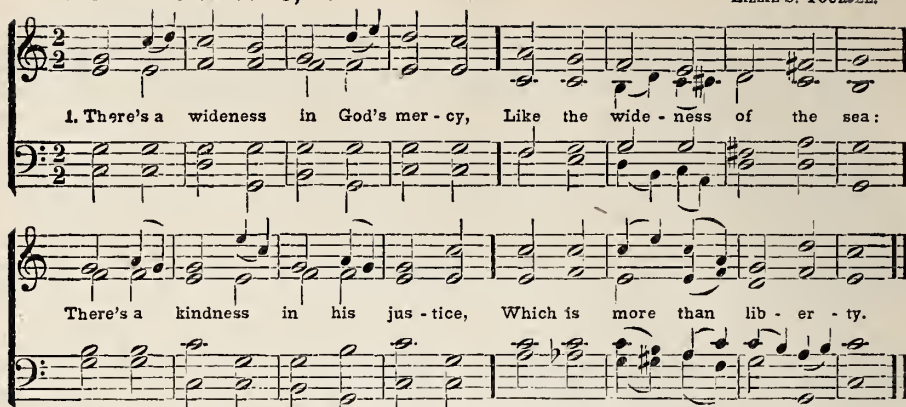
72 *All thy works shall praise thee.*

Ps. 145 : 10.

1 THERE seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every flower,
Which tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale
Of thy almighty power ;
The birds, that rise on quivering wing,
Proclaim their Maker's praise,
And all the mingling sounds of spring
To thee an anthem raise.

2 Shall I be mute, great God, alone
'Midst nature's loud acclaim ?
Shall not my heart, with answering tone,
Breathe forth thy holy name ?
All nature's debt is small to mine ;
Nature shall cease to be :
Thou gavest—proof of love divine—
Immortal life to me.

Mrs. Amelia Opie.



1. There's a wideness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea:
There's a kindness in his jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er-ty.

73 *The wideness of God's mercy.*

- 1 THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.
- 2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in his blood.
- 3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
- 4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Frederick W. Faber.

74 *Unchanging wisdom and love.*

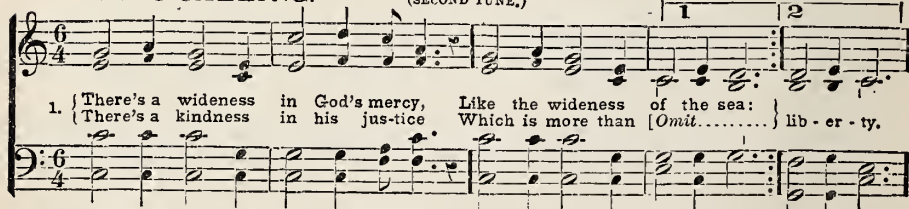
- 1 GOD is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness stream-
God is wisdom, God is love. [eth;
- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Sir John Bowring.

HE IS CALLING.

(SECOND TUNE,)

Arr. by S. J. VANL.



1. { There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea: }
{ There's a kindness in his jus-tice, Which is more than [Omit.....] lib-er-ty. }

CHORUS.



He is call-ing, "Come to me!" Lord, I'll glad-ly haste to thee.

GOD.

75 *God's glory in creation and redemption.*

1 MIGHTY God! while angels bless thee,
May a mortal lisp thy name?
Lord of men, as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme:
Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and awful praise.

2 For the grandeur of thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought:
For the wonders of creation,
Works with skill and kindness wrought:
For thy providence, that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow:
Blessed be thy gentle reign!

3 For thy rich, thy free redemption,
Bright, though veiled in darkness long.
Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who can sing that wondrous song?
Brightness of the Father's glory!
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, my tongue, such guilty silence.
Sing the Lord who came to die:--

4 From the highest throne of glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,
Came to ransom guilty captives:
Flow, my praise, forever flow!
Re-ascend, immortal Saviour;
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
Thence return and reign forever;
Be the kingdom all thine own!

Robert Robinson.

FORTRESS. 8, 7, 6.

MARTIN LUTHER.

1 { A mighty fortress is our God, A bulwark never fail - ing : }
Our Helper he, a-mid the flood Of mortal ills pre-vail - ing. } For still our ancient foe Doth seek to

work us woe; His craft and power are great, And, armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his e - qual.

76

God a mighty fortress.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he;
Lord Sabaoth is his name,
From age to age the same,
And he must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.

The Prince of darkness grim—
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

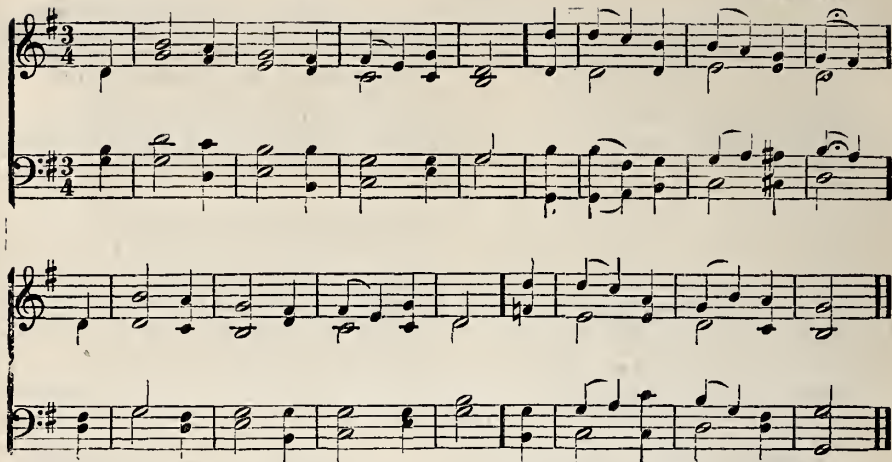
4 That word above all earthly powers—
No thanks to them—abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill:
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever.

Martin Luther. Tr. by F. H. Hedge.

GOD.

BELMONT. C. M.

SAMUEL WEBER.



77 *Goodness and mercy.*

- 1 LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all;
Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.
- 2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,
When virtue lies distressed,
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.
- 3 Thou know'st the pains thy servants
Thou hear'st thy children's cry; [feel,

And their best wishes to fulfil,
Thy grace is ever nigh.
4 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere:
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.
5 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honors of their God.

Isaac Watts.

EVAN. C. M.

WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL.



1. The Lord's my Shep - herd, I'll not want: He makes me down to lie

In pas - tures green; he lead - eth me The qui - et wa - ters by.

78 *The twenty-third Psalm.*

- 2 My soul he doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for his own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk through death's
dark vale.
Yet will I fear no ill;
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

GOD.

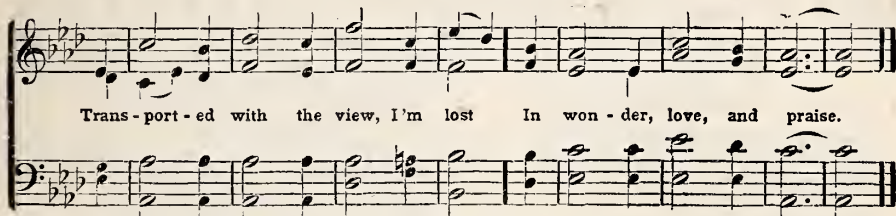
4 A table thou hast furnished me
In presence of my foes ;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me ;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

Francis Rous.

MANOAH. C. M.

FROM F. J. HAYDN.



79

Gratitude.

2 O how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart ?
But thou canst read it there.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.

4 When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

5 Through hidden dangers, toils, and
deaths.
It gently cleared my way ;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

6 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.

7 Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise ;
But O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

Joseph Addison.

80

*Verily, thou art a God that hidest
thyself.—Isa. 45: 15.*

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plights his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take :
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain :
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

William Cowper.

WORSHIP.

ZION. 8, 7, 4.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1 { Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil-grim through this bar - ren land : }
I am weak, but thou art mighty ; Hold me with thy powerful hand : } Bread of

heaven, Feed me till I want no more. Bread of heaven. Feed me till I want no more.

- 81 *The pilgrim's Guide.*
- GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land :
I am weak, but thou art mighty ;
Hold me with thy powerful hand :
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
 - Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow ;

- Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through :
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside ;
Bear me through the swelling current ;
Land me safe on Canaan's side :
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

William Williams.

MAGATA. S. M.

* REV. JOHN BLACK.

1. My soul, repeat His praise, Whose mercies are so great ; Whose anger is so slow to rise, So read-y to a - bate.

- 82 *Infinite compassion.*
- My soul, repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great ;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
 - High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
 - His power subdues our sins ;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

- The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel ;
He knows our feeble frame.
- Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower :
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field
It withers in an hour.
- But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Isaac Watts.

GOD.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11.

UNKNOWN.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;

He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow, Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

83

The Lord is my Shepherd.

- 2 Through the valley and shadow of death
though I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

- 3 In the midst of affliction my table is
spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup run-
neth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my
head;
O what shall I ask of thy providence more?
- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful
God,
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
I seek—by the path which my forefathers
trod,
Through the land of their sojourn—thy
kingdom of love.

James Montgomery.

RAKEM. L. M. 61.

ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.

1. The Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; His presence shall my wants supply, And guard me with a watchful eye;
D. C. My noonday walks he shall attend, And all my midnight hours defend,

84

The Shepherd of Israel.

- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,

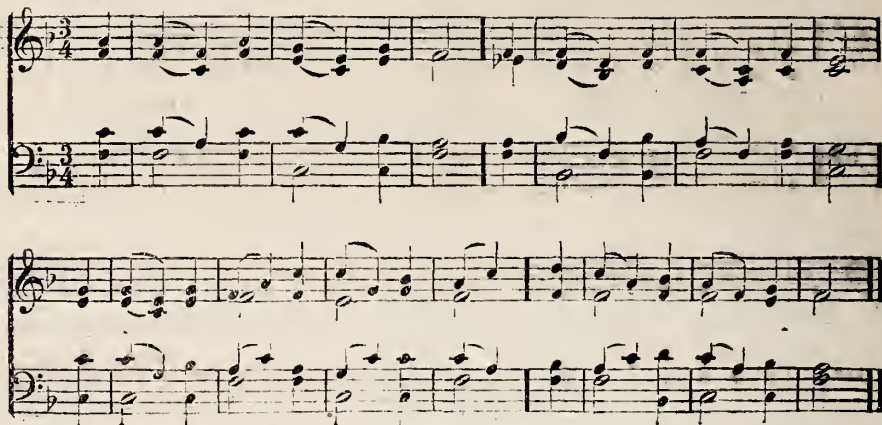
- Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.
- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Joseph Addison.

GOD.

DENNIS. S. M.

HANS GEORG NABELA



85 *Thy gentleness hath made me great.*

Ps. 18: 35.

1 How gentle God's commands !
How kind his precepts are !
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell ;
That hand which bears all nature up
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind ?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day :
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

Philip Doddridge.

86 *Afflictions blessed.*

1 How tender is thy hand,
O thou most gracious Lord !
Afflictions came at thy command
And left us at thy word.

2 How gentle was the rod
That chastened us for sin !
How soon we found a smiling God
Where deep distress had been !

3 A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's love we knew :
'Mid tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his promise true.

4 Now will we bless the Lord,
And in his strength confide :
Forever be his name adored,
For there is none beside.

Thomas Hastings

87 *Delight in God.*

1 LORD, I delight in thee,
And on thy care depend ;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.

2 When nature's streams are dried,
Thy fullness is the same ;
With this will I be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.

3 Who made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide :
While Christ is rich, can I be poor ?
What can I want beside ?

4 I cast my care on thee !
I triumph and adore :
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please thee more.

John Ryland, alt.

CHRIST.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

ARR. FROM GEO. F. HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-celve her King; Let
 ev-ery heart pre-pare him room, And heaven and na-ture sing, And
 And heaven, And heaven and na-ture sing.
 sing, And heaven and na-ture sing.

88

Joy to the world.

2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;
 Let men their songs employ; [plains,
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
 Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow.
 Nor thorns infest the ground;
 He comes to make his blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found. [grace,

4 He rules the world with truth and
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.

Isaac Watts.

89

Wonderful Counsellor.

Isa. 9: 6.

1 To us a Child of hope is born,
 To us a Son is given;
 Him shall the tribes of earth obey.
 Him, all the hosts of heaven.

2 His name shall be the Prince of peace.
 For evermore adored:
 The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
 The great and mighty Lord.

3 His power, increasing, still shall
 spread;
 His reign no end shall know;
 Justice shall guard his throne above,
 And peace abound below.

4

To us a Child of hope is born,
 To us a Son is given;
 The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
 The mighty Lord of heaven.

John Morrison.

90

The Saviour's advent.

1 HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour
 comes,

The Saviour promised long;
 Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoner to release,
 In Satan's bondage held;
 The gates of brass before him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
 To clear the mental ray,
 And on the eyes oppressed with night
 To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
 The wounded soul to cure,
 And, with the treasures of his grace,
 To enrich the humble poor.

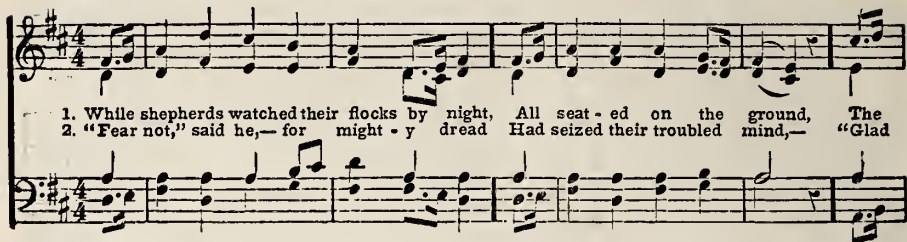
5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim,
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With thy beloved name.

Philip Doddridge.

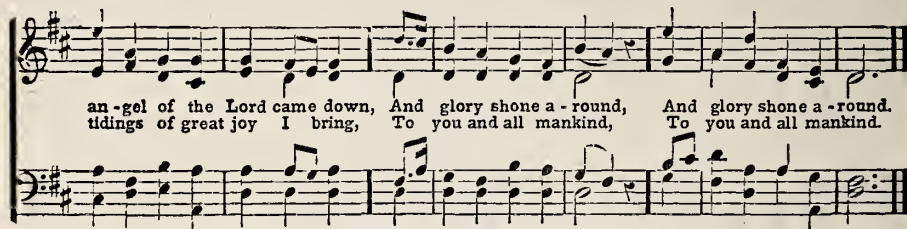
CHRIST—INCARNATION AND BIRTH.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.



1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground, The
2. "Fear not," said he,— for might-y dread Had seized their troubled mind,— "Glad



an-gel of the Lord came down, And glory shone a-round, And glory shone a-round.
tidings of great joy I bring, To you and all mankind, To you and all mankind.

91 *Good tidings of great joy.—Luke 2:10.*

- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:
- 4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing-bands,
And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God on high,
Who thus addressed their song:
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace:
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."

Tate and Brady.

92 *Glory to God in the highest.*

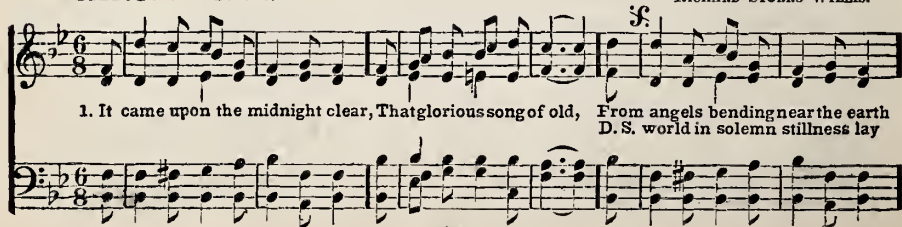
- 1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine,
To hail the auspicious day.

- 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.
- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy, was new,—
'Twas more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.
- 5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song:
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
The harmonious heavenly throng.
- 6 With joy the chorus we repeat,
"Glory to God on high!"
Good-will and peace are now complete,
Jesus was born to die.
- 7 Hail, Prince of life, forever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

Samuel Medley.

CAROL. C. M. D.

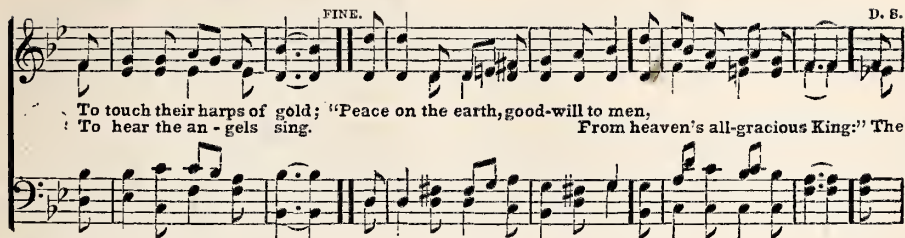
RICHARD STORRS WILLIS.



1. It came upon the midnight clear, That glorious song of old, From angels bending near the earth
D. S. world in solemn stillness lay

CHRIST—INCARNATION AND BIRTH.

CAROL. C. M. (Concluded.)



93

Christmas carol.

- 1 It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.
- 2 Still through the cloven skies they
come
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.
- 3 But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love song which they bring:
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!
- 4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!
- 5 For lo! the days are hastening on
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Edmund H. Sears.

94

Christmas anthem.

- 1 CALM on the listening ear of night,
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains;
Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.
- 2 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights
The Dayspring from on high:
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm;
And Sharon waves in solemn praise
Her silent groves of palm.
- 3 "Glory to God!" the lofty strain
The realm of ether fills;
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
O'er Judah's sacred hills!
"Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring:
"Peace on the earth; good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King."
- 4 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born:
More bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn;
And brighter on Moriah's brow,
Crowned with her temple spires,
Which first proclaim the newborn light,
Clothed with its orient fires.
- 5 This day shall Christian tongues be mute,
And Christian hearts be cold?
O catch the anthem that from heaven
O'er Judah's mountains rolled!
When nightly burst from seraph-harps
The high and solemn lay,—
"Glory to God; on earth be peace;
Salvation comes to-day!"

Edmund H. Sears.

CHRIST—INCARNATION AND BIRTH.

HERALD ANGELS. 7. D.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLODY.

1. Hark! the her - ald - an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King; Peace on

earth, and mer - cy mild; God and sinners reconciled." Joy - ful, all ye nations, rise,

Join the triumphs of the skies; With an - gel - ic hosts proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethle -

hem," With an - gel - ic hosts pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."

95 *God incarnate.*

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail, incarnate Deity!
Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!

Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.
Charles Wesley.

WILMOT. 8, 7.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER

1. Hark! what mean those holy voices, Sweetly sounding through the skies? Lo! the angelic host rejoices; Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

CHRIST—INCARNATION AND BIRTH.

96 *Peace on earth, good-will to men.*

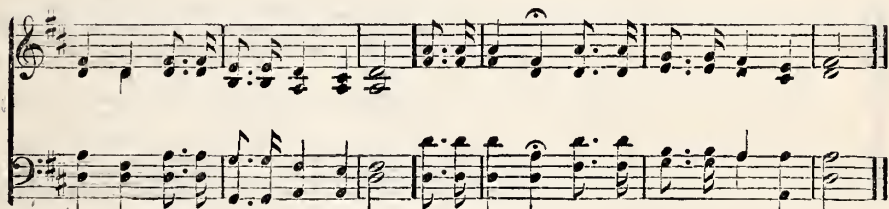
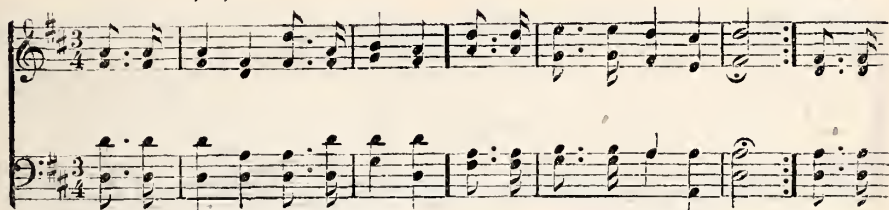
- 2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God most high!
- 3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven!
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

- 4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
"Glory be to God most high!"

John Cawood.

ZION. 8, 7, 4.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



97 *Adoring the holy Child.*

- 1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth:
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King

- 2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the infant light:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

- 3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar:

- Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

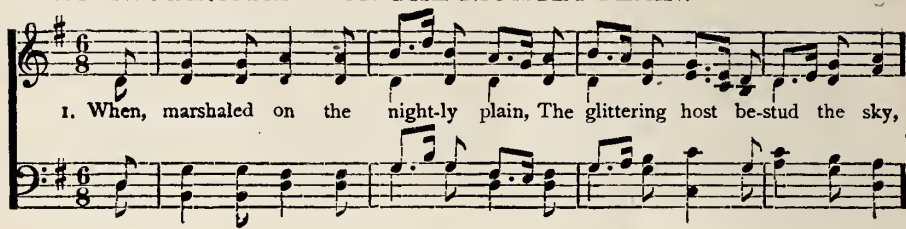
- 4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

- 5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you,—break your chains:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

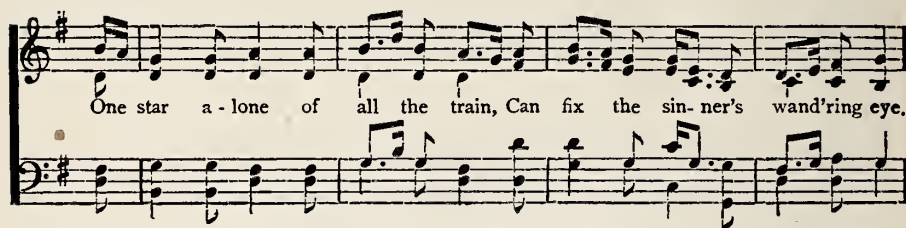
James Montgomery.

CHRIST—INCARNATION AND BIRTH.

WHEN MARSHALED ON THE NIGHTLY PLAIN.



1. When, marshaled on the night-ly plain, The glittering host be-stud the sky,



One star a-lone of all the train, Can fix the sin-ner's wand'ring eye.



Hark! hark! to God the cho-rus breaks From ev-ry host, from ev-ry gem;



But one a-lone the Sav-iour speaks, It is the Star of Beth-le-hem.

98

"They saw the Star."

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the Star of Bethlehem!

3 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease,
And through the storm and danger's thrall
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem!

H. K. White.

CHRIST—INCARNATION AND BIRTH.

WHO IS THIS?

H. P. DANKS.

mf 1st Choir.

1. Who is this, so weak and help - less, Child of low - ly He - brew maid,

Rude - ly in a sta - ble shel - ter'd, Cold - ly in a man - ger laid?

2d Choir.

'Tis the Lord of all Cre - a - tion, Who this wond'rous path hath trod;

He is God from ev - er - last - ing, And to ev - er - last - ing God.

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99

2 Who is this—a Man of Sorrows
Walking sadly life's hard way,
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping
Over sin and Satan's sway?

'Tis our God, our glorious Saviour,
Who above the starry sky
Now for us a place prepareth,
Where no tear can dim the eye.

3 Who is this—behold him shedding
Drops of blood upon the ground?
Who is this—despised, rejected,
Mocked, insulted, beaten, bound?

'Tis our God, who gifts and graces
On his Church now poureth down,
Who shall smite in holy vengeance
All his foes beneath his throne.

4 Who is this that hangeth dying,
While the rude world scoffs and scorns,
Numbered with the malefactors,
Torn with nails, and crown'd with thorns?
'Tis the God, who ever liveth
Mid the shining ones on high,
In the glorious/golden city
Reigning everlastingly!



100

Patience of Jesus.

1 WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around thy steps below!
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe!

2 For, ever on thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 O give us hearts to love like thee,
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with thyself, may every eye
In us, thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with thee.

Sir Edward Denny.

101

A present help.

1 WE may not climb the heavenly steep
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For him no depths can drown.

2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

3 The healing of his seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

4 Through him the first fond prayers **are**
said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with his name.

5 O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine!

John G. Whittier.

102

The Transfiguration.

1 THE chosen three, on mountain height,
While Jesus bowed in prayer,
Beheld his vesture glow with light,
His face shine wondrous fair.

2 And lo! with the transfigured Lord,
Leader and seer they saw;
With Carmel's hoary prophet stood
The giver of the law.

3 From the low-bending cloud above,
Whence radiant brightness shone,
Spake out the Father's voice of love,
"Hear my beloved Son!"

4 Lord, lead us to the mountain height;
To prayer's transfiguring glow;
And clothe us with the Spirit's might
For grander work below.

David H. Ella.

CHRIST.

COMMUNION. C. M.

STEPHEN JENKS.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed? And did my Sove - reign die?

Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?

103 *Godly sorrow at the cross.*

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

Isaac Watts.

REMEMBER ME.

ASA HULL.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
CHO.—Help me, dear Sav - iour, thee to own, And ev - er faith - ful be;

Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
And when thou sit - test on thy throne, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.

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CHRIST.

GERMANY. L. M.

LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN.

1. We sing the praise of Him who died, Of him who died up - on the cross ;

The sin - ner's hope let men de - ride, For this we count the world but loss.

104

The power of the cross.

1 WE sing the praise of Him who died,
Of him who died upon the cross ;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, " God is Love ;"
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

3 The cross ! it takes our guilt away ;
It holds the fainting spirit up ;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight ;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light :

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

Thomas Kelly.

105

The hidings of the Father's face.

1 FROM Calvary a cry was heard,
A bitter and heart-rending cry ;
My Saviour ! every mournful word
Bespeaks thy soul's deep agony.

2 A horror of great darkness fell
On thee, thou spotless, holy One !
And all the swarming hosts of hell
Conspired to tempt God's only Son.

3 The scourge, the thorns, the deep disgrace,
These thou couldst bear, nor once repine ;

But when Jehovah veiled his face,
Unutterable pangs were thine.

4 Let the dumb world its silence break ;
Let pealing anthems rend the sky ;
Awake, my sluggish soul, awake !
He died, that we might never die.

5 Lord, on thy cross I fix mine eye :
If e'er I lose its strong control,
O let that dying, piercing cry,
Melt and reclaim my wandering soul.

J. W. Cunningham.

106

Atonement made.

1 'Tis finished ! the Messiah dies,—
Cut off for sins, but not his own ;
Accomplished is the sacrifice,
The great redeeming work is done.

2 'Tis finished ! all the debt is paid ;
Justice divine is satisfied ;
The grand and full atonement made ;
Christ for a guilty world hath died.

3 The veil is rent ; in him alone
The living way to heaven is seen ;
The middle wall is broken down,
And all mankind may enter in.

4 The types and figures are fulfilled ;
Exactd is the legal pain ;
The precious promises are sealed ;
The spotless Lamb of God is slain.

5 Death, hell, and sin are now subdued ;
All grace is now to sinners given ;
And, lo ! I plead the atoning blood,
And in thy right I claim my heaven.

Charles Wesley.

CHRIST.

EUCCHARIST. L. M.

ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.

107 *The wondrous cross.*

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:

Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts.

RATHBUN. 8, 7.

ITHAMAR CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sa-cred sto-ry Gathers round its head sub-lime.

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Glorying in the Cross.

108

- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,

From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

Sir John Bowring.

CHRIST.

OLIVES' BROW. L. M.

WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY.

1. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol - ives' brow The star is dimmed that late - ly shone:

'Tis midnight; in the gar - den, now, The suffering Saviour prays a - lone.

109

Christ in Gethsemane.

- 1 'Tis midnight; and on Olives' brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone:
'Tis midnight; in the garden, now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone.
- 2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
E'en that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
- 3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.
- 4 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

William B. Tappan.

110

Prophecy fulfilled.

- 1 "'Tis finished!" so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died:
'Tis finished! yes, the race is run;
The battle fought; the victory won.
- 2 'Tis finished! all that Heaven foretold
By prophets in the days of old;
And truths are opened to our view,
That kings and prophets never knew.
- 3 'Tis finished! Son of God, thy power
Hath triumphed in this awful hour;
And yet our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to thee.
- 4 'Tis finished! let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
'Tis finished! let the triumph rise
And swell the chorus of the skies!

Samuel Stennett, alt.

HERMON. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. The royal banner is unfurled, The cross is reared on high, On which the Saviour of the world Is stretched in agony.

111

Hail, holy cross!

- 2 See! through his holy hands and feet
The cruel nails they drive:
Our ransom thus is made complete,
Our souls are saved alive.
- 3 And see! the spear hath pierced his side,
And shed that sacred flood,
That holy reconciling tide,
The water and the blood.

- 4 Hail, holy cross! from thee we learn
The only way to heaven;
And O, to thee may sinners turn,
And look, and be forgiven!
- 5 Jehovah, we thy name adore,
In thee we will rejoice,
And sing, till time shall be no more,
Thy triumphs of the cross.

Venantius Fortunatus. Tr. by J. Chandler.

CHRIST.

SELENA. *L. M. 61.

ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.

1. O love di - vine, what hast thou done! The incarnate God hath died for me!

The Father's co - e - ter - nal Son, Bore all my sins up - on the tree!

The Son of God for me hath died: My Lord, my Love, is cru - ci - fied.

112

Transcendent love.

- 1 O LOVE divine, what hast thou done!
The incarnate God hath died for me!
The Father's co-eternal Son,
Bore all my sins upon the tree!
The Son of God for me hath died:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.
- 2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,—
The bleeding Prince of life and peace!
Come, sinners, see your Saviour die,
And say, was ever grief like his?
Come, feel with me his blood applied:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified:
- 3 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God:
Believe, believe the record true,
Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood:
Pardon for all flows from his side:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.
- 4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream;
All things for him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to him.
Of nothing think or speak beside,—
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

Charles Wesley.

113

Sovereign love.

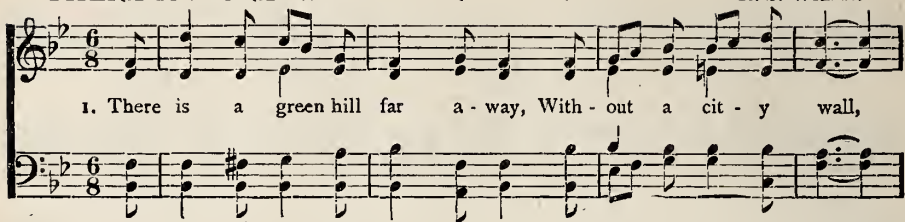
- 1 WOULD Jesus have the sinner die?
Why hangs he then on yonder tree?
What means that strange expiring cry?
Sinners, he prays for you and me;
"Forgive them, Father, O forgive!
They know not that by me they live."
- 2 Jesus, descended from above,
Our loss of Eden to retrieve,
Great God of universal love,
If all the world through thee may live,
In us a quickening spirit be,
And witness thou hast died for me.
- 3 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
Thee,—by thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame,
Thy cross and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death and life—I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away.
- 4 O let thy love my heart constrain!
Thy love, for every sinner free,
That every fallen son of man
May taste the grace that found out me;
That all mankind with me may prove
Thy sovereign, everlasting love.

Charles Wesley.

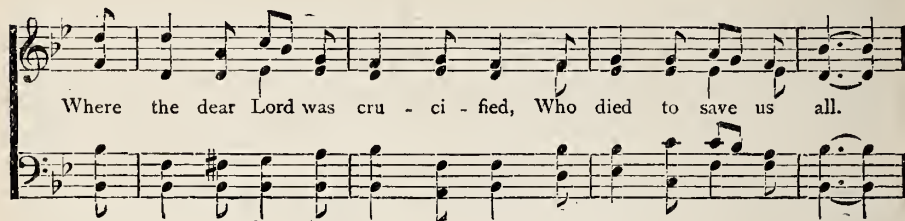
CHRIST.

THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY.

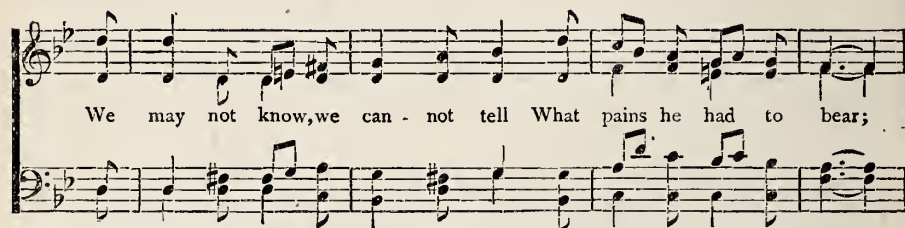
R. S. WILLIS.



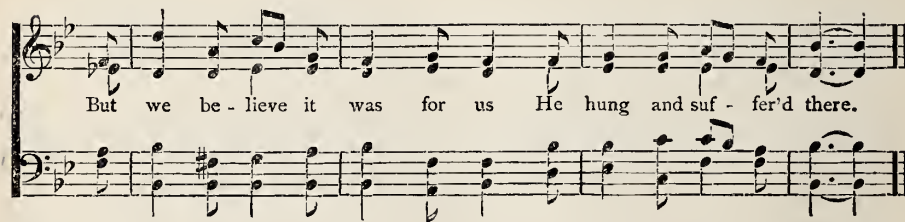
1. There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall,



Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.



We may not know, we can - not tell What pains he had to bear;



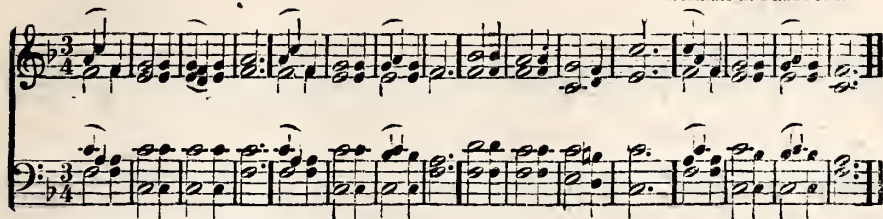
But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fer'd there.

114

2 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by his precious blood.
There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

3 Oh, dearly, dearly has he loved,
And we must love him too,
And trust in his redeeming blood,
And try his works to do.
For there's a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander.



Copyright, 1857, in "The Jubilee," by Wm. B. Bradbury.

115 *Lessons of the cross.*

1 NEVER further than thy cross :
Never higher than thy feet :
Here earth's precious things seem dross :
Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.

2 Gazing thus our sin we see,
Learn thy love while gazing thus ;
Sin, which laid the cross on thee,
Love, which bore the cross for us.

3 Here we learn to serve and give,
And, rejoicing, self deny :
Here we gather love to live,
Here we gather faith to die.

4 Pressing onward as we can,
Still to this our hearts must tend ;
Where our earliest hopes began,
There our last aspirings end ;

5 Till amid the hosts of light,
'We in thee redeemed, complete,
Through thy cross made pure and white,
Cast our crowns before thy feet.

Mrs. Elizabeth Charles.

[8, 7, 4. Tune, Zion. Page 47.]

116 *It is finished.*

1 HARK ! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary ;
See ! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky ;
"It is finished :"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 "It is finished !" O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford !
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord :
"It is finished :"
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law,

Finished all that God had promised ;
Death and hell no more shall awe.
It is finished :
Saints, from hence your comfort
draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs ;
Join to sing the pleasing theme ;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name ;
Hallelujah !
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

Jonathan Evans.

[8, 7, 4. Tune, Zion. Page 47.]

117 *Crown the Saviour.*

1 LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the Man of sorrows now ;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to him shall bow :
Crown him, crown him :
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown
him :
Rich the trophies Jesus brings :
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the vault of heaven rings :
Crown him, crown him :
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim :
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name :
Crown him, crown him ;
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation !
Hark, those loud triumphant chords !
Jesus takes the highest station :
O what joy the sight affords !
Crown him, crown him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

Thomas Kelly.

CHRIST.

WORGAN.
Joyful.

HENRY CAREY.

1. Christ, the Lord is risen to-day, Hal-le-lu-jah!

Sons of men and an-gels say; Hal-le-lu-jah!

Raise your joys and tri-umphs high; Hal-le-lu-jah!

Sing, ye heav'n's, and earth re-ply. Hal-le-lu-jah!

118

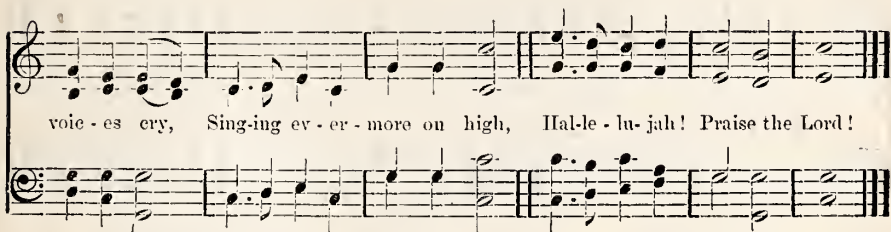
Christ is risen.

2 Love's redeeming work is done; Hallelujah!
Fought the fight, the battle won: Hallelujah!
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er; Hallelujah!
Lo! he sets in blood no more. Hallelujah!

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal. Hallelujah!
Christ has burst the gates of hell: Hallelujah!
Death in vain forbids his rise; Hallelujah!
Christ hath opened paradise. Hallelujah!

4 Lives again our glorious King; Hallelujah!
Where, O Death, is now thy sting? Hallelujah!
Once he died our souls to save; Hallelujah!
Where's thy victory, boasting Grave? Hallelujah!

Charles Wesley.

119 *The Lord is risen.*

1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen again,
Christ has broken every chain:
Hark! angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high,
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

2 He who gave for us his life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day!
We, too, sing for joy, and say,
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

3 He who bore all pain and loss,
Comfortless, upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us, and hears our cry:
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

4 Now he bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we, too, may enter heaven!
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

Michael Weisse. Tr. by Miss C. Winkworth.

120 *Easter hymn.*

1 JESUS Christ is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy day,
Who did once upon the cross,
Suffer to redeem our loss:
Hallelujah!

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing,
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save;
Hallelujah!

3 But the pains which he endured,
Our salvation have procured;
Now above the sky he's King,
Where the angels ever sing;
Hallelujah!

121 *Ascension day.*

1 HAIL the day that sees him rise:
Ravished from our wishful eyes!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends his native heaven.

2 There the pompous triumph waits:
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene:
Take the King of glory in!

3 Circled round with angel powers,
Their triumphant Lord and ours,
Conqueror over death and sin,—
Take the King of glory in!

4 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

5 See, he lifts his hands above!
See, he shows the prints of love!
Hark, his gracious lips bestow
Blessings on his Church below!

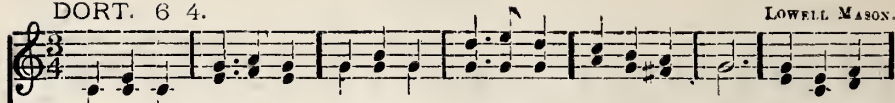
6 Saviour, parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following thee beyond the skies.

Charles Wesley

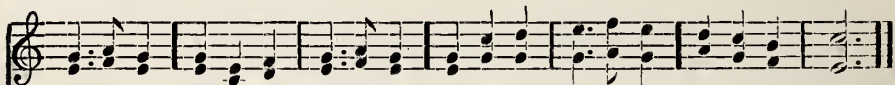
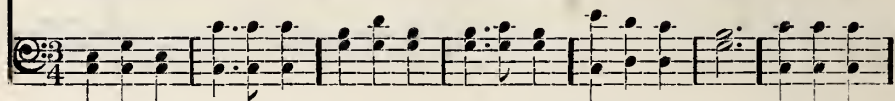
CHRIST.

DORT. 6 4.

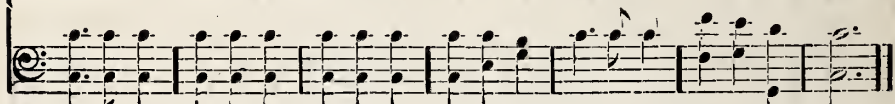
LOWELL MASON.



1. Rise glorious Conqueror, rise, Into thy native skies; Assume thy right; And where in



manv a fold The clouds are backward rolled, Pass through those gates of gold, And reign in light.



122 *Ascension hymn.*

2 Victor o'er death and hell,
Cherubic legions swell

The radiant train:
Praises all heaven inspire:
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And claps his wings of fire.
Thou Lamb once slain

3 Enter, incarnate God!
No feet but thine have trod
The serpent down:

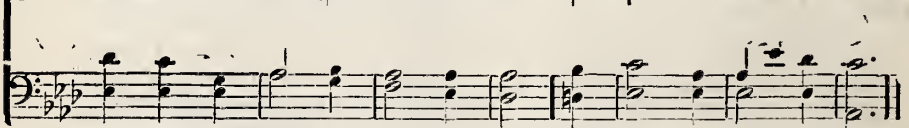
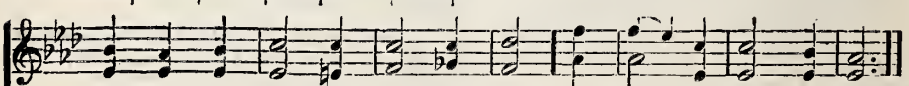
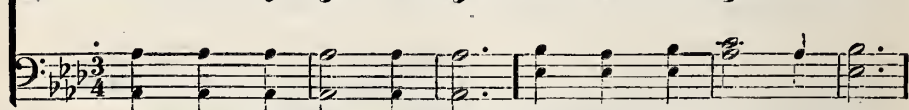
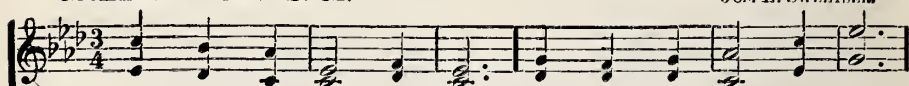
Blow the full trumpets, blow,
Wider yon portals throw,
Saviour, triumphant, go,
And take thy crown!

4 Lion of Judah, hail!
And let thy name prevail
From age to age:
Lord of the rolling years,
Claim for thine own the spheres,
For thou hast bought with tears
Thy heritage.

Matthew Bridges

GREENWOOD. S. M.

JOS. E. SWEETSER.



123 *Joy in His resurrection.*

1 THE Lord is risen indeed:
The grave hath lost its prey;
With him shall rise the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.

2 The Lord is risen indeed:
He lives, to die no more;
He lives, his people's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

CHRIST.

3 The Lord is risen indeed :
Attending angels, hear !
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear :

4 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord ;
Join, all ye bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

Thomas Kelly.

3 Thou art gone up on high ;
But thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter agony
To pass unto thy crown.

4 And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be ;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to thee.

5 Thou art gone up on high :
But thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in thy train.

6 O by thy saving power
So make us live and die,
That we may stand, in that dread hour,
At thy right hand on high.

Emma Toke.

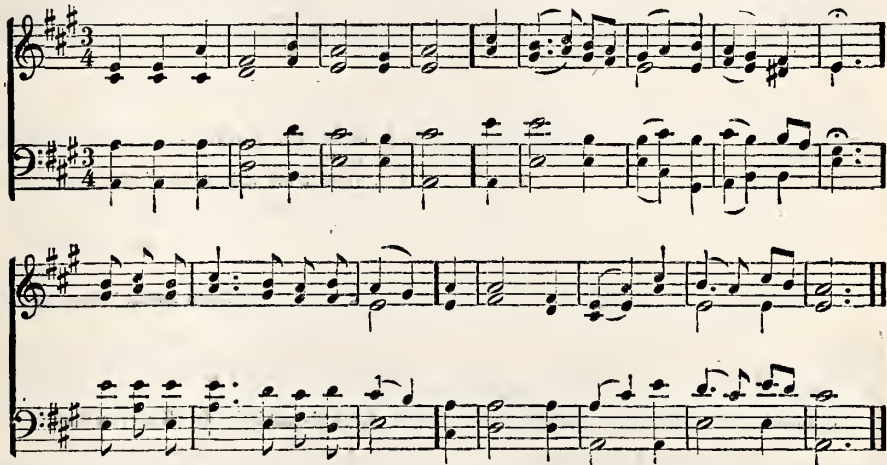
124 *Gone into heaven.*

1 THOU art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies :
And round thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.

2 But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed :
Lord, send thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to thy rest.

MIGDOL. L. M.

LOWELL MASON



125 *The King of glory.*

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead ;
Our Jesus is gone up on high :
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky :
There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay :
" Lift up your heads, ye heavenly
gates ;
Ye everlasting doors, give way !

2 " Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene ;
He claims these mansions as his right :
Receive the King of glory in ! "

" Who is the King of glory ? Who ? "
" The Lord, that all our foes o'er-
came ; [threw :
The world, sin, death, and hell o'er-
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name. "

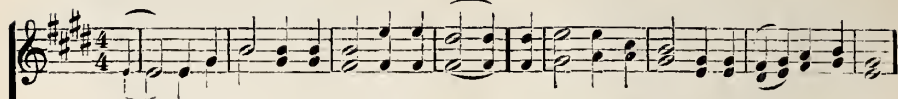
3 Lo, his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay :
" Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates :
Ye everlasting doors, give way ! "
" Who is the King of glory ? Who ? "
" The Lord, of glorious power pos-
sessed :
The King of saints and angels too :
God over all, forever blest ! "

Charles Wesley.

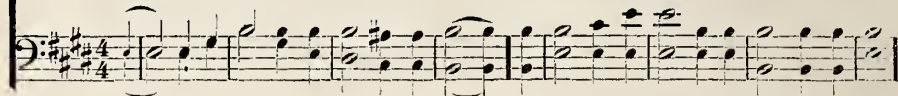
CHRIST.

RESURRECTION. 10, 11, 12.

* ARR. FROM JOHN EDGAR GOULD.



1. Lift your glad voices in triumph on high. For Je - sus hath risen, and man shall not die;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound him, Resplendent in glory, to live and to save:



Vain were the terrors that gathered around him, And short the do-minion of death and the grave;
Loud was the cho - rus of an - gels on high, — The Saviour hath ris - en, and man shall not die.



126 *The voice of triumph.*

2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy;
The being he gave us death cannot de-
stroy:
Sad were the life we may part with to-
morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were
our end;

But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of
sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven as-
cend:
Lift then your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not
die.

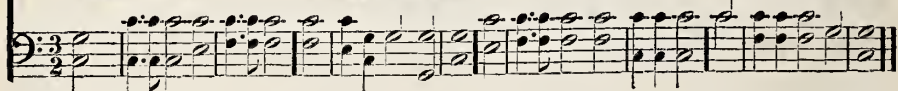
Henry Ware, Jr.

TAMAR. C. M.

ISAAC BAKER WOODRURY.



1. Wel-come, thou Victor in the strife, Now welcome from the cave! To - day we tri-umph in thy life Around thine empty grave.



127 *Christ, the Conqueror.*

2 Our enemy is put to shame,
His short-lived triumph o'er;
Our God is with us, we exclaim,
We fear our foe no more.
3 O let thy conquering banner wave
O'er hearts thou makest free,
And point the path that from the grave
Leads heavenward up to thee.
4 We bury all our sin and crime
Deep in our Saviour's tomb,

And seek the treasure there, that time
Nor change can e'er consume.

5 We die with thee: O let us live
Henceforth to thee aright;
The blessings thou hast died to give
Be daily in our sight.

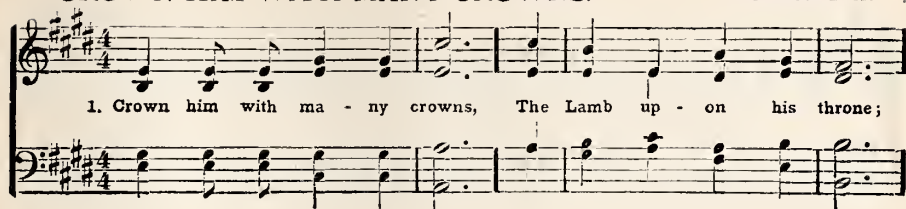
6 Fearless we lay us in the tomb,
And sleep the night away,
If thou art there to break the gloom,
And call us back to day.

Benjamin Schmolke. Tr. by Miss C. Winkworth.

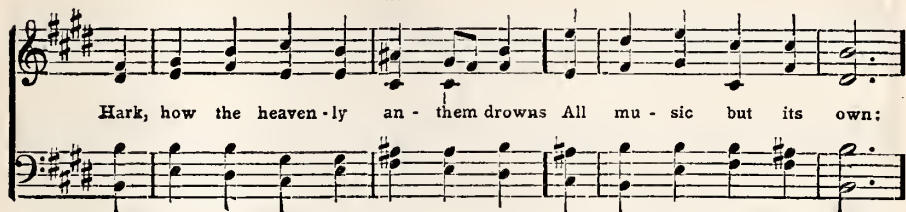
CHRIST.

CROWN HIM WITH MANY CROWNS.

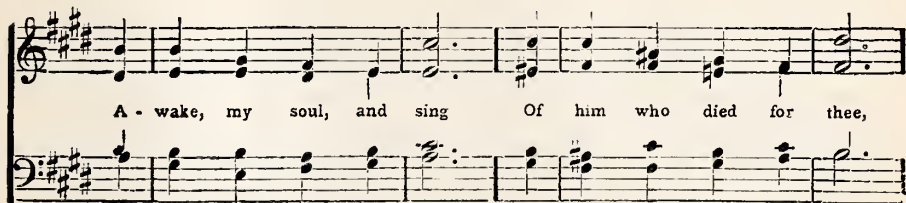
GEO. J. ELVEY.



1. Crown him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on his throne;



Hark, how the heaven - ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own;



A - wake, my soul, and sing Of him who died for thee,



And hail him as thy match - less King Through all e - ter - ni - ty.

By permission Hymns A. & M.

128

Crowning the Saviour.

- 2 Crown him the Lord of love:
Behold his hands and side,
Rich wounds yet visible above,
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.
- 3 Crown him the Lord of peace:
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise:

His reign shall know no end,
And round his piercèd feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

- 4 Crown him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

Matthew Bridges.

CHRIST.

CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal di - a - dem,

And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.

129 *Crown Him Lord of all.*

- 2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this earthly ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;

Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

Edward Feronet, alt.

MILES' LANE. C. M. (SECOND TUNE.)

WM. SHREBSOLE.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the

roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all.

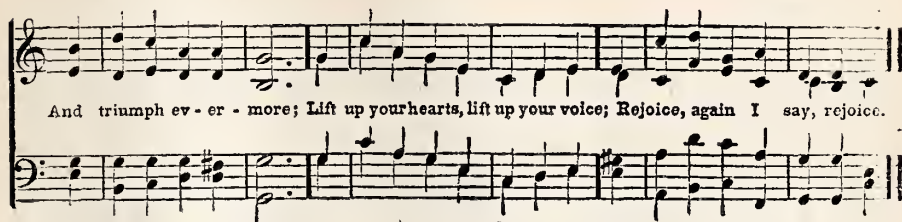
CHRIST—INCARNATION AND BIRTH.

CHRIST CHURCH. H. M.

CHARLES STEGGALL.



1. Re-joice, the Lord is King! Your Lord and King a-dore; Mor-tals, give thanks and sing,



And triumph ev-er-more; Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice; Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

130 *Rejoice evermore.*

1 REJOICE, the Lord is King!
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

5 He all his foes shall quell,
And all our sins destroy;
Let every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home;
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound,—Rejoice!
Charles Wesley.

131 *Glory to glory's King.*

1 GOD is gone up on high,
With a triumphant noise;
The clarions of the sky
Proclaim the angelic joys;
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

2 All power to our great Lord
Is by the Father given;
By angel hosts adored,
He reigns supreme in heaven:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

3 High on his holy seat,
He bears the righteous sway;
His foes beneath his feet
Shall sink and die away;
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

4 Till all the earth, renewed
In righteousness divine,
With all the hosts of God,
In one great chorus join,
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.
Charles Wesley.

CHRIST.

AUTUMN. 8, 7. D.

SPANISH MELODY, FROM MARECHIO.

1. Hail, thou once despised Je - sus! Hail, thou Gal-i-le-an King! Thou didst suffer to release us;
D. S. By thy merits we find favor;

Thou didst free salvation bring. Hail, thou ag-o-niz-ing Saviour, Bearer of our sin and shame!
Life is given through thy name.

132 Our Paschal Lamb.

- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid:
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:

There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare:
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

- 4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits;
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

John Bakewell.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Saviour's brow; His

head with radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.

CHRIST.

ORTONVILLE. *Concluded.*

133 *Majestic sweetness.*

2 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

5 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

Samuel Stennett.

TELL ME MORE ABOUT JESUS.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. 'Tis known in earth and heaven too, 'Tis sweet to me be-cause 'tis true; The "old, old sto-ry" is

CHORUS.

ev-er new; Tell me more about Je-sus. "Tell me more about Je-sus! Tell me more about

Je-sus!" Him would I know who loved me so; "Tell me more a-bout Je-sus!"

Copyright, 1876, by John Church & Co.

134 *That I may know him.*

2 Earth's fairest flowers will droop and die,
Dark clouds o'erspread yon azure sky;
Life's dearest joys flit swiftly by:

Tell me more about Jesus.

CHO.—Tell me more, &c.

3 When overwhelmed with unbelief,
When burdened with a blinding grief,

Come kindly then to my relief;
Tell me more about Jesus.

CHO.—Tell me more, &c.

4 And when the Glory-land I see,
And take the "place prepared" for me,
Through endless years my song shall be—
Tell me more about Jesus.

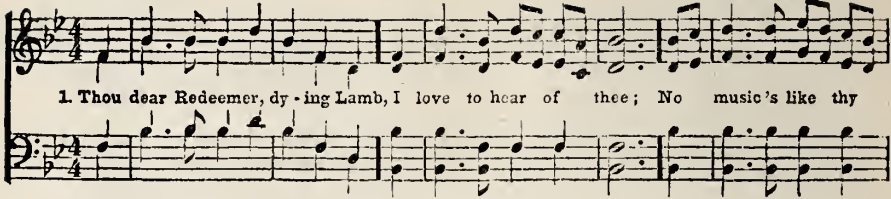
CHO.—Tell me more, &c.

P. P. Bliss.

CHRIST.

EMMONS. C. M.

FRIEDRICH BUEGMÜLLER.



1. Thou dear Redeemer, dy - ing Lamb, I love to hear of thee; No music's like thy



charming name, Nor half so sweet can be, Nor half so sweet can be.

135 *Thou dear Redeemer.*

2 O let me even hear thy voice

In mercy to me speak;

In thee, my Priest, will I rejoice.
And thy salvation seek.

3 My Jesus shall be still my theme,
While in this world I stay;

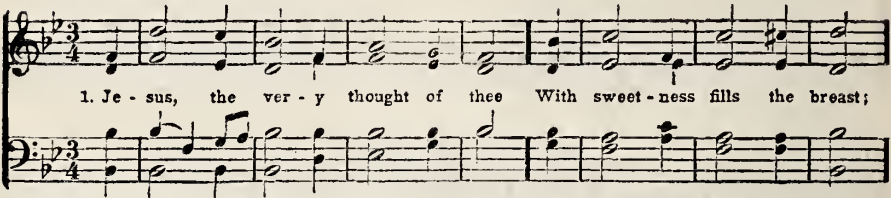
I'll sing my Jesus' lovely name
When all things else decay.

4 When I appear in yonder cloud,
With all thy favored throng,
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be my song.

John Cennick.

HOLY CROSS. C. M.

MENDELSSOHN.



1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of thee With sweet - ness fills the breast;



But sweet - er far thy face to see, And in thy pres - ence rest

136 *The sweetest name.*

2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find

A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Saviour of mankind.

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,

O Joy of all the meek,

To those who ask, how kind thou art!

How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

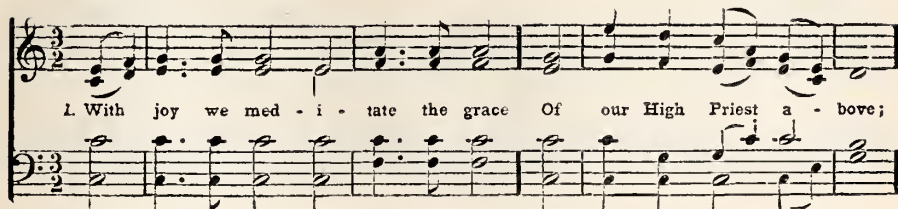
5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
In thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux. Tr. by E. Caswell.

CHRIST.

HEBER. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.



137 *Our merciful High Priest.*

- 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.
- 3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out strong cries and tears.
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks.
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In every trying hour.

Isaac Watts.

- 4 And from his love's exhaustless spring,
Joys like a river come,
To make the desert bloom and sing,
O'er which we travel home.

- 5 O Jesus, there is none like thee,
Our Saviour and our Lord;
Through earth and heaven exalted be,
Beloved, obeyed, adored.

Baptist W. Noel.

139 *King of kings, and Lord of lords.*

- 1 THE head that once was crowned with
thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.
- 2 The highest place that heaven affords,
Is to our Jesus given;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns o'er earth and heaven:
- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.
- 4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.
- 5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above;
Their everlasting joy to know
The mystery of his love.

Thomas Kelly

138 *Christ, our guide.*

- 1 JESUS, the Lord of glory, died,
That we might never die;
And now he reigns supreme, to guide
His people to the sky.
- 2 Weak though we are, he still is near,
To lead, console, defend;
In all our sorrow, all our fear,
Our all-sufficient Friend.
- 3 From his high throne in bliss he deigns
Our every prayer to heed;
Bears with our folly, soothes our pains,
Supplies our every need.

CHRIST.

WARE. L. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.

1. Je - sus, thy blood and righteous - ness My beau - ty are, my glorious dress ;

'Midst flaming worlds, in these ar - rayed, With joy shall I lift up my head.

140 Sufficiency of the atonement.

1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who ought to my charge shall lay ?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,

Who died for me, e'en me to atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
Forever doth for sinners plead,
For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.

5 Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

Nicolaus L. Zinzendorf. Tr. by J. Wesley.

NO NAME SO SWEET.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. There is no name so sweet on earth. No name so sweet in heaven, The name before his

REFRAIN.

wondrous birth To Christ the Sav - iour giv - en. We love to sing a - round our King.

CHRIST.

NO NAME SO SWEET.—(Concluded.)

And hail him blessed Je - sus; For there's no word ear ev - er heard So dear, so sweet as "Je - sus,"

Copyright, 1861, in "Golden Chain," by Wm. B. Bradbury.

141 The sweetest name.

- 2 And when he hung upon the tree,
They wrote this name above him,
That all might see the reason we
Forever more must love him.—REF.
2 So now, upon his Father's throne,
Almighty to release us

From sin and pains, he ever reigns,
The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.—REF.

- 4 O Jesus! by thy matchless name
Thy grace shall fail us never;
To-day as yesterday the same,
Thou art our God forever.

Geo. Washington Bethune.

HOW I LOVE JESUS. C. M.

AMERICAN SPIRITUAL.

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like

CHORUS.

mu - sic in mine ear—The sweetest name on earth. Oh, how I love Je - sus,

Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be - cause he first loved me.

142 The Dearest Name.

- 2 It tells me of a Savior's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of his precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.
3 It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,

And, though I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.

- 4 It tells of One, whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in each sorrow bears a part,
That none can bear below.

Frederick Whitfield, 1859.

CHRIST.

ART THOU WEARY?

Arr. by W. H. Monk,

I. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid? Art thou sore dis - tressed?

"Come to Me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest." A - men.

143

Copyright H. A. & M.

- 2 Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my guide?
"In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
And his side."
- 3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That his brow adorns?
"Yes, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!"
- 4 If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

- 5 If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."
- 6 If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."
- 7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is he sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes."

Rev. John Mason Neale

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

Uxbridge, L. M.

Lowell Mason.

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives;
What joy the blest assurance gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead;
He lives, my everlasting Head!

2 He lives, to bless me with his love;
He lives, to plead for me above;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
He lives, to help in time of need.

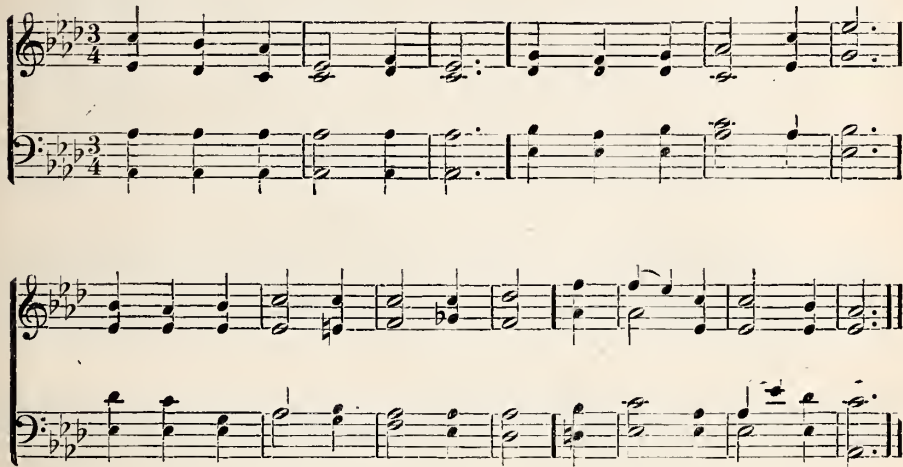
3 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death!
He lives, my mansion to prepare;
He lives, to bring me safely there.

4 He lives, all glory to his name;
He lives, my Saviour, still the same;
What joy the blest assurance gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives!

Samuel Medley.

GREENWOOD. S. M.

JOS. E. SWEETSER.

145 *Christ, our Intercessor.*

1 LORD, how shall sinners dare
Look up to thine abode,
Or offer their imperfect prayer
Before a holy God?

2 Bright terrors guard thy seat,
And glories veil thy face;
Yet mercy calls us to thy feet,
And to thy throne of grace.

3 My soul, with cheerful eye
See where thy Saviour stands,
The glorious Advocate on high,
With incense in his hands.

4 Teach my weak heart, O Lord,
With faith to call thee mine;
Bid me pronounce the blissful word—
Father, with joy divine.

Anne Steele.

146 *The victory of the cross.*

1 JESUS, the Conqueror, reigns,
In glorious strength arrayed;
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad:

2 Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesus' mighty love;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To him who rules above.

3 Extol his kingly power;
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives to die no more,
High on his Father's throne:

4 Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause, [abroad
And spreads through all the earth
The victory of his cross.

Charles Wesley

CHRIST.

OH, LET US BE GLAD.

T. FRANK ALLEN.

1. Oh, let us be glad in our Saviour and King, No tongues ever had greater reason to

sing, Our hearts we will raise with our voices in song, And give him the praise, to whom

CHORUS.

praises be long. Be glad,..... be glad,..... Oh, let us be glad in our
Be glad, oh, be glad, be glad, oh, be glad, Oh, let us be glad in our

Till space with his praises shall ring.....

King,..... Lift up happy voices and praise him, Till space with his praises, his praises shall ring.
King, in our King,

Copyright, 1885, by Phillips & Hunt.

Till space with his praises shall ring.....

147

Sing and rejoice.

2 His wonderful name makes our victory sure,
We share in his fame, which shall ever endure;
On earth we've his word and the gift of his love;
The joy of the Lord yet awaits us above.—CHO.

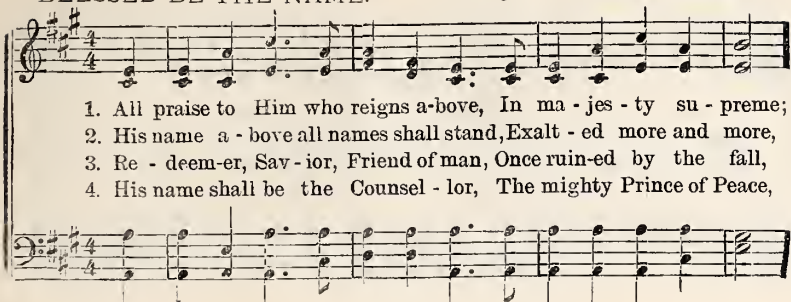
3 We bless his dear name through smiles and through tears,
His love all the same hath encompassed our years;
Oh who could be sad when thus held in his care;
Come, let us be glad, and God's goodness declare.—CHO.

Vinnie Vernon.

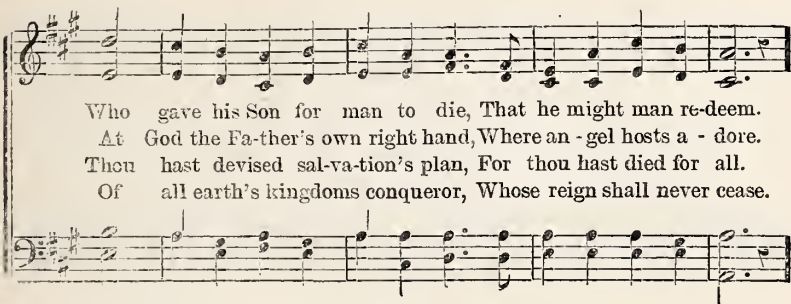
CHRIST.

BLESSED BE THE NAME.

Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

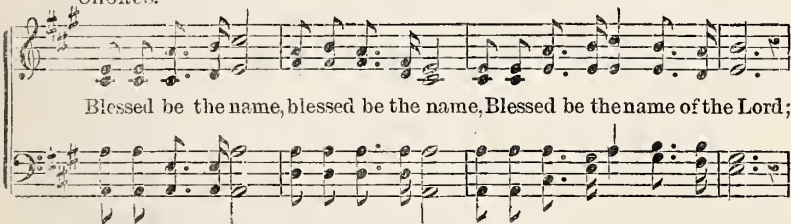


1. All praise to Him who reigns a-bove, In ma-jes-ty su-preme;
 2. His name a-bove all names shall stand, Exalt-ed more and more,
 3. Re-deem-er, Sav-ior, Friend of man, Once ruin-ed by the fall,
 4. His name shall be the Counsel-lor, The mighty Prince of Peace,

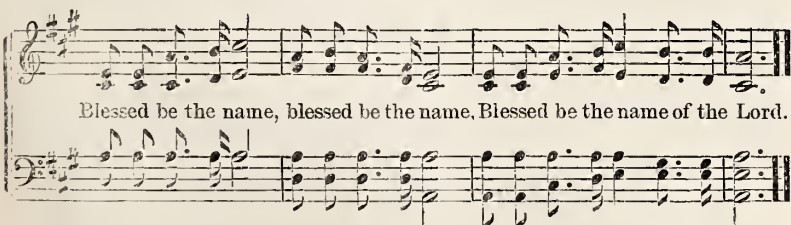


Who gave his Son for man to die, That he might man re-deem.
 At God the Fa-ther's own right hand, Where an-gel hosts a-dore.
 Thou hast devised sal-va-tion's plan, For thou hast died for all.
 Of all earth's kingdoms conqueror, Whose reign shall never cease.

CHORUS.



Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;



Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

148

5 The ransomed hosts to thee shall bring, 6 Then shall we know as we are known,
 Their praise and homage meet; And in that world above
 With rapturous awe adore their King, For ever sing around the throne
 And worship at his feet. His everlasting love.

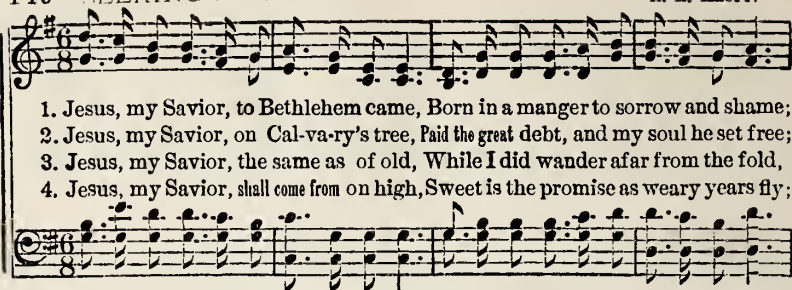
Copyright, 1888, by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

W. H. Clark.

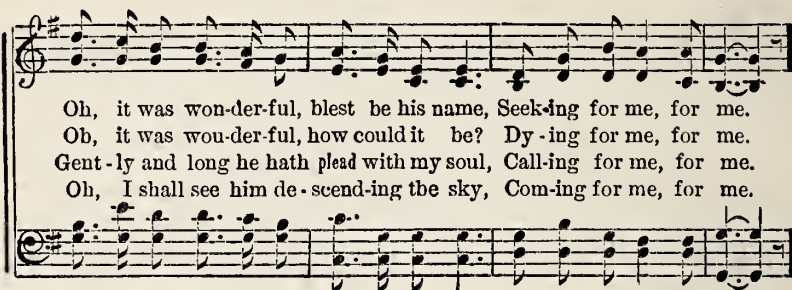
CHRIST.

149 SEEKING FOR ME.

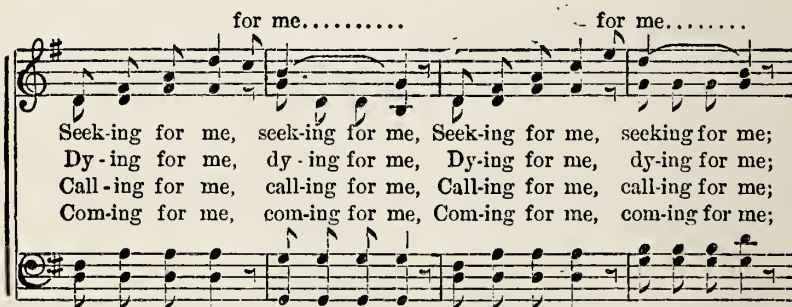
K. E. HASTY.



1. Jesus, my Savior, to Bethlehem came, Born in a manger to sorrow and shame;
 2. Jesus, my Savior, on Cal-va-ry's tree, Paid the great debt, and my soul he set free;
 3. Jesus, my Savior, the same as of old, While I did wander afar from the fold,
 4. Jesus, my Savior, shall come from on high, Sweet is the promise as weary years fly;

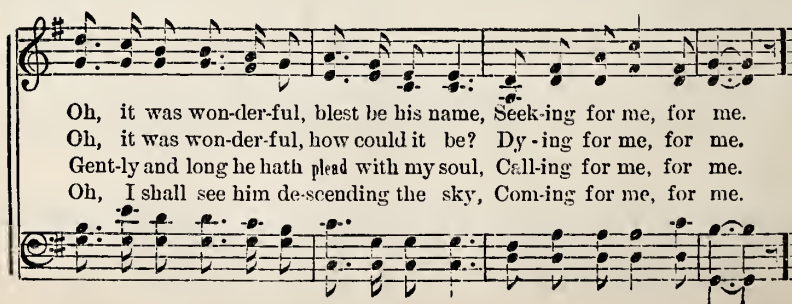


Oh, it was won-der-ful, blest be his name, Seek-ing for me, for me.
 Oh, it was wou-der-ful, how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me.
 Gent-ly and long he hath plead with my soul, Call-ing for me, for me.
 Oh, I shall see him de-scend-ing the sky, Com-ing for me, for me.



for me..... for me.....

Seek-ing for me, seek-ing for me, Seek-ing for me, seeking for me;
 Dy-ing for me, dy-ing for me, Dy-ing for me, dy-ing for me;
 Call-ing for me, call-ing for me, Call-ing for me, call-ing for me;
 Com-ing for me, com-ing for me, Com-ing for me, com-ing for me;



Oh, it was won-der-ful, blest be his name, Seek-ing for me, for me.
 Oh, it was won-der-ful, how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me.
 Gent-ly and long he hath plead with my soul, Call-ing for me, for me.
 Oh, I shall see him de-scending the sky, Com-ing for me, for me.

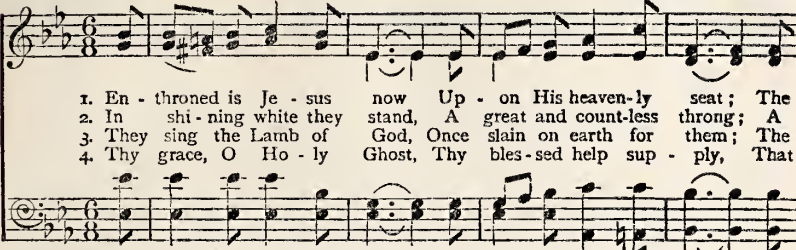
CHRIST.

150 THE BELOVED.

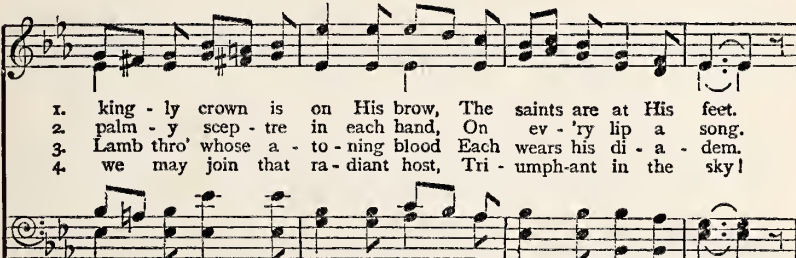
"A great multitude, which no man could number."—REVELATION vii. 9.

T. J. JUDKIN.

T. C. O'KANE.

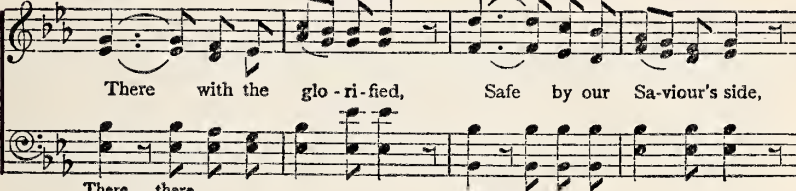


1. En - throned is Je - sus now Up - on His heav - en - ly seat ; The
 2. In shi - ning white they stand, A great and count - less throng ; A
 3. They sing the Lamb of God, Once slain on earth for them ; The
 4. Thy grace, O Ho - ly Ghost, Thy bles - sed help sup - ply, That




1. king - ly crown is on His brow, The saints are at His feet.
 2. palm - y scep - tre in each hand, On ev - 'ry lip a song.
 3. Lamb thro' whose a - to - ning blood Each wears his di - a - dem.
 4. we may join that ra - diant host, Tri - umph - ant in the sky !

CHORUS.



There with the glo - ri - fied, Safe by our Sa - viour's side,
 There, there Safe, safe



We shall be sat - is - fied By and by ! By..... and by !
 By and by ! There, there with the glo - ri - fied,



By..... and by ! We shall be sat - is - fied By and by !
 Safe, safe by our Saviour's side,

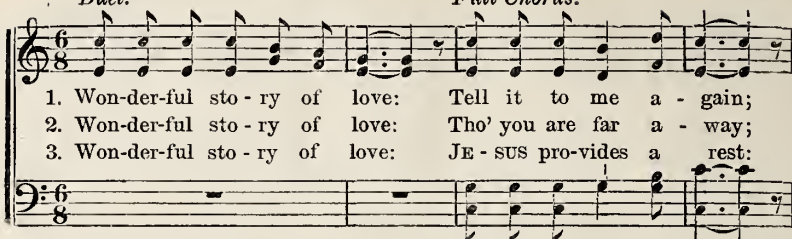
CHRIST.

151 WONDERFUL STORY OF LOVE.

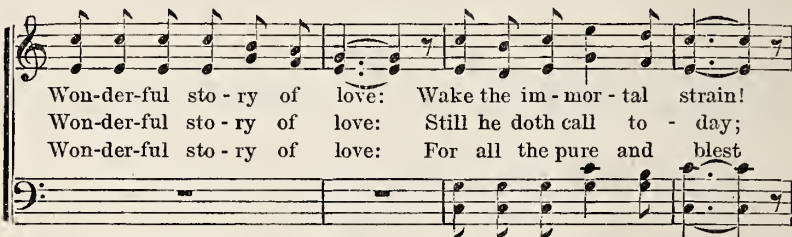
J. M. DRIVER.

Duet.

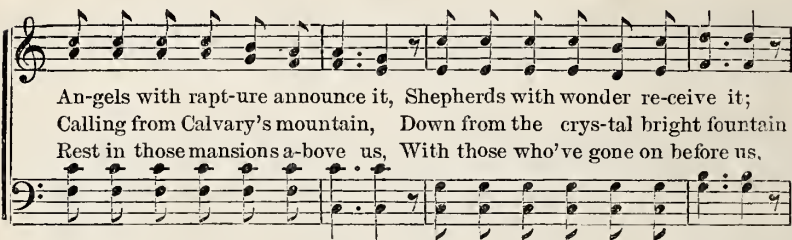
Full Chorus.



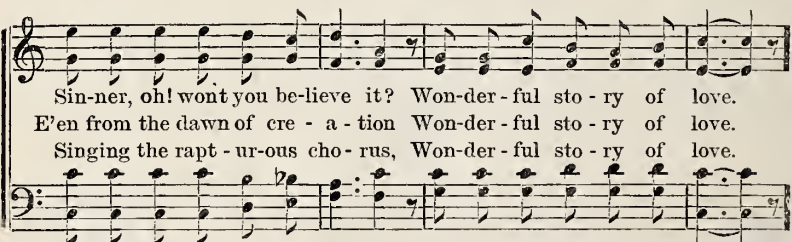
1. Won-der-ful sto - ry of love: Tell it to me a - gain;
 2. Won-der-ful sto - ry of love: Tho' you are far a - way;
 3. Won-der-ful sto - ry of love: JE - SUS pro-vides a rest:



Won-der-ful sto - ry of love: Wake the im - mor - tal strain!
 Won-der-ful sto - ry of love: Still he doth call to - day;
 Won-der-ful sto - ry of love: For all the pure and blest



Ang-els with rapt-ure announce it, Shepherds with wonder re-ceive it;
 Calling from Calvary's mountain, Down from the crys-tal bright fountain
 Rest in those mansions a-bove us, With those who've gone on before us,



Sin-ner, oh! won't you be-lieve it? Won-der-ful sto - ry of love.
 E'en from the dawn of cre - a - tion Won-der-ful sto - ry of love.
 Singing the rapt - ur-ous cho - rus, Won-der-ful sto - ry of love.

CHORUS.



Won - der - ful! won - der - ful!
 Won-der - ful sto - ry of love: won-der - ful sto - ry of love:

CHRIST.
WONDERFUL STORY OF LOVE.—(Concluded.)

Won - - der - - ful!
Won - der-ful sto - ry of love: won-der - ful sto - ry of love!

152 HE CAME TO SAVE ME.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When Jesus laid his crown a-side, He came to save me; When on the cross he
2. In my poor heart he deigns to dwell, He came to save me; O, praise his name, I
3. With gentle hand he leads me still, He came to save me; And trusting him I
4. To him my faith with rapture clings, He came to save me; To him my heart looks

CHORUS.

bled and died, He came to save me.
know it well, He came to save me. { I'm so glad, I'm so glad,
fear no ill, He came to save me. { I'm so glad, I'm so glad,
up and sings, He came to save me.

I'm so glad that Je- sus came, And grace is free,
I'm so glad that Je- sus came, He *Omit*..... came to save me.

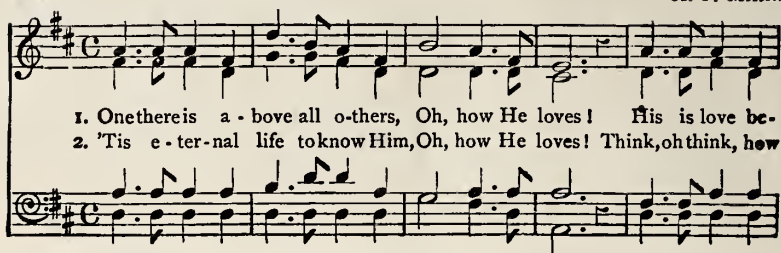
OH, HOW HE LOVES.

CHRIST.

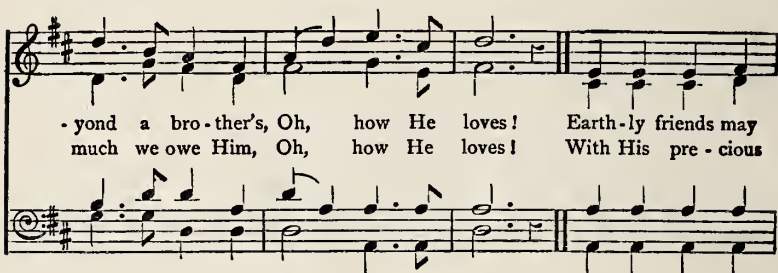
"A Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Prov. xviii. 24.

MISS M. NUNN.

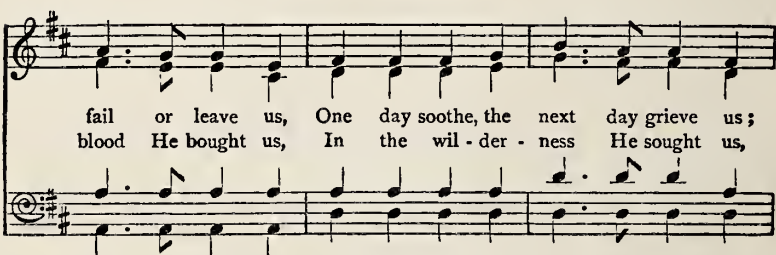
H. P. MAIN.



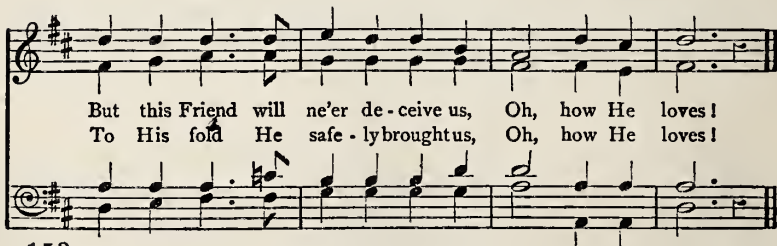
1. Onethere is a - bove all o - thers, Oh, how He loves! His is love be-
2. 'Tis e - ter - nal life to know Him, Oh, how He loves! Think, oh think, how



- yond a bro - ther's, Oh, how He loves! Earth - ly friends may
much we owe Him, Oh, how He loves! With His pre - cious



fail or leave us, One day soothe, the next day grieve us;
blood He bought us, In the wil - der - ness He sought us,



But this Friend will ne'er de - ceive us, Oh, how He loves!
To His fold He safe - ly brought us, Oh, how He loves!

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3. Blessed Jesus! would you know Him?
Oh, how He loves!
Give yourselves entirely to Him,
Oh, how He loves!
Think no longer of the morrow,
From the past new courage borrow,
Jesus carries all your sorrow,
Oh, how He loves!

4. All your sins shall be forgiven,
Oh, how He loves!
Backward shall your foes be driven,
Oh, how He loves!
Best of blessings He'll provide you,
Nought but good shall e'er betide you,
Safe to glory He will guide you,
Oh, how He loves!

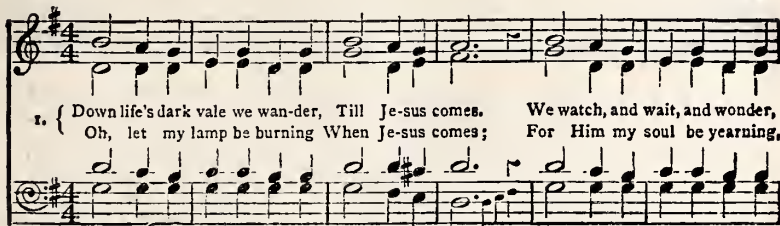
CHRIST.

WHEN JESUS COMES.

"Unto them that look for Him shall He appear again the second time, without sin, unto salvation."—HEBREWS ix. 28.

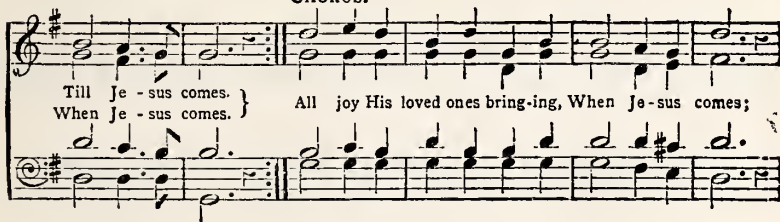
P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

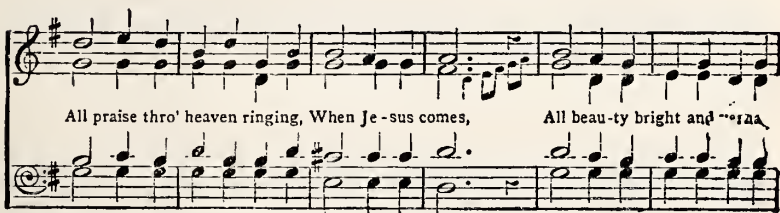


1. { Down life's dark vale we wan-der, Till Je-sus comes. We watch, and wait, and wonder,
Oh, let my lamp be burning When Je-sus comes; For Him my soul be yearning,

CHORUS.



Till Je - sus comes. } All joy His loved ones bring-ing, When Je - sus comes;
When Je - sus comes. }



All praise thro' heaven ring-ing, When Je - sus comes, All beau-ty bright and - o - ra,



When Je - sus comes; All glo - ry grand, e - ter - nal, When Je - sus comes.

154

2.

No more heart-pangs nor sadness,
When Jesus comes;
All peace, and joy, and gladness,
When Jesus comes.
All doubts and fears will vanish,
When Jesus comes;
All gloom His face will banish,
When Jesus comes.

3.

He'll know the way was dreary,
When Jesus comes;
He'll know the feet grew weary,
When Jesus comes.
He'll know what griefs oppressed me,
When Jesus comes;
Oh, how His arm will rest me!
When Jesus comes.

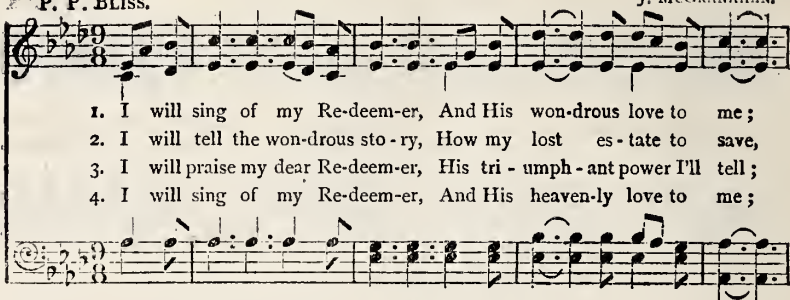
CHRIST.

155 MY REDEEMER.

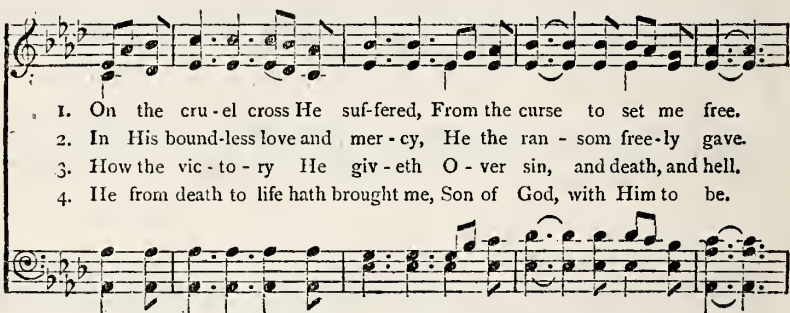
"O Lord, my Strength, and my Redeemer."—Ps. xix. 14.

P. P. BLISS.

J. McGRANAHAN.



1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His won-drous love to me;
 2. I will tell the won-drous sto-ry, How my lost es-tate to save,
 3. I will praise my dear Re-deem-er, His tri-umph-ant power I'll tell;
 4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His heaven-ly love to me;

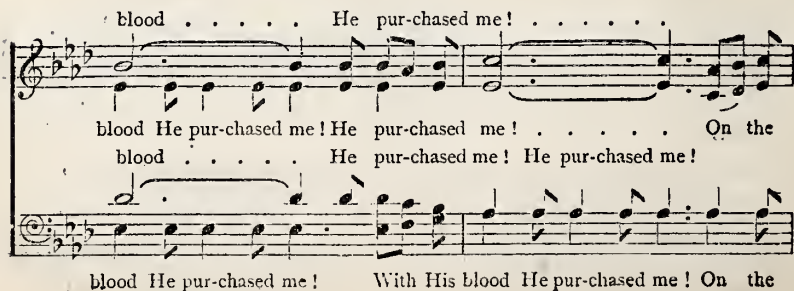


1. On the cru-el cross He suf-fered, From the curse to set me free.
 2. In His bound-less love and mer-cy, He the ran-som free-ly gave.
 3. How the vic-to-ry He giv-eth O-ver sin, and death, and hell.
 4. He from death to life hath brought me, Son of God, with Him to be.

CHORUS.



Sing, oh sing, of my Re-deem-er! With His
 Sing, oh sing, of my Redeemer! Sing, oh sing, of my Redeemer! With His



blood He pur-chased me!
 blood He pur-chased me! He pur-chased me! On the
 blood He pur-chased me! He pur-chased me!
 blood He pur-chased me! With His blood He pur-chased me! On the

CHRIST. MY REDEEMER.—(Concluded.)

cross..... He sealed my par - don, Paid the
cross, He sealed my par - don, On the cross He sealed my par - don, Paid the
free.....
debt,..... and made me free, and made me free.
debt, and made me free, free.....

HALLELUJAH! WHAT A SAVIOUR.

P. P. Bliss.

156 *Hallelujah! What a Saviour!*

1 "MAN of Sorrows," what a name
For the Son of God who came
Ruined sinners to reclaim!
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

2 Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned he stood;
Sealed my pardon with his blood:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

3 Guilty, vile, and helpless, we;
Spotless Lamb of God was he:

"Full atonement," can it be?
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

4 "Lifted up" was he to die,
"It is finished," was his cry:
Now in heaven exalted high:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

5 When he comes, our glorious King,
All his ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

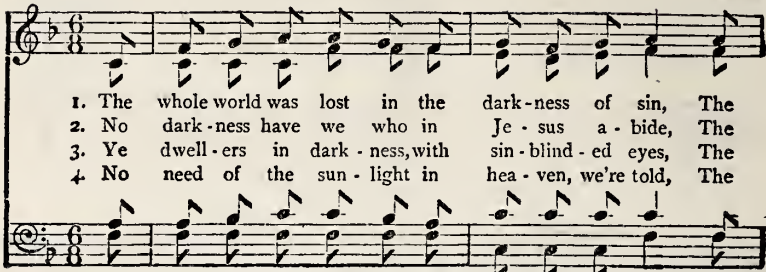
Samuel Medley.

CHRIST.

157 THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

P. P. BLISS.

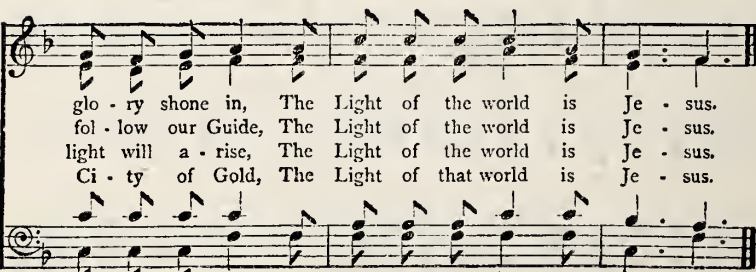
P. P. BLISS.



1. The whole world was lost in the dark-ness of sin, The
 2. No dark-ness have we who in Je - sus a - bide, The
 3. Ye dwell - ers in dark - ness, with sin - blind - ed eyes, The
 4. No need of the sun - light in hea - ven, we're told, The

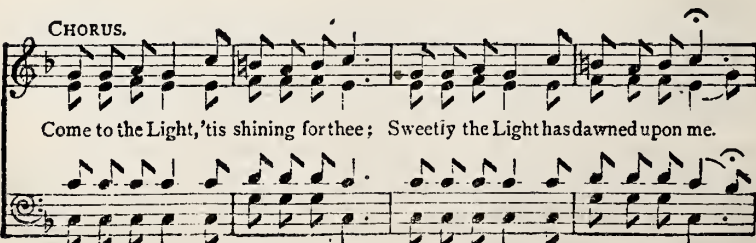


Light of the world is Je - sus. Like sun-shine at noon-day His
 Light of the world is Je - sus. We walk in the Light when we
 Light of the world is Je - sus. Go, wash at His bid-ding, and
 Light of that world is Je - sus. The Lamb is the Light in the



glo - ry shone in, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
 fol - low our Guide, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
 light will a - rise, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
 Ci - ty of Gold, The Light of that world is Je - sus.

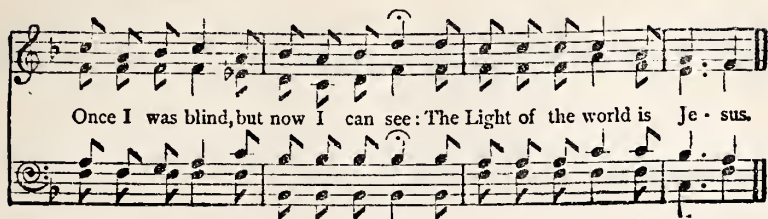
CHORUS.



Come to the Light, 'tis shining for thee; Sweetly the Light has dawned upon me.

CHRIST.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD. — (Concluded.)



Once I was blind, but now I can see: The Light of the world is Je - sus.

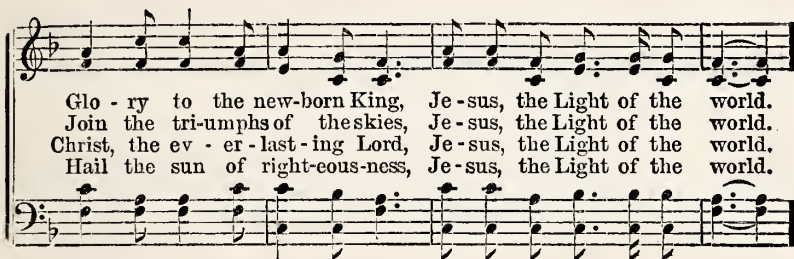
158 JESUS, THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

G. D. E. arr.

GEO. D. ELDERKIN, arr.



1. Hark! the Her - ald an - gels sing, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
2. Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
3. Christ by high - est heav'n adored, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
4. Hail the heav'n - born Prince of peace; Je - sus, the Light of the world;

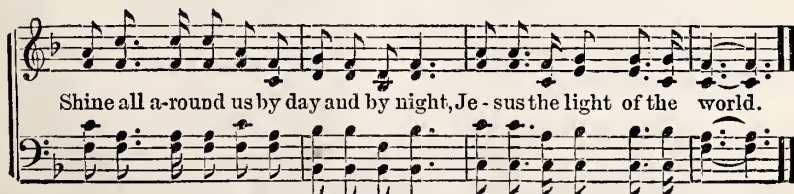


Glo - ry to the new-born King, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
 Join the tri-umphs of the skies, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
 Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
 Hail the sun of right-eous-ness, Je - sus, the Light of the world.

CHORUS.



We'll walk in the light, beautiful light, Come where the dewdrops of mercy are bright,



Shine all a-round us by day and by night, Je - sus the light of the world.

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THE HOLY SPIRIT.

159 FILL ME NOW.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Ho - ver o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it; Bath my trembling heart and brow;
 2. Thou can'st fill me, gra - cious Spir - it, Thou I can - not tell thee how;
 3. I am weak - ness, full of weak - ness; At thy sa - cred feet I bow;
 4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me; Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;

Fine
 Fill me with thy hallowed pres - ence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
 But I need thee, great - ly need thee; Come, oh, come and fill me now.
 Blest, divine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.
 Thou art com - fort - ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.

D. S. Fill me with thy hallow'd pres - ence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.

CHORUS. *D.S.*
 Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus, come and fill me now.

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[Tune St. Martin's, page 81.]

160 I worship Thee, O Holy Ghost.

1 I WORSHIP thee, O Holy Ghost,
 I love to worship thee;
 My risen Lord for aye were lost
 But for thy company.

2 I worship thee, O Holy Ghost,
 I love to worship thee; [know'st
 I grieved thee long, alas! thou
 It grieves me bitterly.

3 I worship thee, O Holy Ghost,
 I love to worship thee;
 Thy patient love, at what a cost
 At last it conquered me!

4 I worship thee, O Holy Ghost,
 I love to worship thee;
 With thee each day is Pentecost,
 Each night Nativity.

W. F. WARREN.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

WILLIAM TANSUR.



161 *The enlightening Spirit.*

1 COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire;

Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by thee
The prophets wrote and spoke;
Unlock the truth, thyself the key,
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night:
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, through himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine:
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

Charles Wesley.

162 *His quickening power.*

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers:
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys:
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;

Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Isaac Watts.

163 *Revelations of the Spirit.*

1 SPIRIT Divine, attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power:
Come, Holy Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light: to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame:
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the wind, with rushing sound,
With pentecostal grace;
And make the great salvation known
Wide as the human race.

5 Spirit Divine, attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power:
Come, Holy Spirit, come!

Andrew Reed.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

NEW HAVEN. 6, 4.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, in love, Shed on us from a - bove Thine own bright ray! Di - vine - ly
good thou art; Thy sacred gifts impart To gladden each sad heart: O come to - day!

164 *Invocation of the Holy Spirit.*

1 COME, Holy Ghost, in love.
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray!
Divinely good thou art:
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart:
O come to-day!

2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us, this hour!

3 Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill:
Dwell in each breast:
We know no dawn but thine,
Send forth thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest!

4 Come, all the faithful bless:
Let all who Christ confess
His praise employ:
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy!

Robert II, King of France.

ST. CUTHBERT.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Our blest Re-deem - er, ere he breathed His ten - der, last fare - well,
A Guide, a Com - fort - er be-queathed, With us to dwell.

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THE HOLY SPIRIT.

165 *The Source of every good gift.*

- 1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed,
With us to dwell.
- 2 He came in semblance of a dove,
With sheltering wings outspread :
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.
- 3 He came, sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

- 4 And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even, [fear,
That checks each fault, calms every
And speaks of heaven.
- 5 And every virtue we possess,
And every virtue won,
And every thought of holiness
Is his alone.
- 6 Spirit of purity and grace.
Our weakness pitying see :
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And meet for thee !

Harriet Auber.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7.

IGNACE PLEYEL



166 *Earnest of endless rest.*

- 1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine,
Let thy light within me shine !
All my guilty fears remove :
Fill me with thy heavenly love.
- 2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me :
Set the burdened sinner free ;
Lead me to the Lamb of God ;
Wash me in his precious blood.
- 3 Life and peace to me impart :
Seal salvation on my heart :
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.
- 4 Let me never from thee stray :
Keep me in thy narrow way :
Fill my soul with joy divine :
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

John Stocker.

167 *His grace entreated.*

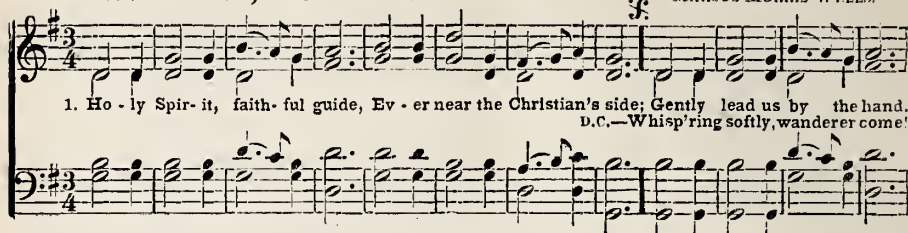
- 1 HOLY Spirit, Truth divine !
Dawn upon this soul of mine :
Word of God, and inward Light !
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.
- 2 Holy Spirit, Love divine !
Glow within this heart of mine :
Kindle every high desire :
Perish self in thy pure fire !
- 3 Holy Spirit, Power divine !
Fill and nerve this will of mine :
By thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.
- 4 Holy Spirit, Right divine !
King within my conscience reign
Be my law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, forever free.

Samuel Longfellow.

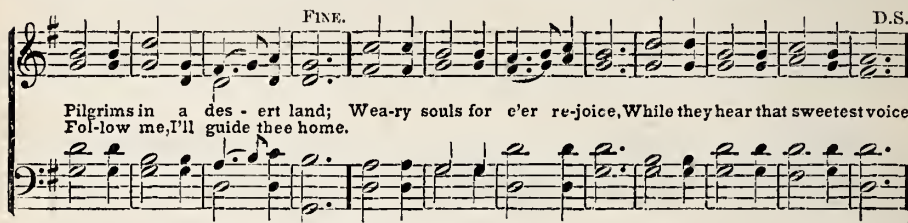
THE HOLY SPIRIT.

HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.

MARCUS MORRIS WELLS.



1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side; Gently lead us by the hand.
D.C.—Whisp'ring softly, wanderer come!



FINE. D.S.
Pilgrims in a des - ert land; Wea - ry souls for e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweetest voice
Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home.

168 "I will guide thee with mine eye."

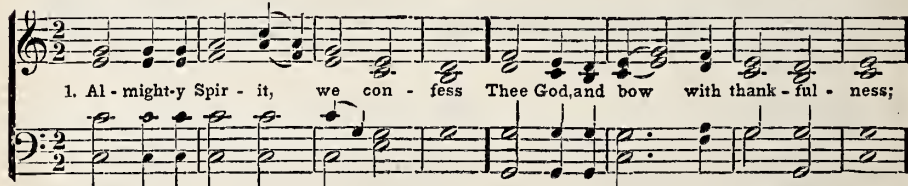
2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear,
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names were there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading nought but Jesus' blood,
Whisper softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home!

M. M. Wells.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



1. Al - mighty Spir - it, we con - fess Thee God, and bow with thank - ful - ness;



God with the Fa - ther and the Son; E - ter - nal Three for - ev - er One.

169 Almighty Spirit.

2 In thee we live; thy vital breath
First called us from the realm of death,
And each succeeding hour we move
Upheld by thy sustaining love.
3 Thou art our light—the way is dark,
Illume it with thy vital spark;

Thou art our guide—O lead our feet
To pastures green and waters sweet.

4 Inspire our souls, quicken our sight,
And fill us with thy holy light,
That we may feel thy presence still,
And know and do thy gracious will.

T. C. Reade.

THE SCRIPTURES.

ARMENIA. C. M.

SYLVANUS BILLINGS POND.

1. How pre - cious is the book di - vine, By in - spi - ra - tion given!

Bright as a lamp its doc-trines shine, To guide our souls to heaven.

170 *The Bible precious.*

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

John Fawcett.

BREAD OF LIFE. 10.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Break thou the bread of life, dear Lord, to me, As thou didst break the loaves beside the sea;

Be-yond the sa-cred page I seek thee, Lord; My spir-it pants for thee, O liv-ing Word!

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171 *The Bread of Life.*

1 Break thou the bread of life, dear Lord,
to me,
As thou didst break the loaves beside the
sea;
Beyond the sacred page I seek thee, Lord;
My spirit pants for thee, O living Word!

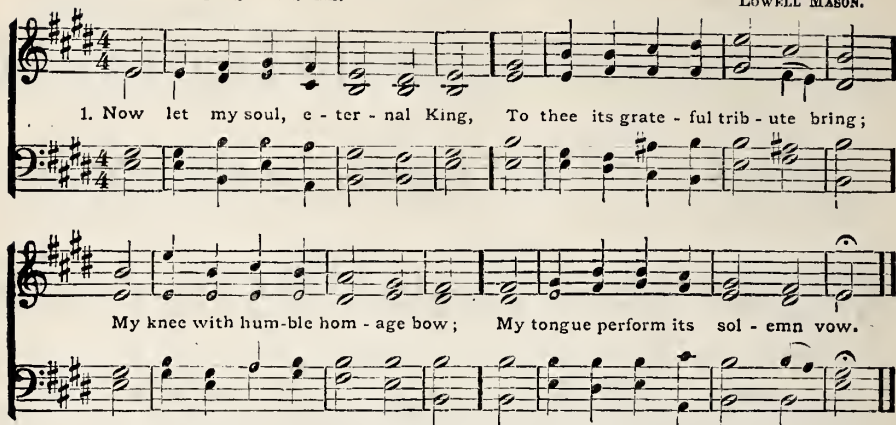
2 Bless thou the precious truth, dear Lord,
to me,
As thou didst bless the bread by Galilee;
Then shall all bondage cease, all fetters
fall,
And I shall find my peace, my all in all!

Mary A. Lathbury.

THE SCRIPTURES.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



172 *The Saviour seen in the Scriptures.*

2 All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below and worlds above;
But in thy blessed world I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace.

3 There, what delightful truths I read!
There, I behold the Saviour bleed:
His name salutes my listening ear,
Revives my heart and checks my fear.

4 There Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my laboring conscience peace;
He lifts my grateful thoughts on high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

5 For love like this, O let my song,
Through endless years, thy praise pro-
long:

Let distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

Ottiwell Heginbotham.

173 *The everlasting word.*

1 THE starry firmament on high,
And all the glories of the sky,
Yet shine not to thy praise, O Lord,
So brightly as thy written word.

2 The hopes that holy word supplies,
Its truths, divine and precepts wise,
In each a heavenly beam I see,
And every beam conducts to thee.

3 Almighty Lord, the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high
The radiant chorus of the sky;

4 But, fixed for everlasting years,
Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,
When heaven and earth have passed
away.

Sir Robert Grant.

174 *The two revelations.*

1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord:
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, thy power con-
fess,
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand:
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has
run:
Till Christ has all the nations blessed
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly
light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

Isaac Watts.

THE SCRIPTURES.

ALL ARE MINE.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. All the prom - is - es of Je - sus, All his bless - ed words di - vine;

All his prom - is - es of fa - vor, All are mine, for - ev - er mine.

REFRAIN.

All are mine, Oh, matchless mer - cy! Oh, how bound - less is the store!

All his prom - is - es of fa - vor, All are mine for - ev - er more.

Copyright, 1889, by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

175

- 2 All his promises of pardon,
Coming from the throne above,
All his promises of cleansing,
All his promises of love.—REF.
- 3 All his promises of comfort,
Ev'ry promise of relief;

- All his promises of gladness,
Promises of joy in grief.—REF.
- 4 All his promises eternal,
Honored in the ages past,
Words which must remain unbroken,
Promises of heav'n at last.—REF.

Rev. E. H. Stokes, D.D.

THE SCRIPTURES.

DOVER. S. M.

AARON WILLIAMS' COLL.

1. Thy word, al-might-y Lord, Where'er it en-ters in,
Is sharp-er than a two-edged sword, To slay the man of sin.

176 *God's word, quick and powerful.*

- 1 THY word, almighty Lord,
Where'er it enters in,
Is sharper than a two-edged sword,
To slay the man of sin.
- 2 Thy word is power and life;
It bids confusion cease,

And changes envy, hatred, strife,
To love, and joy, and peace.

- 3 Then let our hearts obey
The gospel's glorious sound;
And all its fruits, from day to day,
Be in us and abound.

James Montgomery.

MELODY. C. M.

I. P. COLE.

1. Fa-ther of mer-cies, in thy word What end-less glo-ry shines;
For-ev-er be thy name a-dored For these ce-les-tial lines.

177 *Excellence and sufficiency.*

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;

Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimar sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

THE SCRIPTURES.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around :
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
Our ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may we see,
And still increasing light.

6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near ;
Teach us to love thy sacred word,
And view the Saviour there.

Anne Steele.

178 *Light from Heaven.*

1 BRIGHT was the guiding star that led
With mild, benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly bed
Where the Redeemer lay.

2 But lo ! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to his abode : [night,
It shines through sin and sorrow's
To guide us to our God.

3 O gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given :
Who meekly follow Christ on earth
Shall reign with him in heaven.

Harriet Auber.

HEBER. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.



179 *Glory of the Scriptures.*

1 WHAT glory gilds the sacred page !
Majestic, like the sun ;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat ;
It truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.

3 Lord, everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

William Cowper.

180 *God giveth the increase.*
I Cor. 3 : 7.

1 ALMIGHTY God, thy word is cast
Like seed upon the ground :
O let the dew of heaven descend,
And shed its influence round.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove :
May it take root in every heart,
And grow in faith and love.

3 Let not this life's deceitful cares,
Nor worldly wealth and joy,
Nor scorching beam, nor stormy blast,
The rising plant destroy.

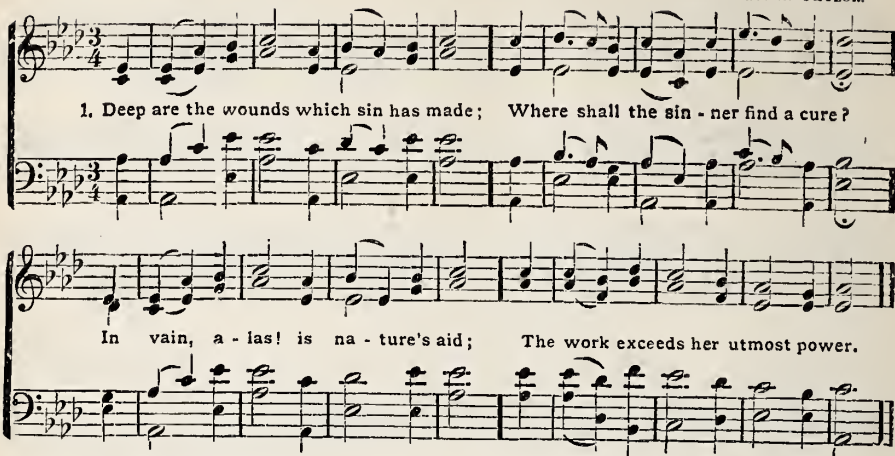
4 Where'er the word of life is sown,
A large increase bestow :
That all who hear thy message, Lord,
Its saving power may know.

John Cawood, alt. by W. F. Hall.

SALVATION.

LOUVAN. L. M.

VIRGIL CORYDON TAYLOR.



1. Deep are the wounds which sin has made; Where shall the sin - ner find a cure?
In vain, a - las! is na - ture's aid; The work exceeds her utmost power.

181 *The great Physician.*

- 2 But can no sovereign balm be found,
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope forever fly?
- 3 There is a great Physician near;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;

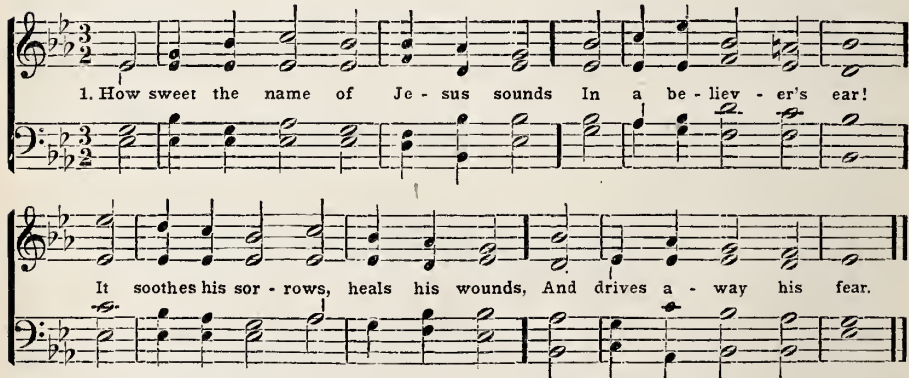
See, in his heavenly smiles, appear
Such help as nature cannot give.

- 4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow;
And in that sacrificial flood
A balm for all thy grief and woe.

Anne Steele.

DOWNS. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.



1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.

182 *The dearest name.*

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing trea - ure, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

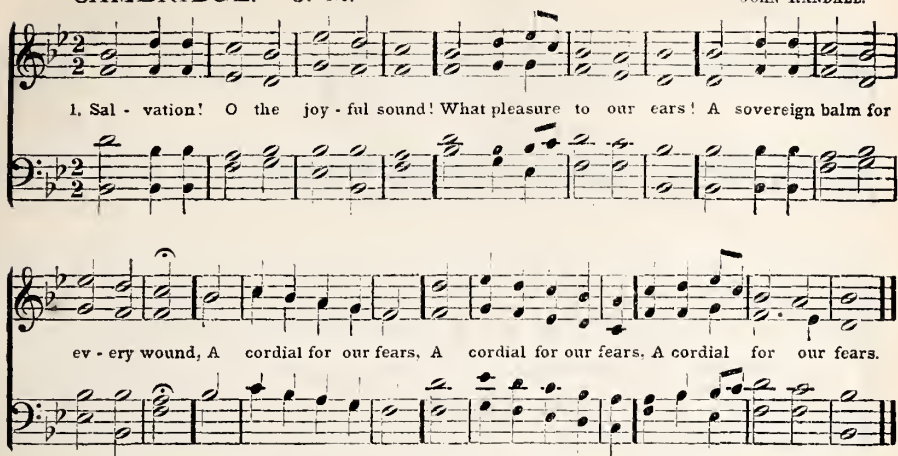
- 5 I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

John Newton.

SALVATION.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

JOHN RANDALL.



183 *The joyful sound.*

1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

Isaac Watts.

184 *The all-sufficient Saviour.*

1 THE Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in that blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads delight around.

2 Here pardon, life, and joy divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

3 The almighty Former of the skies
Stoops to our vile abode;
While angels view with wondering eyes,
And hail the incarnate God.

4 How rich the depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Redeemer, let me call thee mine,
Thy fullness I implore.

5 On thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All!

Anne Steele.

185 *The gospel feast.*

1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind;

3 Eternal Wisdom hath prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

Isaac Watts.

SALVATION.

IN THE SILENT MIDNIGHT WATCHES. 8, 5.

HERBERT P. MAIN.

1. In the si - lent mid-night watches, List,—thy bo - som door! How it knocketh,

knocketh, knocketh, Knocketh ev - er - more! Say not 'tis thy pulse is beat - ing:

'Tis thy heart of sin; 'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and cri - eth, Rise, and let me in!

186

Mercy, death, doom.

1 IN the silent midnight watches,
List,—thy bosom door!
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
Knocketh evermore!
Say not 'tis thy pulse is beating:
'Tis thy heart of sin;
'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth,
Rise, and let me in!

2 Death comes down with reckless footstep,
To the hall and hut;
Think you death will stand a-knocking
Where the door is shut?

Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth;
But thy door is fast!
Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth:
Death breaks in at last.

3 Then 'tis thine to stand entreating
Christ to let thee in;
At the gate of heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin.
Nay, alas! thou foolish virgin,
Hast thou then forgot?
Jesus waited long to know thee,
But he knows thee not.

A. Cleveland Cox.

WOOD END. 8, 5.

REV. G. P. MERRICK.

1. In the silent midnight watches, List,—thy bosom door! How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh, Knocketh ev - er - more!

SALVATION.

EXPOSTULATION, 11.

REV. JOSIAH HOPKINS.

1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die. When God in great
mer - cy is com - ing so nigh? Now Je - sus in - vites you, the
Spir - it says, "Come," And an - gels are wait - ing to wel - come you home.

187

Turn ye.

2 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,

O how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?

'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

3 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?

To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

4 Why will you be starving, and feeding on air?

There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;

If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

Josiah Hopkins.

188

Delay not.

1 DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,

The waters of life are now flowing for thee;

No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?

A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For Mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day:

Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;

Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,

And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,

To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade,

The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;

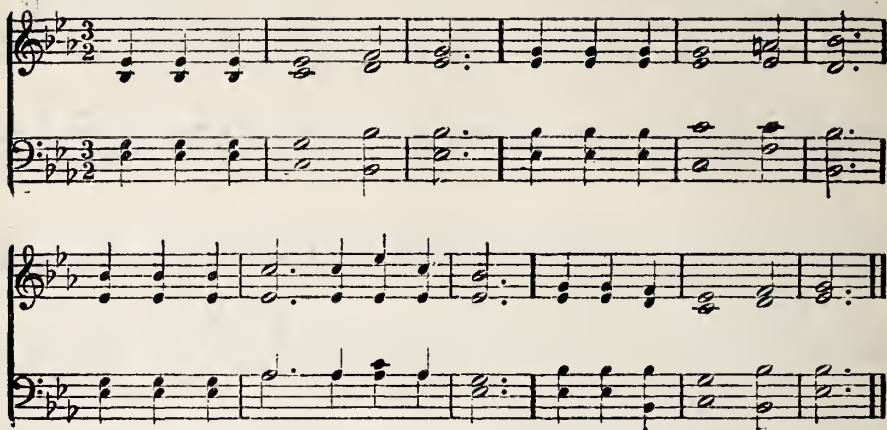
What power then O sinner, will lend thee its aid!

Thomas Hastings

SALVATION.

CAPELLO. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



189 *The second death.*

- 1 O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul? [sound,
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to
Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!
- 5 Thou God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banished from thy face,
For evermore undone.

James Montgomery.

190 *Dependence on the Spirit.*

- 1 How helpless nature lies,
Unconscious of her load!
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.
- 2 Can aught but power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew;
- 3 O change these hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

Anne Steele.

191 *The only name.*

- 1 JESUS, thou Source divine,
Whence hope and comfort flow!
Jesus, no other name than thine
Can save from endless woe.
- 2 None else will Heaven approve:
Thou art the only way,
Ordained by everlasting love,
To realms of endless day.
- 3 Here let our feet abide,
Nor from thy path depart:
Direct our steps, thou gracious Guide!
And cheer the fainting heart.
- 4 Safe through this world of night,
Lead to the blissful plains,
The regions of unclouded light,
Where joy forever reigns.

Anne Steele.

192 *The precious blood.*

- 1 GOD'S holy law transgressed,
Speaks nothing but despair;
Convinced of guilt, with grief oppressed,
We find no comfort there.
- 2 Not all our groans and tears,
Nor works which we have done,
Nor vows, nor promises, nor prayers,
Can e'er for sin atone.
- 3 Relief alone is found
In Jesus' precious blood:
'Tis this that heals the mortal wound,
And reconciles to God.
- 4 High lifted on the cross
The spotless Victim dies;
This is salvation's only source;
Hence all our hopes arise.

Benjamin Beddome.

SALVATION.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Now is the ac - cept - ed time, Now is the day of grace;

Now, sin - ners, come with - out de - lay, And seek the Sa - viour's face.

193 *The day of grace.*

1 NOW is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is the accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late—
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is the accepted time.
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

John Dobell.

194 *Surrender.*

1 AND can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield:
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all, resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

5 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.

6 My life, my portion thou;
Thou all-sufficient art;
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart.

Charles Wesley.

195 *The Son of God in tears.*

1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wandering angels see!
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

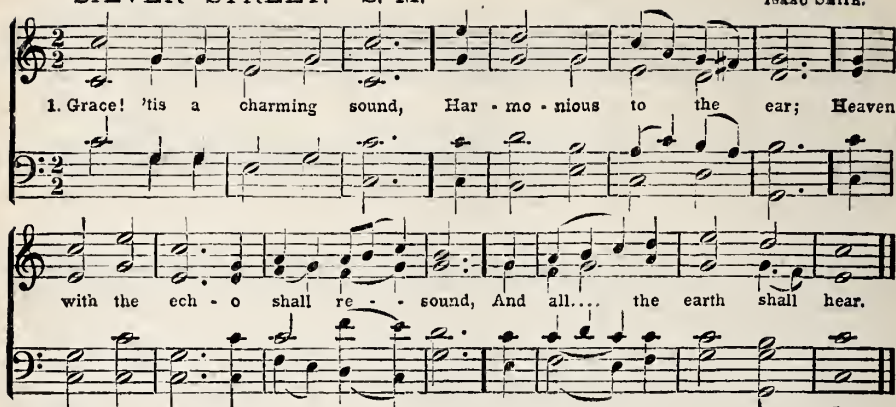
3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

Benjamin Beddome.

SALVATION.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

ISAAC SMITH.



1. Grace! 'tis a charming sound, Har - mo - nious to the ear; Heaven
with the ech - o shall re - - sound, And all... the earth shall hear.

196

Grace.

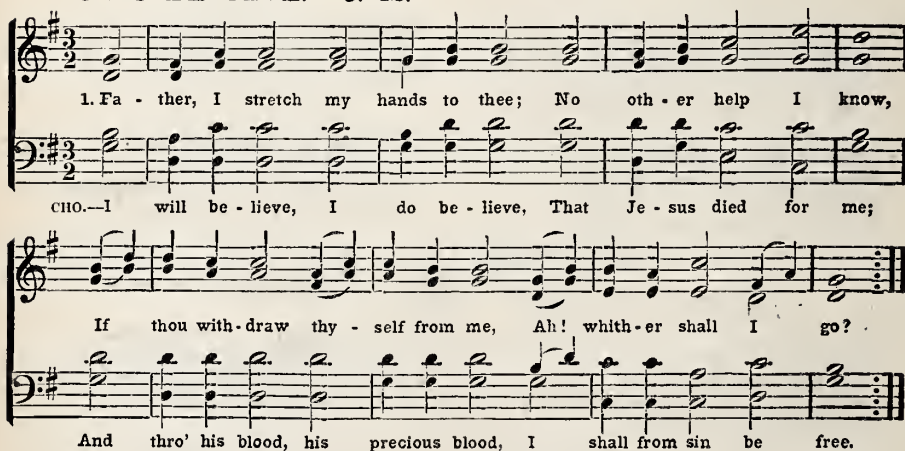
- 2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;

And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

- 4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

Philip Doddridge.

I DO BELIEVE. C. M.



1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to thee; No oth - er help I know,
CHO.—I will be - lieve, I do be - lieve, That Je - sus died for me;
If thou with - draw thy - self from me, Ah! whith - er shall I go?
And thro' his blood, his pre - cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

197

Unwearied earnestness.

- 2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath?
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!
I will believe, etc.
- 3 O' Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;

And all my wants thou wouldst relieve,
In this accepted hour.

I will believe, etc.

- 4 Author of faith! to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O, let me now receive that gift,—
My soul without it dies.
I will believe, etc.

Charles Wesley.

SALVATION.

ONLY TRUST HIM.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And he will sure-ly

CHORUS.

give you rest, By trust - ing in his word. On - ly trust him, on - ly trust him,

On - ly trust him now; He will save you, he will save you, He will save you now.

198 *Only trust him.*

1 COME, ev'ry soul by sin oppress'd,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And he will surely give you rest,
By trusting in his word.

CHORUS.

Only trust him, only trust him,
Only trust him now;
He will save you, he will save you,
He will save you now.

2 For Jesus shed his precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.—CHO.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in him without delay,
And you are fully blest.—CHO.

4 Come then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land,
Where joys immortal flow.—CHO.

Rev. J. H. Stockton.

199 *Desperate resolution.*

1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve, [sed,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppres-
And make this last resolve:—

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him, I'm a wretch undone
Without his sovereign grace.

4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer:
But, if I perish, I will pray.
And perish only there.

5 I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

Edmund Jones.

SALVATION.

COWPER. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Im-manuel's veins; And
sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilty stains.

200 *The cleansing fountain.*

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

William Cowper.

CLEANSING FOUNTAIN. C. M.

(SECOND TUNE.)

FROM LOWELL MASON.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from, Immanuel's veins; And sinners, plunged be-
neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains,... Lose
all their guilt-y stains; And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.

SALVATION.

CLEANSING WAVE.

MES. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. O, now I see the crim-son wave, The fount-ain deep and wide, Je -

sus, my Lord, might - y to save, Points to his wound - ed side.

REFRAIN.

The cleansing stream, I see, I see! I plunge, and O, it cleanseth me! O,

praise the Lord, it cleans-eth me! It cleans-eth me, yes, cleans-eth me!

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201 *The fountain of cleansing.*

1 O, NOW I see the crimson wave,
The fountain deep and wide,
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to his wounded side.

REFRAIN.

The cleansing stream, I see, I see!
I plunge, and O, it cleanseth me!
O, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me!
It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world and sin,
With heart made pure, and garments white,
And Christ enthroned within.
The cleansing stream, etc.

3 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below,
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus know,
My Jesus crucified.
The cleansing stream, etc.

Frederic Palmer

SALVATION.

HORTON. 7.

XAVIER SCHNEIDER.



1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home; Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er come.

202 *The gracious call.*

2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;


Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn;

4 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7.

IGNACE PLEYEL.



1. Hast-en, sin - ner, to be wise! Stay not for the mor-row's sun:
Wis-dom if you still de-spise, Hard-er is it to be won.

203 *Delay dangerous.*

2 Hasten, mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,

Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

Thomas Scott.

SALVATION.

GREENVILLE. 8, 7, 4.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

4/4 FINE. 1st. 2d. D. C.

1. Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; (Jesus ready stands to save you,)
D. C. He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is willing: doubt no more. (Full of pity, love, and (Omit.)) power:

204 Invitation hymn.

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power :
He is able,
He is willing : doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him :
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;

If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry, before he dies,
" It is finished !"

Sinners, will not this suffice ?
6 Lo ! the incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood :
Venture on him, venture freely ;
Let no other trust intrude ;

None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name :
Hallelujah !

Sinners here may do the same.
Joseph Hart.

COME, YE SINNERS. 8, 7.

JEEREMIAH INGALLS.

2/4 FINE.

1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore ; }
{ Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and power ; }
D. C. Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.

CHORUS. D. C.

Turn to the Lord, and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of his dear name ;

SALVATION.

BLUMENTHAL. 7. D.

JACQUES BLUMENTHAL, ARR. BY H. P. M.

1. Depth of mer-cy! can there be Mer-cy still re-served for me? Can my God his

wrath for-bear,—Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare? I have long with-stood his grace; Long pro-

voked him to his face; Would not hearken to his calls; Grieved him by a thousand falls.

205

Depth of mercy.

2 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

Charles Wesley.

MERCY. 7.

(SECOND TUNE.)

CHORUS. *Faster. stacc.*

1. { Depth of mer-cy! can there be Mer-cy still re-served for me? } God is love! I
Can my God his wrath for-bear,—Me, the chief of sinners, spare? }

Smoothly. *Repeat pp.*
know, I feel; Jesus weeps, and loves me still; Je-sus weeps, he weeps, and loves me still.

SALVATION.

JESUS IS CALLING.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing thee home—Call - ing to - day, call - ing to - day;

Why from the sun - shine of love wilt thou roam, Far - ther and far - ther a - way?

REFRAIN.

Call - - ing to - day,..... call - - ing to - day,.....

Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day; Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day;

Je - - - sus is call - - ing, is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day.

Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day.

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206 *To-day if ye will hear his voice.*

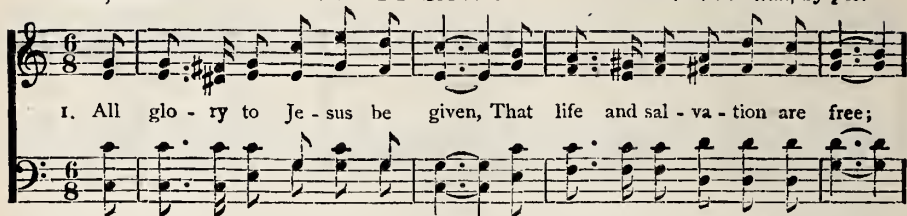
- 2 Jesus is calling the weary to rest—
Calling to-day, calling to-day;
Bring him thy burden and thou shalt be blest;
He will not turn thee away.—REF.
- 3 Jesus is waiting, oh, come to him now—
Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
Come with thy sins, at his feet lowly bow;
Come, and no longer delay.—REF.
- 4 Jesus is pleading, oh, list to his voice—
Hear him to-day, hear him to-day;
They who believe on his name shall rejoice;
Quickly arise and away.—REF.

Fanny J. Crosby.

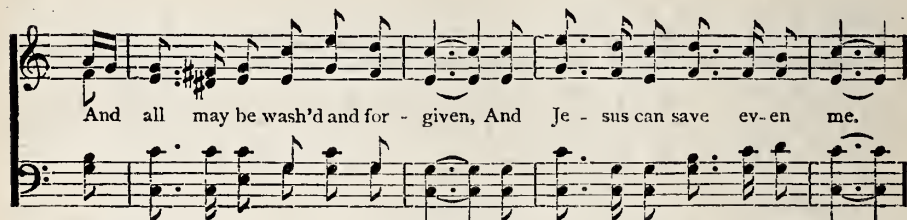
SALVATION.

YES, JESUS IS MIGHTY TO SAVE.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

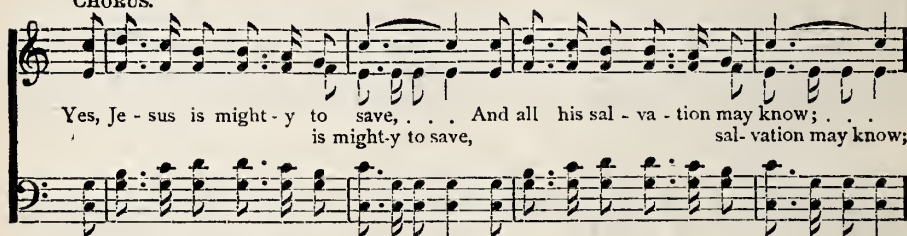


1. All glo - ry to Je - sus be given, That life and sal - va - tion are free;

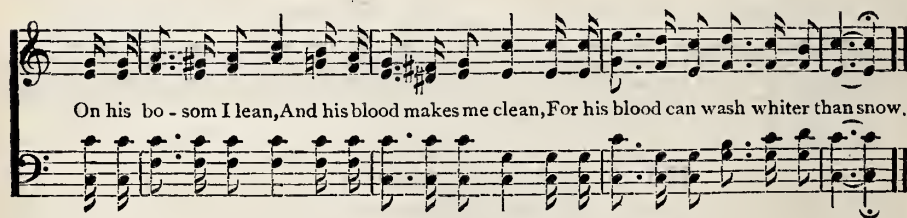


And all may be wash'd and for - given, And Je - sus can save ev - en me.

CHORUS.



Yes, Je - sus is might - y to save, . . . And all his sal - va - tion may know; . . .
is might-y to save, sal - va - tion may know;



On his bo - som I lean, And his blood makes me clean, For his blood can wash whiter than snow.

207

1 All glory to Jesus be given,
That life and salvation are free;
And all may be washed and forgiven,
And Jesus can save even me.

2 From the darkness and sin and despair,
Out into the light of his love,
He has brought me, and made me an heir,
To kingdoms and mansions above.

3 Oh, the rapturous heights of his love,
The measureless depths of his grace;
My soul all his fullness would prove,
And live in his loving embrace.

4 In him all my wants are supplied,
His love makes my heaven below,
And freely his blood is applied,
His blood that makes whiter than snow.

Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer.

SALVATION.

208 CHRIST RECEIVETH SINFUL MEN.

"They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."—MATT. ix: 12.
 Arr. from NEUMASTER, 1671. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Sin-ners Je - sus will re-ceive; Sound this word of grace to all
 2. Come, and he will give you rest; Trust him, for his word is plain;
 3. Now my heart condemns me not, Pure be-fore the law I stand:
 4. Christ re-ceive - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;

Who the heav'n-ly path - way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
 He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re-ceive eth sin - ful men.
 He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de-mand.
 Purged from ev - 'ry spot and stain. Heav'n with him I en - ter in.

REFRAIN.

Sing it o'er..... and o'er a-gain..... Christ re-
 Sing it o'er a-gain, Sing it o'er a-gain:

ceive - eth sin-ful men;..... Make the mes - sage
 ceiv-eth sin-ful men. Christ re-ceive-eth sin - ful men; Make the mes-sage plain,

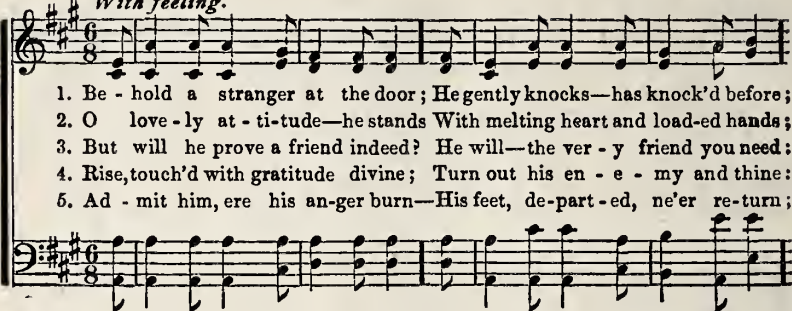
clear and plain:..... Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
 Make the message plain:

SALVATION.

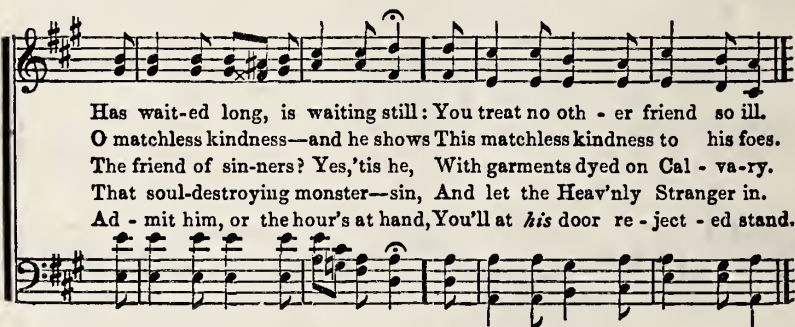
209 THE STRANGER AT THE DOOR.

T. C. O'KANE. By per.

With feeling.



1. Be - hold a stranger at the door; He gently knocks—has knock'd before;
 2. O love - ly at - ti - tude—he stands With melting heart and load-ed hands;
 3. But will he prove a friend indeed? He will—the ver - y friend you need:
 4. Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine; Turn out his en - e - my and thine:
 5. Ad - mit him, ere his an-ger burn—His feet, de-part-ed, ne'er re-turn;

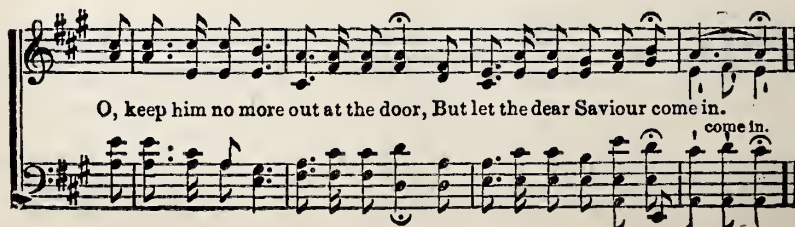


Has wait-ed long, is waiting still: You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
 O matchless kindness—and he shows This matchless kindness to his foes.
 The friend of sin-ners? Yes, 'tis he, With garments dyed on Cal - va-ry.
 That soul-destroying monster—sin, And let the Heav'nly Stranger in.
 Ad - mit him, or the hour's at hand, You'll at his door re - ject - ed stand.

REFRAIN.



O, let the dear Saviour come in, He'll cleanse the heart from sin;
 come in, from sin;



O, keep him no more out at the door, But let the dear Saviour come in.
 come in.

SALVATION.

210 FOR YOU AND FOR ME.

W. L. T.

WAL L. THOMPSON.

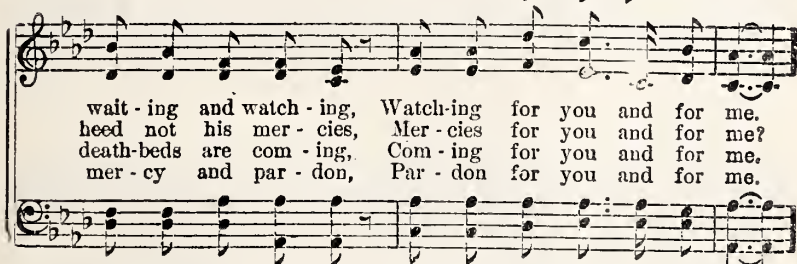
Very Slow. pp



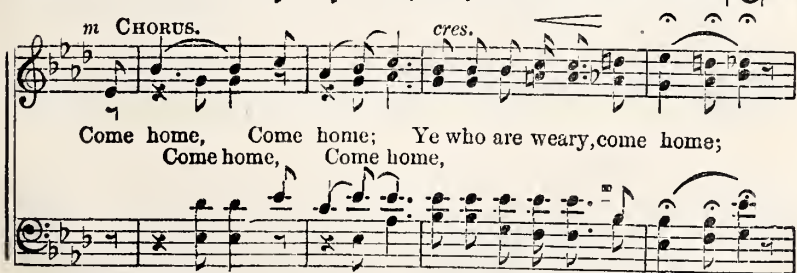
1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing,
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing,
 3. Time is now fleet - ing, the mo - ments are pass - ing,
 4. Oh, for the won - der - ful love he has prom - ised,



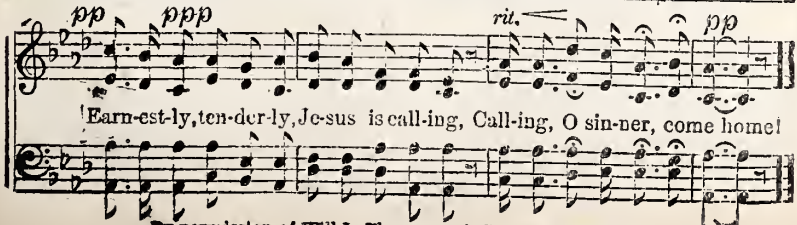
m
 Call - ing for you and for me; See at the por - tals he's
 Plead - ing for you and for me; Why should we lin - ger and
 Pass - ing from you and from me; Shad - ows are gath - er - ing,
 Prom - ised for you and for me; Tho' we have sinned he has



wait - ing and watch - ing, Watch - ing for you and for me.
 heed not his mer - cies, Mer - cies for you and for me?
 death - beds are com - ing, Com - ing for you and for me.
 mer - cy and par - don, Par - don for you and for me.



m CHORUS. *cres.*
 Come home, Come home; Ye who are weary, come home;
 Come home, Come home,



pp *ppp* *rit.* *pp*
 Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly, Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

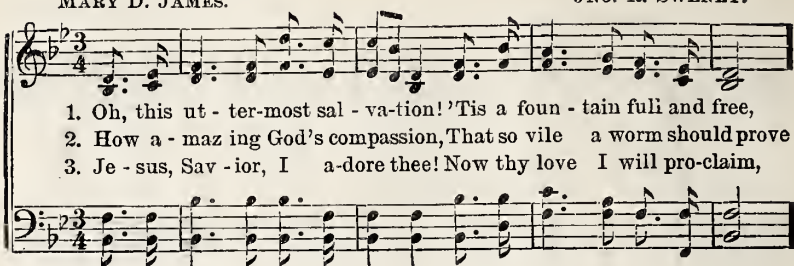
By permission of Will L. Thompson & Co., E. Liverpool, O.

SALVATION.

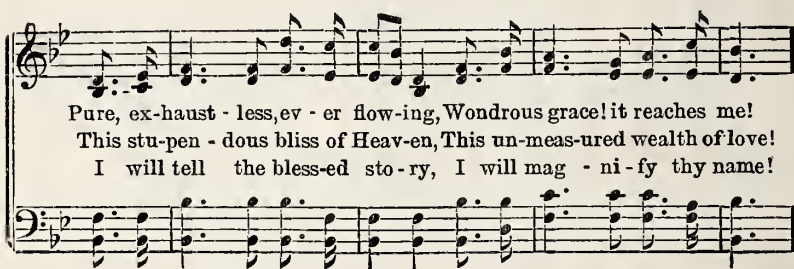
211 IT REACHES ME.

MARY D. JAMES.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

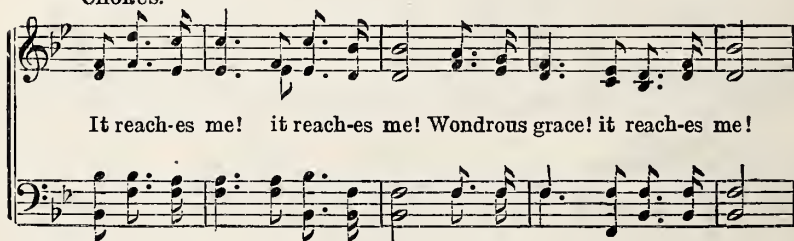


1. Oh, this ut - ter-most sal - va-tion! 'Tis a foun - tain full and free,
 2. How a - maz ing God's compassion, That so vile a worm should prove
 3. Je - sus, Sav - ior, I a - dore thee! Now thy love I will pro-claim,

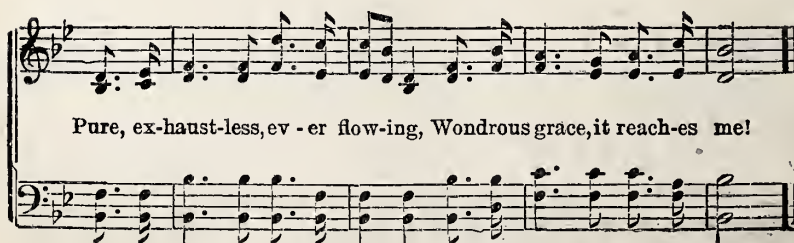


Pure, ex-haust - less, ev - er flow-ing, Wondrous grace! it reaches me!
 This stu-pen - dous bliss of Heav-en, This un-meas-ured wealth of love!
 I will tell the bless-ed sto-ry, I will mag - ni - fy thy name!

CHORUS.



It reach-es me! it reach-es me! Wondrous grace! it reach-es me!



Pure, ex-haust-less, ev - er flow-ing, Wondrous grace, it reach-es me!

From "The Garner." by per.

SALVATION.

212 LET HIM IN.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

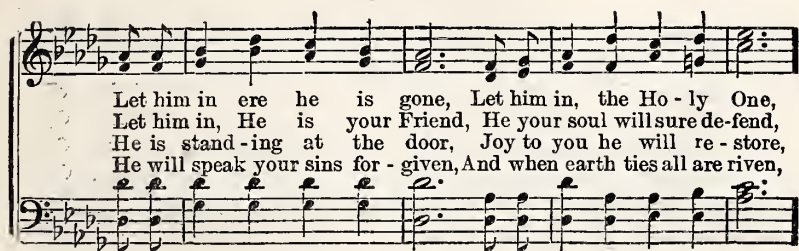
E. O. EXCELL.



1. There's a stranger at the door, Let him in,
 2. O-pen now to him your heart, Let him in,
 3. Hear you now his lov - ing voice? Let him in,
 4. Now ad-mit the heav-enly Guest, Let him in,
 Let the Savior in, let the Savior in,



He has been there oft be - fore, Let him in;
 If you wait he will de - part, Let him in;
 Now, oh, now make him your choice, Let him in;
 He will make for you a feast, Let him in;
 Let the Savior in, let the Savior in,



Let him in ere he is gone, Let him in, the Ho - ly One,
 Let him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de - fend,
 He is stand - ing at the door, Joy to you he will re - store,
 He will speak your sins for - given, And when earth ties all are riven,



Je - sus Christ, the Father's Son, Let him in.
 He will keep you to the end, Let him in.
 And his name you will a-dore, Let him in.
 He will take you home to heaven, Let him in.
 Let the Savior in, let the Savior in.

SALVATION.

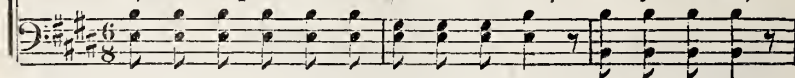
213 MERCY IS BOUNDLESS AND FREE.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

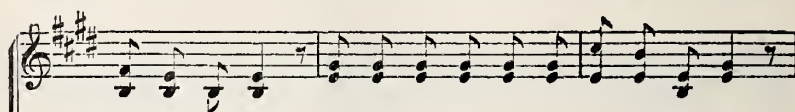
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.



1. Thanks be to Je-sus, his mer-cy is free; Mer-cy is free,
2. Why on the mountains of sin wilt thou roam? Mer-cy is free,
3. Think of his good-ness, his patience and love; Mer-cy is free,
4. Yes, there is par-don for all who be-lieve; Mer-cy is free,



Refrain.—Je-sus, the Sav-ior, is look-ing for thee, Look-ing for thee.



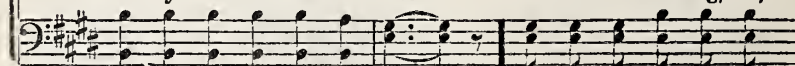
mer-cy is free: Sin-ner, that mer-cy is flow-ing for thee,
 mer-cy is free: Gen-tly the Spir-it is calling, "Come home,"
 mer-cy is free: Pleading thy cause with his Fa-ther a-bove,
 mer-cy is free: Come and this mo-ment a bless-ing re-ceive,



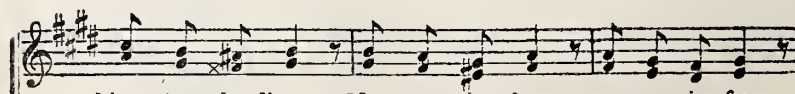
look-ing for thee; Lov-ing-ly, ten-der-ly call-ing for thee,



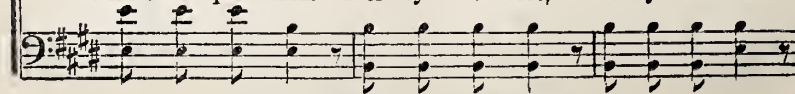
Mer-cy is boundless and free.	If thou art will-ing on
Mer-cy is boundless and free.	Thou art in darkness, O,
Mer-cy is boundless and free.	Come and re-pent-ing, O,
Mer-cy is boundless and free.	Je-sus is wait-ing, O,



Call-ing and look-ing for thee.



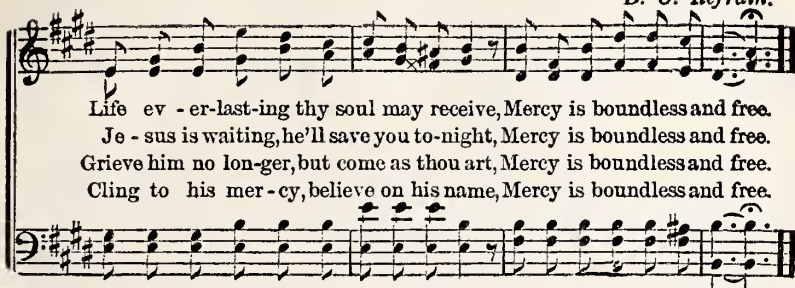
him to be-lieve,	Mer-cy is free,	mer-cy is free.
come to the light,	Mer-cy is free,	mer-cy is free.
give him thy heart,	Mer-cy is free,	mer-cy is free.
hear him pro-claim	Mer-cy is free,	mer-cy is free.



SALVATION.

MERCY IS BOUNDLESS AND FREE.—(Concluded.)

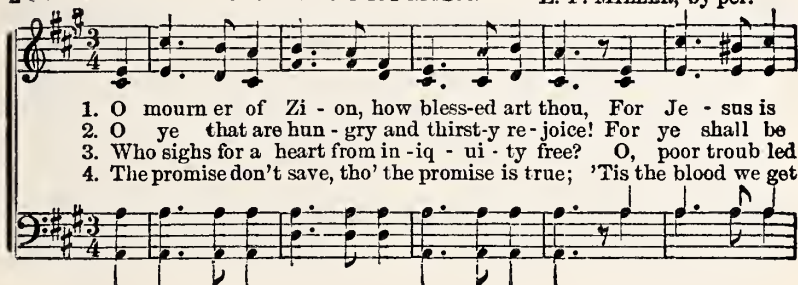
D. C. Refrain.



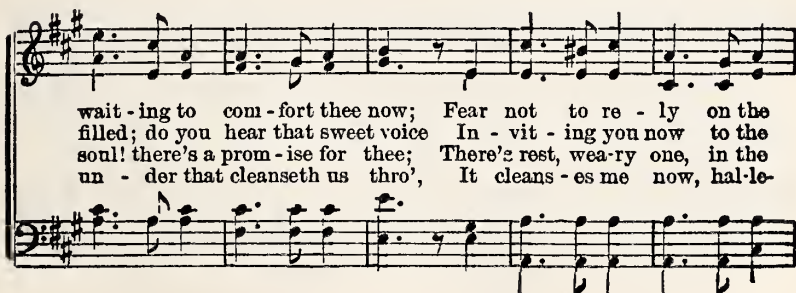
Life ev - er - last - ing thy soul may receive, Mercy is boundless and free.
 Je - sus is waiting, he'll save you to - night, Mercy is boundless and free.
 Grieve him no lon - ger, but come as thou art, Mercy is boundless and free.
 Cling to his mer - cy, believe on his name, Mercy is boundless and free.

214 STEP OUT ON THE PROMISE.

E. F. MILLER, by per.



1. O mourn - er of Zi - on, how bless - ed art thou, For Je - sus is
2. O ye that are hun - gry and thirst - y re - joice! For ye shall be
3. Who sighs for a heart from in - iq - ui - ty free? O, poor troub - led
4. The promise don't save, tho' the promise is true; 'Tis the blood we get



wait - ing to com - fort thee now; Fear not to re - ly on the
 filled; do you hear that sweet voice In - vit - ing you now to the
 soul! there's a prom - ise for thee; There's rest, wear - y one, in the
 un - der that cleanseth us thro', It cleans - es me now, hal - le



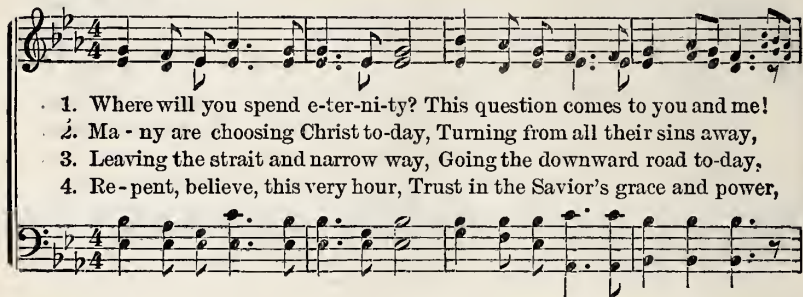
word of thy God, Step out on the promise,—get un - der the blood.
 ban - quet of God, Step out on the promise,—get un - der the blood.
 bo - som of God, Step out on the promise,—get un - der the blood.
 lu - jah to God, I rest on the promise,—I'm un - der the blood

SALVATION.

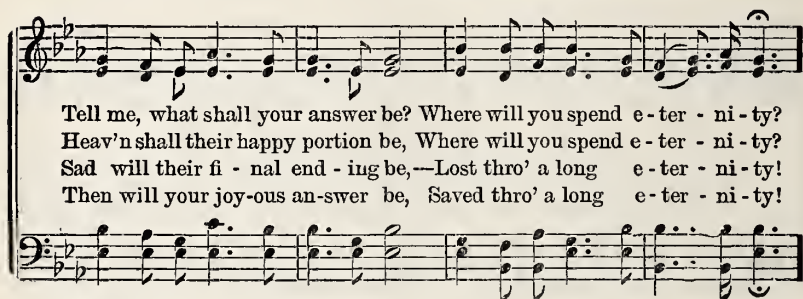
215 WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

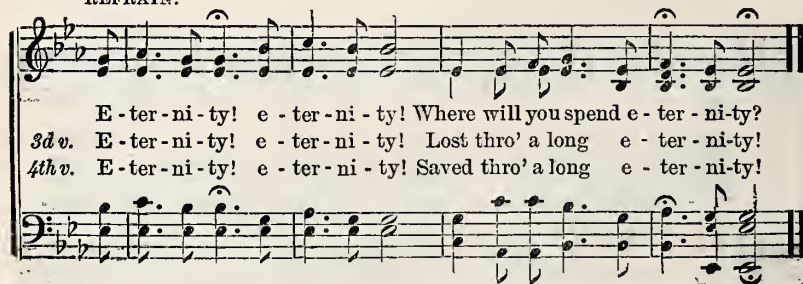


1. Where will you spend e-ter-ni-ty? This question comes to you and me!
 2. Ma - ny are choosing Christ to-day, Turning from all their sins away,
 3. Leaving the strait and narrow way, Going the downward road to-day,
 4. Re - pent, believe, this very hour, Trust in the Savior's grace and power,



Tell me, what shall your answer be? Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
 Heav'n shall their happy portion be, Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
 Sad will their fi - nal end - ing be,--Lost thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!
 Then will your joy-ous an-swer be, Saved thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!

REFRAIN.



E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
3d v. E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Lost thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!
4th v. E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Saved thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!

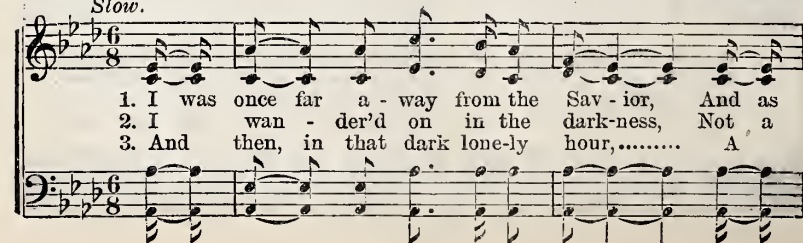
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216 A SINNER LIKE ME.

C. J. B.

Slow.

C. J. BUTLER.



1. I was once far a - way from the Sav - ior, And as
 2. I wan - der'd on in the dark-ness, Not a
 3. And then, in that dark lone-ly hour,..... A

SALVATION.

A SINNER LIKE ME.—(Concluded)

vile as a sin-ner could be; And I won-der'd if Christ the Re-
ray of light could I see; And the tho't fill'd my heart with
voice sweetly whispered to me, Saying, Christ the Re-deem-er has

rit.....
deem-er Could save a poor sin-ner like me.
sad-ness, There's no hope for a sin-ner like me.
power To save a poor sin-ner like me.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>4 I listened: and lo! 'twas the Savior
That was speaking so kindly to me;
I cried, 'I'm the chief of sinners,
Thou canst save a poor sinner like me!'</p> <p>5 I then fully trusted in Jesus;
And oh, what a joy came to me!
My heart was filled with His praises,
For saving a sinner like me.</p> | <p>6 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me;
And now unto others I'm telling
How He saved a poor sinner like me.</p> <p>7 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Savior shall see,
I'll praise him forever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.</p> |
|--|---|

217 JESUS, MY ALL

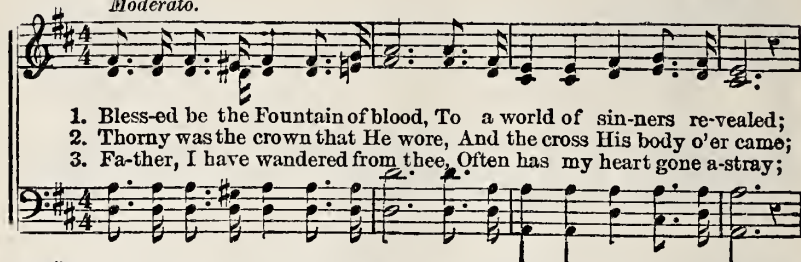
FANNY J. CROSBY.

1. Lord, at thy mer-cy-seat, Humbly I fall; } Now let thy work begin,
Pleading thy promises sweet, Lord, hear my call; }
2. Tears of re-pent-ant grief Si-lent-ly fall; } Oh, how I pine for thee!
Help thou my un-be-lief, Hear thou my call, }
3. Still at thy mer-cy-seat, Humbly I fall; } Faith wings my soul to thee;
Pleading thy promise sweet, Heard is my call; }

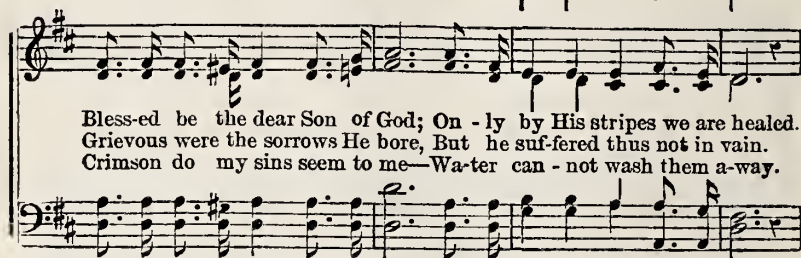
Oh, make me pure within, Cleanse me from ev'ry sin, Je-sus, my all.
'Tis all my hope and plea, Jesus has died for me, Je-sus, my all.
This all my hope shall be, Jesus has died for me, Je-sus, my all.

E. R. LATTA.

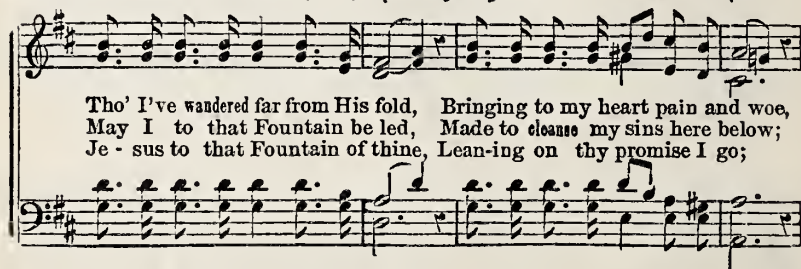
H. S. PERKINS.

Moderato.


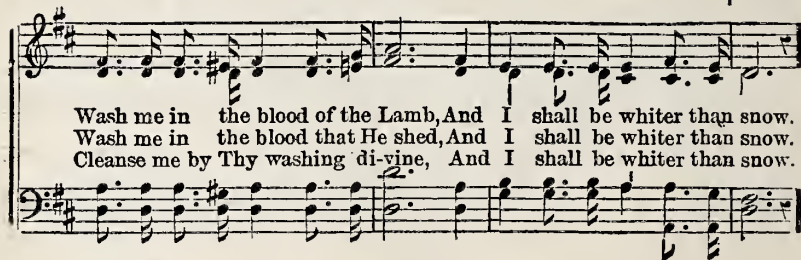
1. Bless-ed be the Fountain of blood, To a world of sin-ners re-vealed;
 2. Thorny was the crown that He wore, And the cross His body o'er came;
 3. Fa-ther, I have wandered from thee, Often has my heart gone a-stray;



Bless-ed be the dear Son of God; On - ly by His stripes we are healed.
 Grievous were the sorrows He bore, But he suf-fered thus not in vain.
 Crimson do my sins seem to me—Wa-ter can - not wash them a-way.



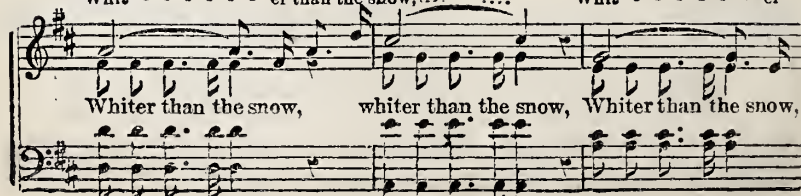
Tho' I've wandered far from His fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe,
 May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here below;
 Je - sus to that Fountain of thine, Lean-ing on thy promise I go;



Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow.
 Wash me in the blood that He shed, And I shall be whiter than snow.
 Cleanse me by Thy washing di-vine, And I shall be whiter than snow.

CHORUS.

Whit - - - - er than the snow, Whit - - - - er



Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow,

SALVATION.

WHITER THAN THE SNOW.—(Concluded.)

than the snow..... Wash me in the Blood of the

whit-er than the snow; Wash me in the Blood of the

Lamb..... And I shall be whit-er than snow..... *rit.*

Lamb, of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than snow, than snow.

SNOW,.....

219 AT THE CROSS.

R. KELSO CARTER.

Arr. by E. E. NICKERSON.

1. O Je-sus, Lord, thy dy-ing love Hath pierced my contrite heart;
 2. A-mid the night of sin and death Thy light hath filled my soul;
 3. I kiss thy feet, I clasp thy hand, I touch thy bleed-ing side;
 4. My Lord, my light, my strength, my all, I count my gain but loss;

Cho.—At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light,
 And the burden of my heart rolled away.

Chorus. D. C.

Now take my life, and let me prove How dear to me thou art.
 To me thy lov-er's voice now saith, Thy faith hath made thee whole.
 Oh, let me here for-ev-er stand. Where thou wert cru-ci-fied.
 For-ev-er let thy love enthral, And keep me at the cross.

It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I'm happy night and day!

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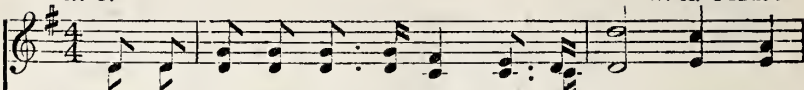
SALVATION.

220 LOOK AND LIVE.

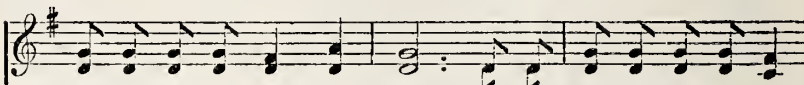
"Look unto Me, and be ye saved."—ISA. xlv. 22.

W. A. O.

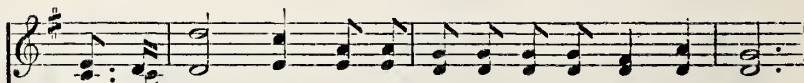
W. A. OGDEN.



1. I've a mes-sage from the Lord, Hal-le-lu-jah! The
 2. I've a mes-sage full of love, Hal-le-lu-jah! A
 3. Life is of-fered un-to thee, Hal-le-lu-jah! E-

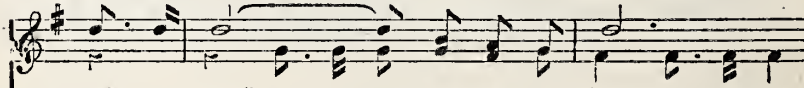


1. mes-sage un-to you I'll give; 'Tis re-cord-ed in His Word,
 2. mes-sage, O my friend, for you; 'Tis a mes-sage from a-bove,
 3. -ter-nal life thy soul shall have, If you'll on-ly look to Him,

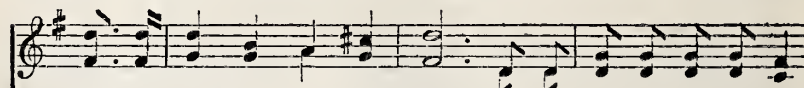


1. Hal-le-lu-jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live."
 2. Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus said it—and I know 'tis true!
 3. Hal-le-lu-jah! Look to Je-sus, who a-lone can save.

CHORUS.



"Look and live,"..... my broth-er, live!.....
 "Look and live," my broth-er, live! "Look and live!"



Look to Je-sus now and live; 'Tis re-cord-ed in His Word,

SALVATION.

LOOK AND LIVE.—(Concluded.)

Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on - ly that you "look and live!"

221 THE PRODIGAL CHILD.

MRS. E. H. GATES.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Come home! come home! You are wea - ry at heart, For the way has been
2. Come home! come home! For we watch and we wait; And we stand at the

dark, And so lone - ly and wild: O pro - di - gal child! Come
gate, While the sha - dows are piled: O pro - di - gal child! Come

REFRAIN. *rit.* Come! oh come home!
home; oh, . . . come home! } Come home! Come, oh come home, come home!
home; oh, . . . come home! }
come home! come home! Come! oh come home!

3. Come home! come home!
From the sorrow and blame,
From the sin and the shame,
And the tempter that smiled:
O prodigal child!
Come home; oh, come home!

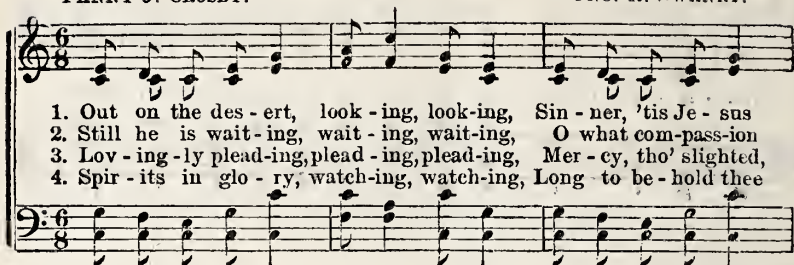
4. Come home! come home!
There is bread and to spare,
And a warm welcome there;
Then, to friends reconciled,
O prodigal child!
Come home; oh, come home!

SALVATION.

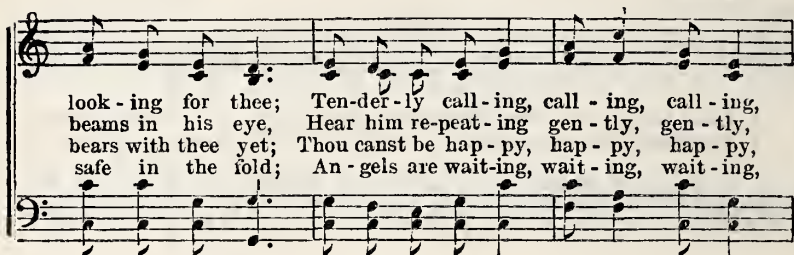
222 OUT IN THE DESERT.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

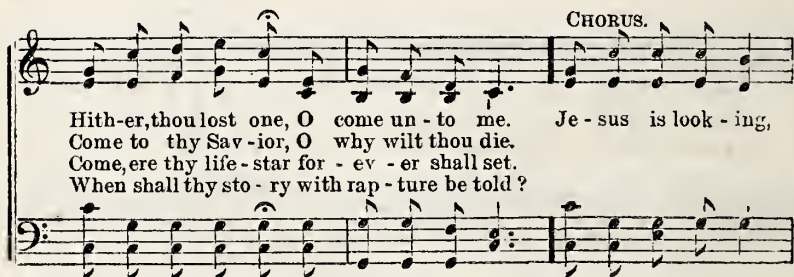
JNO. R. SWENEY.



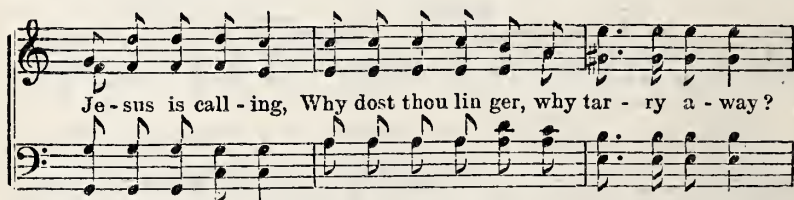
1. Out on the des-ert, look-ing, look-ing, Sin-ner, 'tis Je-sus
 2. Still he is wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing, O what com-pass-ion
 3. Lov-ing-ly plead-ing, plead-ing, plead-ing, Mer-cy, tho' slighted,
 4. Spir-its in glo-ry, watch-ing, watch-ing, Long-to be-hold thee



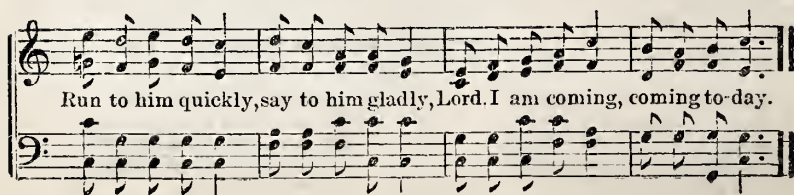
look-ing for thee; Ten-der-ly call-ing, call-ing, call-ing,
 beams in his eye; Hear him re-peat-ing gen-tly, gen-tly,
 bears with thee yet; Thou canst be hap-py, hap-py, hap-py,
 safe in the fold; An-gels are wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing,



CHORUS.
 Hith-er, thou lost one, O come un-to me. Je-sus is look-ing,
 Come to thy Sav-ior, O why wilt thou die.
 Come, ere thy life-star for-ev-er shall set.
 When shall thy sto-ry with rap-ture be told?



Je-sus is call-ing, Why dost thou lin-ger, why tar-ry a-way?



Run to him quickly, say to him gladly, Lord. I am coming, coming to-day.

SALVATION.

HARK! THE VOICE OF JESUS CALLING.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Fol - low me, fol - low me!" Softly thro' the
si - lence fall - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low me!" As of old he call'd the fish - ers,
When he walk'd by Gal - i - lee, Still his pa - tient voice is pleading, "Follow fol - low me!"

223 *The Call of the Disciples.*

2 Who will heed the holy mandate,
"Follow me, follow me!"
Leaving all things at his bidding,
"Follow, follow me!"
Hark! that tender voice entreating
Mariners on life's rough sea,
Gently, lovingly, repeating,
"Follow, follow me!"

3 Hearken, lest he plead no longer,
"Follow me, follow me!"
Once again, oh, hear him calling,
"Follow, follow me!"
Turning swift at thy sweet summons,
Evermore, O Christ, would we,
For thy love all else forsaking,
Follow, follow thee!

Mary B. Sleight.

TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS.

LOWELL MASON.

1. To-day the Saviour calls; Ye wand'rers, come; O ye benight-ed souls, Why longer roam?

224

2 To-day the Saviour calls;
O hear him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.
3 To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;

The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.
4 The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to his power;
O grieve him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

S. F. Smith, D.D.

SALVATION.

SCOTLAND. 12.

JOHN CLARKE.

1. The voice of free grace cries, "Es-cape to the mountain; For Ad-am's lost
 race Christ hath o-pened a fountain: { For sin and un-
 Hal-le-lu-jah to the
 cleanness, and ev-ery trans-gression, His blood flows most freely, in streams
 gain when we
 Lamb, who has purchased our par-don! We will praise him a - gain when we
 of sal-va-tion, His blood flows most freely, in streams of sal-va-tion." }
 pass o-ver Jordan, We will praise him a - gain when we pass o-ver Jor-dan. }

225

The voice of free grace.

1 THE voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain;
 For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain:
 For sin and uncleanness, and every trans-gression,
 His blood flows most freely, in streams of salvation."

Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has purchased our pardon!

We will praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

2 Now glory to God in the highest is given;
 Now glory to God is re-echoed in heaven;
 Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story,

And sing of his love, his salvation and glory.

3 O Jesus, ride on,—thy kingdom is glorious;

O'er sin, death, and hell, thou wilt make us victorious:

Thy name shall be praised in the great congregation,

And saints shall ascribe unto thee their salvation.

4 When on Zion we stand, having gained the blest shore,

With our harps in our hands, we will praise evermore:

We'll range the blest fields on the banks of the river,

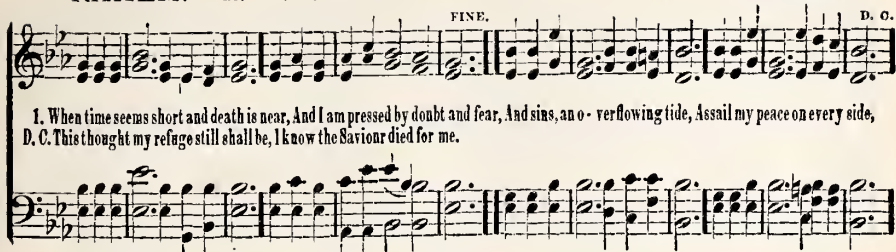
And sing of redemption forever and ever.

Richard Burdett.

SALVATION.

RAKEM. L. M. 61.

ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.



226 *He died for me.*

1 WHEN time seems short and death is near,
And I am pressed by doubt and fear,
And sins, an overflowing tide,
Assail my peace on every side,
This thought my refuge still shall be,
I know the Saviour died for me.

2 His name is Jesus, and he died,
For guilty sinners crucified;

Content to die that he might win
Their ransom from the death of sin:
No sinner worse than I can be,
Therefore I know he died for me.

3 If grace were bought, I could not buy;
If grace were coined, no wealth have I;
By grace alone I draw my breath,
Held up from everlasting death;
Yet, since I know his grace is free,
I know the Saviour died for me.

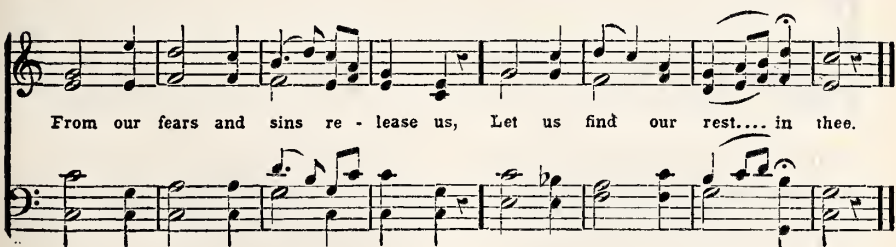
George W. Bethune.

WILSON. 8, 7.

FROM FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.



1. Come, thou long-expect-ed Je-sus, Born to set thy peo-ple free:



From our fears and sins re-lease us, Let us find our rest.... in thee.

227 *The Desire of nations.*

1 COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free:
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

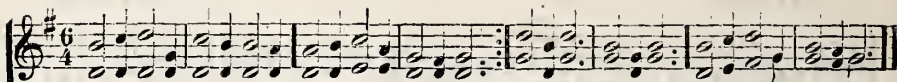
4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Charles Wesley.

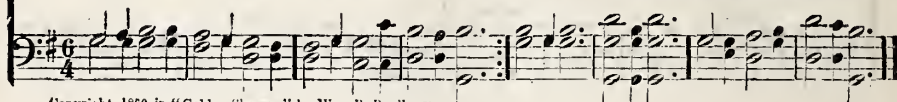
SALVATION.

EVEN ME. 8, 7, 3.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



1. { Lord, I hear of showers of blessing Thou art scattering full and free; }
 { Showers, the thirsty land refreshing; Let some drops now fall on me, } Even me, Even me, Let some drops now fall on me.



Copyright, 1862, in "Golden Shower," by Wm. B. Bradbury.

228 *Even me.*

- 2 Pass me not, O God, my Father,
 Sinful though my heart may be;
 Thou mightst leave me, but the rather
 Let thy mercy light on me.
- 3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
 Let me live and cling to thee:
 I am longing for thy favor:
 Whilst thou'rt calling, O call me.

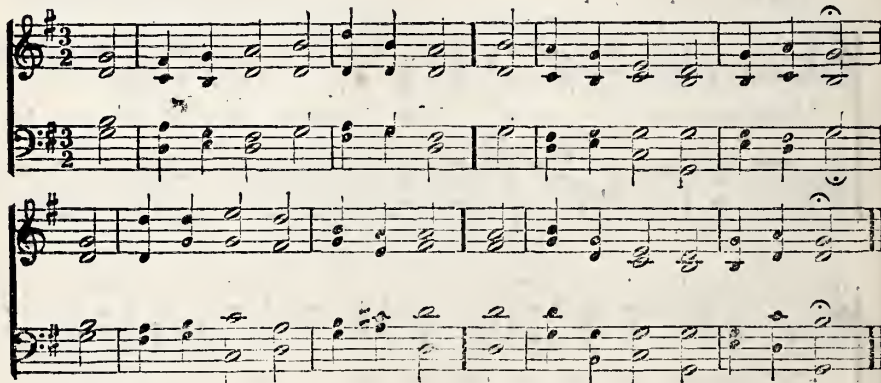
- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
 Thou canst make the blind to see:
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
 Speak the word of power to me.

- 5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
 Blood of Christ, so rich, so free,
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
 Magnify them all in me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



229 *Love which passeth knowledge.*

- 1 OF Him who did salvation bring,
 I could forever think and sing;
 Arise, ye needy,—he'll relieve;
 Arise, ye guilty,—he'll forgive.
- 2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given;
 Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
 Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
 Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.
- 3 To shame our sins he blushed in
 blood;
 He closed his eyes to show us God:
 Let all the world fall down and know
 That none but God such love can show.

- 4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
 I shed my tears and make my moan:
 Where'er I am, where'er I move,
 I meet the object of my love.

- 5 Insatiate to this spring I fly:
 I drink, and yet am ever dry:
 Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
 Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

Bernard of Clairvaux. Tr. by A. W. Boehm.

230 *The accepted time.*

- 1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
 Mercy is found, and peace is given:
 But soon, ah, soon, approaching night
 Shall blot out every hope of heaven

SALVATION.

2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

Timothy Dwight

INGHAM. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. God call - ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift pass - ing years all fly, And still my soul in slum - ber lie?

231 God calling yet.

1 GOD calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumber lie?

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I his loving voice despise,
And basely his kind care repay!
He calls me still; can I delay?

3 God calling yet! and shall he knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?

4 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but he does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake!

5 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay:
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part:
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

Gerhard Tersteegen. Tr. by Miss J. Borthwick.

232 Come to me.

1 WITH tearful eyes I look around:
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me!"

2 It tells me of a place of rest,
It tells me where my soul may flee:
O to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me!"

3 When against sin I strive in vain,
And cannot from its yoke get free,
Sinking beneath the heavy chain,
The words arrest me, "Come to me!"

4 When nature shudders, loath to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters, "Come to me!"

5 "Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye;
I am thy portion; come to me!"

Charlotte Elliott.

SALVATION.

PLEADING WITH THEE.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. So near to the kingdom! yet what dost thou lack? So near to the kingdom! what keep-eth thee back?
 2. So near that thou hear-est the songs that re-sound From those who be-liev-ing, a par-don have found!

Re-nounce ev'-ry i-dol, though dear it may be, And come to the Sav-iour now
 So near, yet un-will-ing to give up thy sin, When Je-sus is wait-ing to

REFRAIN.

plead-ing with thee, } Plead-ing with thee, The Sav-iour is plead-ing, is plead-ing with thee.
 wel-come thee in!

Pleading with thee, pleading with thee,

Copyright, 1876, by Biglow & Main.

233

What keepeth thee back?

3 O come, or thy season of grace will be past,
 The door will be closed, and this call be thy last;
 O where wouldst thou turn if the light should depart
 That comes from the Spirit, and shines on thy heart.—REF.

4 To die with no hope! hast thou counted the cost?
 To die out of Christ, and thy soul to be lost!
 So near to the kingdom! O come, we implore,
 While Jesus is pleading, come, enter the door.—REF.

Fanny J. Crosby.

PASS ME NOT.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on oth-ers Thou are call-ing, Do not pass me

Copyright, 1870, in "Songs of Devotion," by W. H. Doane.

SALVATION.

PASS ME NOT.—*Concluded.*

CHORUS.

by: Sav- iour, Sav- iour, hear my humble cry, While on oth- ers thou art call- ing, Do not pass me by.

234 *Pleading for mercy.*

- 2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.—REF.
- 3 Trusting only in thy merit,
Would I seek thy face;

- Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by thy grace.—REF.
- 4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life for me;
Whom have I on earth beside thee?
Whom in heaven but thee.—REF.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COME TO THE FOUNTAIN.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Come with thy sins to the fountain, Come with thy burden of grief; Bu- ry them deep in its wa- ters,
2. Come as thou art to the fountain, Je- sus is waiting for thee; What tho' thy sins are like crimson.

CHORUS.

There thou wilt find a re- lief. } Haste thee a-way, why wilt thou stay? Risk not thy soul on a }
White as the snow they shall be. }

moment's de- lay; Je- sus is wait- ing to save thee, Mer- cy is plead- ing to- day.

Copyright, 1883, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

235 *Jesus is waiting to save.*

- 3 These are the words of the Saviour;
They who repent and believe,
They who are willing to trust him,
Life at his hand shall receive.

CHO.—Haste thee away, &c.

- 4 Come and be healed at the fountain,
List to the peace-speaking voice;
Over a sinner returning
Now let the angels rejoice.

CHO.—Haste thee away, &c.

Fanny J. Crosby.

SALVATION.

GOD LOVED THE WORLD OF SINNERS LOST.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1, God loved the world of sin - ners lost, And ru - ined by the fall;

Sal - va - tion full, at high - est cost, He of - fers free to all.

CHORUS.

Oh, 'twas love, 'twas won - drous love! The love of God to me;

It brought my Sav - iour from a - bove, To die on Cal - va - ry.

236

2 Ev'n now by faith I claim him mine,
The risen Son of God;
Redemption by his death I find,
And cleansing thro' the blood.—CHO.

3 Love brings the glorious fullness in,
And to his saints makes known
The blessed rest from inbred sin,
Thro' faith in Christ alone.—CHO.

4 Believing souls, rejoicing go;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here below,
Of endless life in heaven.—CHO.

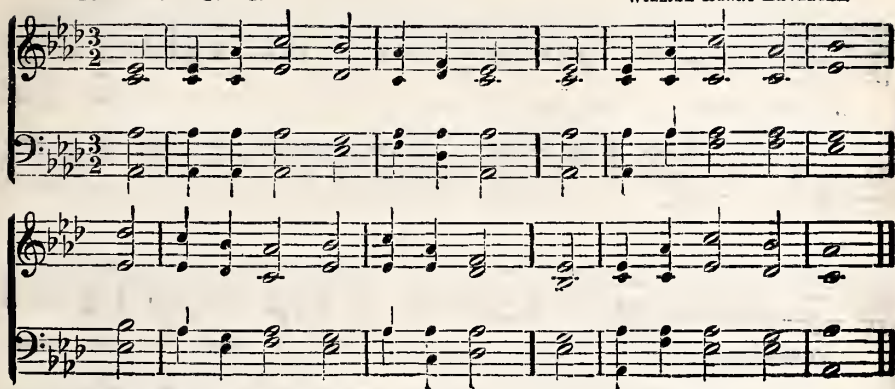
5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph in the dying hour
Thro' Christ the Lord our King.—CHO.

Mrs. Martha M. Stockton

SALVATION.

EVAN. C. M.

WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL.



237 *The earnest of redemption.*

- 1 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
The tokens of thy grace.
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
May thy blest wings, celestial Dove,
Safely convey me home.

Isaac Watts

238 *I would be Thine.*

- 1 I WOULD be thine: O take my heart
And fill it with thy love;
Thy sacred image, Lord, impart,
And seal it from above.
- 2 I would be thine; but while I strive
To give myself away,
I feel rebellion still alive,
And wander while I pray.
- 3 I would be thine; but, Lord, I feel
Evil still lurks within:

Do thou thy majesty reveal,
And banish all my sin.

- 4 I would be thine; I would embrace
The Saviour, and adore;
Inspire with faith, infuse thy grace,
And now my soul restore.

Andrew Reed.

239 *His pitying love.*

- 1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief:
He saw, and, O amazing love!
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he sped,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues,
The Saviour's praises speak.
- 5 Angels, assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

Isaac Watts.

SALVATION.

HAMBURG. L. M.

GREGORIAN CHANT. ATT. by LOWELL MASON.



1. Come, sinners, to the gos - pel feast; Let ev-'ry soul be Je - sus' guest:
Ye need not one be left be - hind, For God hath bid - den all man - kind.

240 *The gospel feast.*

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:

Come all the world! come, sinner, thou
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live:
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

5 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice:
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

Charles Wesley.

WHILE JESUS WHISPERS TO YOU.

H. R. PALMER.

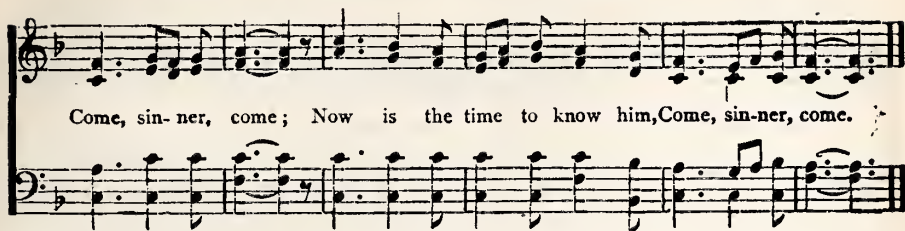


1. While Je - sus whispers to you, Come, sin - ner come; While we are
pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come. Now is the time to own him,

Copyright, 1879, by H. R. Palmer.

SALVATION.

WHILE JESUS WHISPERS TO YOU.—*Concluded.*



Come, sin-ner, come; Now is the time to know him, Come, sin-ner, come.

241

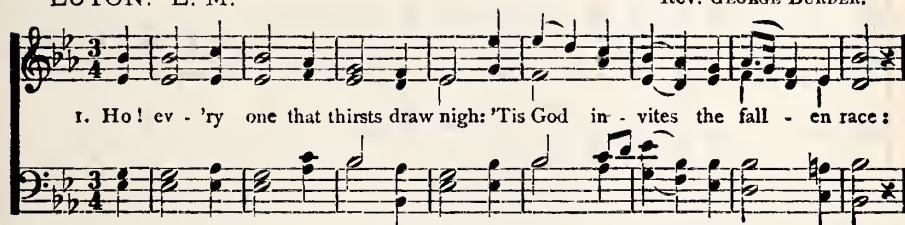
2 Are you too heavy laden?
Come, sinner, come;
Jesus will bear your burden,
Come, sinner, come.
Jesus will not deceive you,
Come, sinner, come;
Jesus can now redeem you,
Come, sinner, come.

3 Oh, hear his tender pleading,
Come, sinner, come;
Come, and receive the blessing,
Come, sinner, come.
While Jesus whispers to you,
Come, sinner, come;
While we are praying for you,
Come, sinner, come.

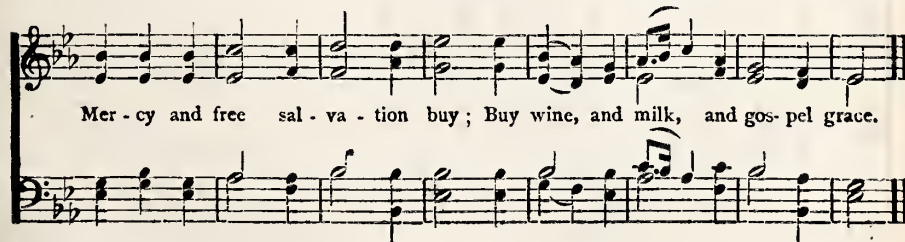
Will. E. Witter.

LUTON. L. M.

REV. GEORGE BURDER.



1. Ho! ev-'ry one that thirsts draw nigh: 'Tis God in-vites the fall-en race:



Mer-cy and free sal-va-tion buy; Buy wine, and milk, and gos-pel grace.

242

The abundance of his grace.

1 Ho! every one that thirsts draw nigh:
'Tis God invites the fallen race:
Mercy and free salvation buy;
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find his grace is free for all.

3 See from the Rock a fountain rise;
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye laboring, burdened, sin-sick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give;
Leave all you have and are behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive;
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

John Wealey:

SALVATION.

WONDERFUL WORDS.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Wonderful words of life, Let me more of their

beau-ty see, Wonderful words of life. Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and

CHORUS.

du - ty; Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of life,

Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of life.

243 "They are spirit and they are life."

- 1 SING them over again to me,
Wonderful words of life,
Let me more of their beauty see,
Wonderful words of life;
Words of life and beauty,
Teach me faith and duty.

CHO.—

Beautiful words, wonderful words,
Wonderful words of life;
Beautiful words, wonderful words,
Wonderful words of life.

- 2 Christ, the blessed One gives to all
Wonderful words of life;
Sinner, list to the loving call,
Wonderful words of life;
All so freely given,
Wooing us to heaven.—CHO.

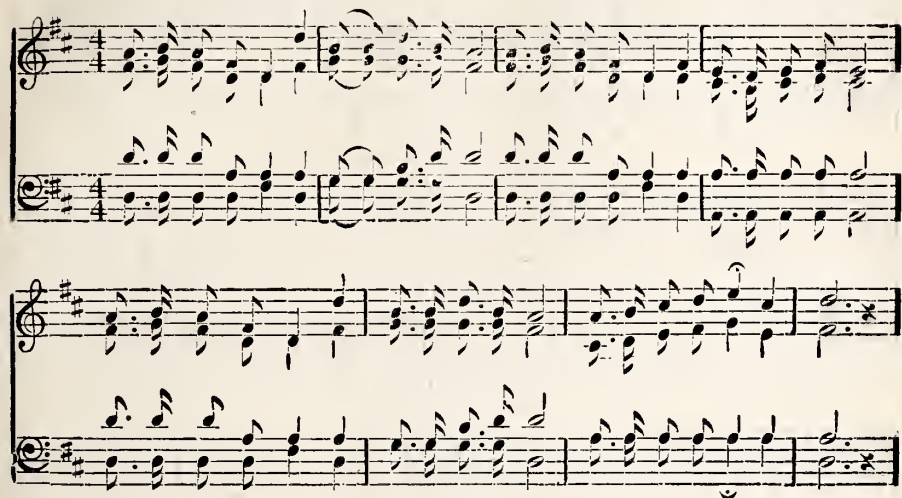
- 3 Sweetly echo the gospel call,
Wonderful words of life;
Offer pardon and peace to all,
Wonderful words of life;
Jesus, only Saviour,
Sanctify forever.—CHO.

P. P. Bliss.

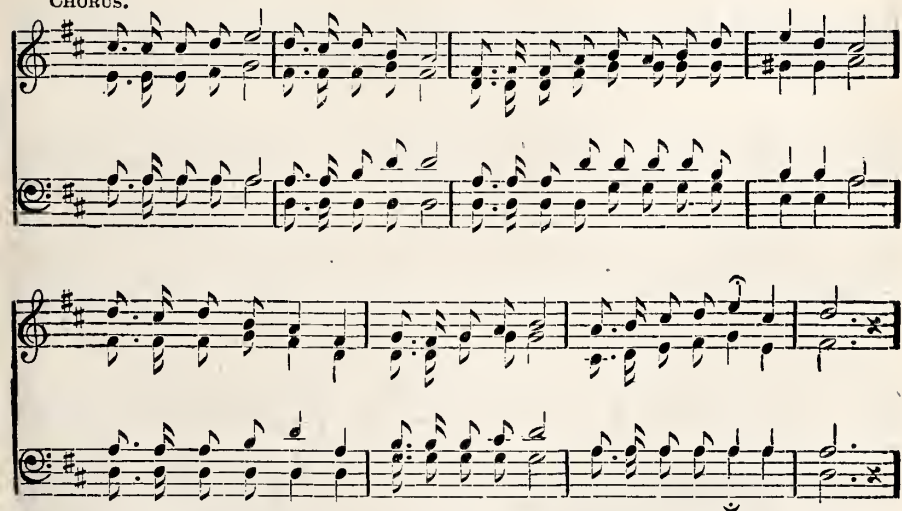
SALVATION.

WHOSOEVER WILL.

P. P. BLISS



CHORUS.



244

Whosoever will.

1 Whosoever heareth! shout, shout the sound! [around;
Send the blessed tidings all the world
Spread the joyful news wherever man is
Whosoever will may come. [found,

CHORUS:

Whosoever will, whosoever will, [hail;
Send the proclamation over vale and
'Tis a loving Father calls the wanderer
Whosoever will may come. [home:

2 Whosoever cometh need not delay;
Now the door is open, enter while you may.
Jesus is the true, the only Living Way,
Whosoever will may come.

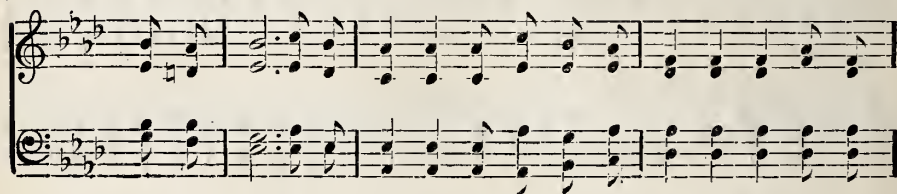
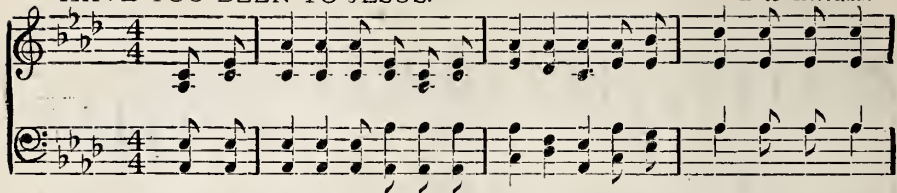
3 Whosoever will, the promise is secure
Whosoever will forever shall endure:
Whosoever will, 'tis life for evermore,
Whosoever will may come.

P. P. Bliss.

SALVATION.

HAVE YOU BEEN TO JESUS.

E A HOFFMAN.



245 *Have you been to Jesus?*

1 Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing power?

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Are you fully trusting in his grace this hour?

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

CHORUS:—Are you washed in the blood—
In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?

Are your garments spotless? Are they white as snow?

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

2 Are you walking daily by the Saviour's side?

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Do you rest each moment in the Crucified?

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

SALVATION.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3 When the Bridgegroom cometh, will
your robes be white? [Lamb?
Pure and white in the blood of the
Will your soul be ready for the man-
sions bright? [Lamb?
And be washed in the blood of the</p> | <p>4 Lay aside the garments that are stain-
ed with sin, [Lamb;
And be washed in the blood of the
There's a fountain flowing for the soul
unclean— [Lamb!
Oh, be washed in the blood of the</p> |
|---|---|

E. A. Hoffman.

I GAVE MY LIFE FOR THEE.

P. P. BLISS.



246 *I gave my life for thee.*

1 I gave my life for thee;
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
I gave, I gave my life for thee:
What hast thou given for me?

2 My Father's home of light,
My rainbow-circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
I left, I left it all for thee,
Hast thou left aught for me?

3 I suffered much for thee,—
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,—
To rescue thee from hell.
I bore, I bore it all for thee,
What canst thou bear for me?

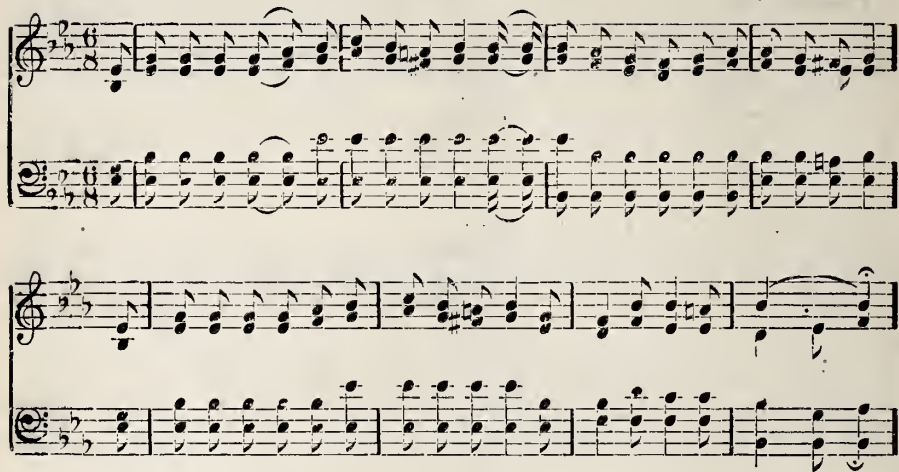
4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love. [thee,
I've brought, I've brought it all for
What hast thou brought to me?

F. R. Havergall.

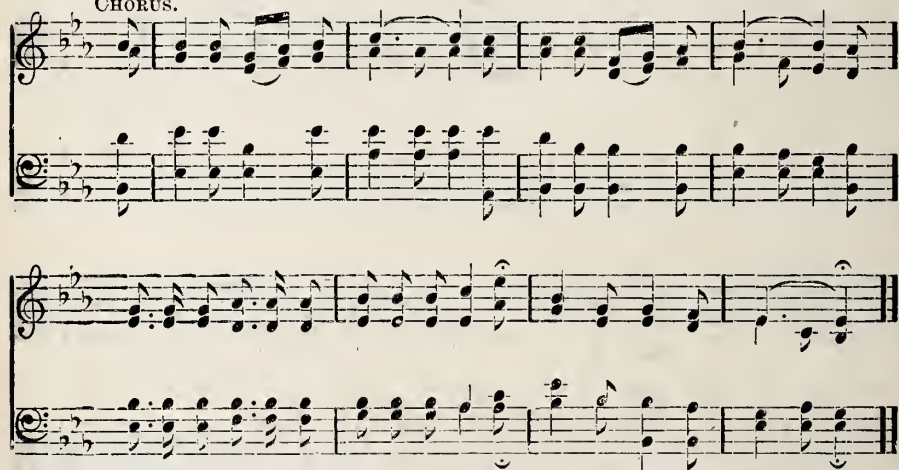
SALVATION.

YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

GEO. C. STEBBINS



CHORUS.



247 *Ye must be born again.*

1 A ruler once came to Jesus by night,
To ask him the way of salvation and
light;
The Master made answer in words true
and plain,
Ye must be born again.

2 Ye children of men, attend to the
word
So solemnly uttered by Jesus, the Lord;
And let not this message to you be in
vain:
Ye must be born again.

3 O ye who would enter that glorious
rest,
And sing with the ransomed the song of
the blest;
The life everlasting if ye would obtain,
Ye must be born again.

4 A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns
to see,
At the beautiful gate may be watching
for thee;
Then list to the note of this solemn re-
frain,
Ye must be born again.

W. T. Sleeper.

SALVATION.

EVERLASTING LOVE.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. Wondrous words! how rich in bless - ing! Deep - er than th' unfath - om'd sea;

Broad - er than its world of wa - ters, Bound - less, in - fi - nite and free:

High - er than the heavens a - bove, Is that Ev - er - last - ing Love;

High - er than the heavens a - bove, Is that Ev - er - last - ing Love.

Copyright by Joseph F. Knapp.

248 Wondrous words.

2 Down to lowest depths it reaches—
The all-loving Father's arm,
Toward his rebel children yearning,
Drawing them with magic charm;
||: Till the yielding spirits move,
Touch'd by *Everlasting Love*. :||

3 Weary spirits—sad with toiling,
'Mid the sorrows of life's way—
Feel their heavy burdens lightened,
As they journey day by day,
||: How with quickened steps they move,
Cheered by *Everlasting Love*. :||

4 I have set thee as a signet,
Graven on my hands thy name;
Lo, I still am with thee always,
Evermore thy Friend—the same;
||: Never changing—thou wilt prove
Mine is Everlasting Love. :||

5 In my house of many mansions,
I've prepared a place for thee,
Where are no dark clouds or tempests,
Where I am, there thou shalt be—
||: All the untold bliss to prove,
Of my *Everlasting Love*. :||

Mrs. Mary D. Jarnes.

SALVATION.

DUANE STREET. L. M. D.

REV. GEORGE COLES.

1. Je-sus, my all, to heaven is gone, He whom I fix my hopes up-on; His track I see, and I'll pursue The narrow way, till him I view. The way the holy prophets went, The road that leads from banishment, The King's highway of ho-li-ness, I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

249 *The highway of holiness.*

2 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.
The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

3 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, as I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.
Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

John Cennick.

DANIEL READ.

WINDHAM. L. M.

1. Stay, thou in-sult-ed Spir-it, stay, Though I have done thee such de-spite; Nor cast the sin-ner quite a-way, Nor take thine ev-er-last-ing flight.

SALVATION.

250 *The withdrawal of the Spirit deprecated.*

- 1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have steeled my stubborn
And shaken off my guilty fears; [heart,
And vexed, and urged thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years :
- 3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen;
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev-
ed:
- 4 Yet, O, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
To exclude me from thy people's rest.

Charles Wesley.

251 *Pleading for pity.*

- 1 SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't sur-
pass

The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my
breath,
I must pronounce thee just, in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy
word,
Would light on some sweet promise
there,
Some sure support against despair.

Isaac Watts.

MEAR. C. M.

WELSH AIR. AARON WILLIAMS.

1. Vain man, thy fond pur - suits for - bear; Re - pent, thine end is nigh;
Death, at the far - thest, can't be far: O think be - fore thou die.

252 *Sin kills beyond the tomb.*

- 1 VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear;
Repent, thine end is nigh;
Death, at the farthest, can't be far:
O think before thou die.
- 2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save;
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?

3 Death enters, and there's no defence;
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven, or down to hell.

4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy greatest care,
Shall into dust consume;
But, ah! destruction stops not there;
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

Joseph Hart.

SALVATION.

WHO'LL BE THE NEXT.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus? Who'll be the next his cross to bear?

Some one is read - y, some one is wait - ing; Who'll be the next a crown to wear?

REFRAIN.

Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus?

Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus now? Fol - low Je - sus now.

Copyright, 1871, by Biglow & Main.

253

Following Jesus.

- 2 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus—
Follow his weary, bleeding feet?
Who'll be the next to lay every burden
Down at the Father's mercy seat?—REF.
- 3 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Who'll be the next to praise his name?

Who'll swell the chorus of free redemption—
Sing, hallelujah! praise the Lamb?—REF.

- 4 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus,
Down through the Jordan's rolling tide?
Who'll be the next to join with the ransomed,
Singing upon the other side.—REF.

Annie S Hawks.

TO JESUS I WILL GO.

W. H. DOANE.
1st. 2d.

1. { There's a gentle voice within calls a - way, 'Tis a warning I have heard o'er and o'er; }
{ But my heart is melt-ed now, I o - bey; From my Saviour I will wan-der no (omit) } more.

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SALVATION.

TO JESUS I WILL GO.—*Concluded.*

CHORUS.

Yes, I will go; yes, I will go; To Je - sus I will go and be saved;
Yes, I will go; Yes, I will go; To Je - sus I will go and be saved.

254 *The heavenly Monitor.*

2 He has promised all my sins to forgive,
If I ask in simple faith for his love;
In his holy word I learn how to live,
And to labor for his kingdom above.
CHO.—Yes, I will go, &c.

3 I will try to bear the cross in my youth,
And be faithful to its cause till I die;

If with cheerful step I walk in the truth,
I shall wear a starry crown by and by.

CHO.—Yes, I will go, &c.

4 Still the gentle voice within calls away,
And its warning I have heard o'er and o'er;
But my heart is melted now, I obey;
From my Saviour I will wander no more.

CHO.—Yes, I will go, &c.

Fanny J. Crosby.

NONE BUT JESUS.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Weeping will not save me —Tho' my face were bathed in tears, That could not allay my fears, Could not wash my sins of years—

REFRAIN.

Weeping will not save me. Jesus wept and died for me; Jesus suffered on the tree; Jesus waits to make me free; He alone can save me.

Copyright, 1867, by Robert Lowry.

255 *Salvation through faith.*

2 Working will not save me—
Purest deeds that I can do,
Holist thoughts and feelings too,
Can not form my soul anew—
Working will not save me.—REF.

3 Waiting will not save me—
Helpless, guilty, lost I lie;

In my ear is mercy's cry;
If I wait I can but die—

Waiting will not save me.—REF.

4 Faith in Christ will save me—
Let me trust thy weeping Son,
Trust the work that he has done;
To his arms, Lord, help me run—
Faith in Christ will save me.—REF.

Rev. Robert Lowry.

SALVATION.

WHY DO YOU WAIT?

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, Oh, why do you tar-ry so long? Your Saviour is waiting to

CHORUS.

give you A place in his sanc-ti-fied throng. Why not? why not? Why not come to him now? now?

1st. 2nd.

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256 Arise, he calleth thee.

- 2 What do you hope, dear brother,
To gain by a further delay?
There's no one to save you but Jesus,
There's no other way but his way. CHO.
- 3 Do you not feel, dear brother,
His spirit now striving within?

Oh, why not accept his salvation,
And throw off thy burden of sin. CHO.

- 4 Why do you wait, dear brother,
The harvest is passing away.
Your Saviour is longing to bless you,
There's danger and death in delay. CHO.

G. F. Root.

TAKE ME AS I AM.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Je - sus my Lord to thee I cry, Un - less thou help me I must die; Oh, bring thy

CHORUS.

free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am. Take me as I am,

Copyright, 1881, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

SALVATION.

TAKE ME AS I AM. *Concluded.*

Take me as I am; Lord, I give myself to thee, Oh, take me as I am.

257 *Hear my prayer, O Lord.*

2 Helpless I am and full of guilt,
But yet for me thy blood was spilt;
And thou canst make me what thou wilt,
And take me as I am. CHO.

3 I bow before thy mercy-seat,
Behold me, Saviour, at thy feet;
Thy work begin, thy work complete,
And take me as I am. CHO.

4 If thou hast work for me to do,
Inspire my will, my heart renew;
And work both in, and by me too,
And take me as I am. CHO.

5 And when at last the work is done,
The battle fought, the victory won,
Still, still my cry shall be alone.
Oh take me as I am. CHO.

Eliza H. Hamilton.

HALLELUJAH, 'TIS DONE!

P. P. BLISS.

1. 'Tis the promise of God, full sal-va-tion to give Un-to him who on Je-sus, his Son, will be-lieve. Hal-le-

In-jah, 'tis done! I be-lieve on the Son; I am saved by the blood of the cru-ci-fied One; cru-ci-fied One.

1st. 2nd.

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258 *Whosoever believeth in him.*

2 Though the pathway be lonely, and dangerous too,
Surely Jesus is able to carry me through. Hallelujah, etc.

3 Many loved ones have I in yon heavenly throng,
They are safe now in glory and this is their song: Hallelujah, etc.

4 Little children I see standing close by their king,
And he smiles as their song of salvation they sing. Hallelujah, etc.

5 There are prophets and kings in that throng I behold,
And they sing as they march thro' the streets of pure gold: Hallelujah, etc.

6 There's a part in that chorus for you and for me,
And the theme of our praises forever will be: Hallelujah, etc.

P. P. Bliss.

SALVATION.

WOODWORTH. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,

And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

259

Just as I am.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,

Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Charlotte Elliott.

I AM TRUSTING, LORD, IN THEE.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. I am coming to the cross; I am poor and weak and blind; I am counting all but dross; I shall full sal-va-tion find.

CHO. - I am trusting, Lord, in thee. Dear Lamb of Cal-va-ry; Humbly at thy cross I bow. Save me, Je-sus, save me now.

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260

Trusting the promises.

2 Long my heart has sighed for thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin.

3 Here I give my all to thee,
Friends and time, and earthly store.
Soul and body thine to be—
Wholly thine forever more.

SALVATION.

4 In thy promises I trust ;
Now I feel the blood applied ;
I am prostrate in the dust ;
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes ! He fills my soul !
Perfected in him I am ;
I am every whit made whole :
Glory, glory to the Lamb !

William McDonald.

TOPLADY. 7, 61.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee ;
D. C. Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound - ed side which flowed,

261 *Rock of ages.*

1 ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee :
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands :
Could my zeal no languor know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring ;
Simply to thy cross I cling !
Naked, come to thee for dress :
Helpless, look to thee for grace :
Foul, I to the fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

Augustus M. Toplady, Alt.

262 *The Litany.*

1 By thy birth, and by thy tears ;
By thy human griefs and fears ;
By thy conflict in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power,—
Saviour, look with pitying eye ;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

2 By the tenderness that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept ;
By the bitter tears that flowed
Over Salem's lost abode,—
Saviour, look with pitying eye ;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

3 By thy lonely hour of prayer ;
By the fearful conflict there ;
By thy cross and dying cries ;
By thy one great sacrifice,—
Saviour, look with pitying eye
Saviour, help me, or I die.

4 By thy triumph o'er the grave ;
By thy power the lost to save ;
By thy high, majestic throne ;
By the empire all thine own,—
Saviour, look with pitying eye ;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

Sir Robert Grant.

SALVATION.

HE WAS NOT WILLING.

LUCY RIDER MEYER.

1. "He was not will- ing that an - y should per - ish;" Je - sus enthron'd in the

glo - ry a - bove, Saw our poor fall - en world, pit - ied our sor - rows,
D.S.—Je - sus would save, but there's no one to tell them,

FINE.
Pour'd out his life for us—won - der - ful love! Per - ish-ing, per - ish-ing!
No one to lift them from sin and de - spair.

D.S.
Thronging our path - way, Hearts break with bur - dens too hea - vy to bear,

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263

2 "He was not willing that any should
perish;" [pain,
Cloth'd in our flesh with its sorrow and
Came he to seek the lost, comfort the
mourner, [shame.
Heal the heart, broken by sorrow and
Perishing, perishing! harvest is passing,
Reapers are few and the night draweth
near;
Jesus is calling thee, haste to the reaping,
Thou shalt have souls, precious souls for
thy hire.

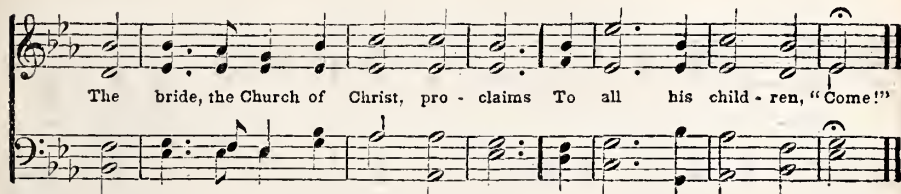
3 Plenty for pleasure, but little for Je-
sus; [toys,
Time for the world, with its troubles and
No time for Jesus' work, feeding the hun-
gry,
Lifting lost souls to eternity's joys.
Perishing, perishing! hark, how they call us:
"Bring us your Saviour, oh, tell us of
him!
We are so weary, so heavily laden,
And with long weeping our eyes have
grown dim.

Lucy Rider Meyer

SALVATION.

OLNEY. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



264 *Whosoever will.*—Rev. 22: 17.

- 1 THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come :"
The bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, "Come !"
- 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come !"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come !
- 3 Yea, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life ;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo ! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come ;"
Lord, even so ! we wait thine hour ;
O blest Redeemer, come !

H. U. Onderdonk.

- 3 Riches unsearchable
In Jesus' love we know ;
And pleasures springing from the well
Of life, our souls o'erflow :
The Spirit we receive
Of wisdom, grace, and power ;
And always sorrowful we live,
Rejoicing evermore.
- 4 Angels our servants are,
And keep in all our ways,
And in their watchful hands they bear
The sacred sons of grace :
Unto that heavenly bliss
They all our steps attend ;
And God himself our Father is,
And Jesus is our friend.

John Wesley.

265 *The guardianship of angels.*

- 1 YE simple souls that stray
Far from the path of peace,
That lonely, unfrequented way
To life and happiness,
Why will ye folly love,
And through the downward road,
And hate the wisdom from above,
And mock the sons of God ?
- 2 So wretched and obscure,
The men whom ye despise,
So foolish, impotent, and poor,—
Above your scorn we rise :
We through the Holy Ghost,
Can witness better things ;
For he whose blood is all our boast,
Hath made us priests and kings.

266 *All things are ready.*—Matt. 22: 4.

- 1 "ALL things are ready," come,
Come to the supper spread ;
Come, rich and poor, come, old and young,
Come, and be richly fed.
- 2 "All things are ready," come,
The invitation's given,
Through Him who now in glory sits
At God's right hand in heaven.
- 3 "All things are ready," come,
The door is open wide ;
O feast upon the love of God,
For Christ, his Son, has died.
- 4 "All things are ready," come,
To-morrow may not be ;
O sinner, come, the Saviour waits
This hour to welcome thee.

Albert Midlane.

SALVATION.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

Arr. by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

p The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing

Je - sus: He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of

CHORUS.

Je - sus. Sweet - est note in ser - aph song, Sweet - est name on

pp mor - tal tongue, Sweetest car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus bless - ed Je - sus.

267

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 The children too, both great and small,
Who love the name of Jesus,
May now accept the gracious call
To work and live for Jesus.

5 Come, brethren, help me sing his praise,
Oh, praise the name of Jesus;
Come, sisters, all your voices raise,
Oh, bless the name of Jesus.

6 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

7 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

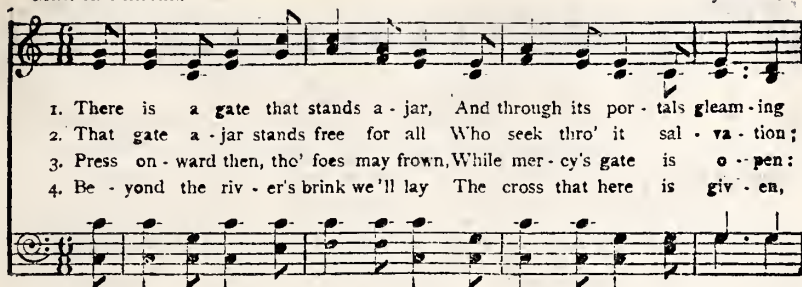
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SALVATION.

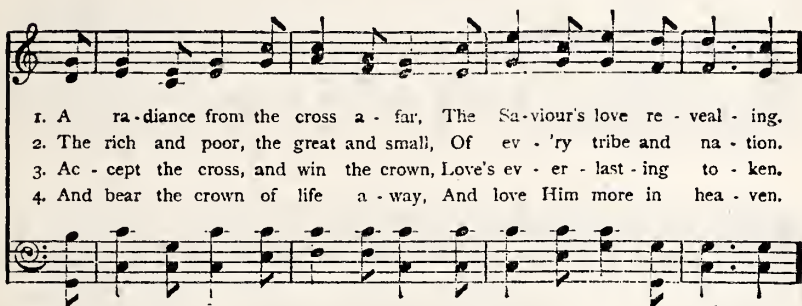
268 THE GATE AJAR FOR ME.

MRS. L. BAXTER.

S. J. VAIL.

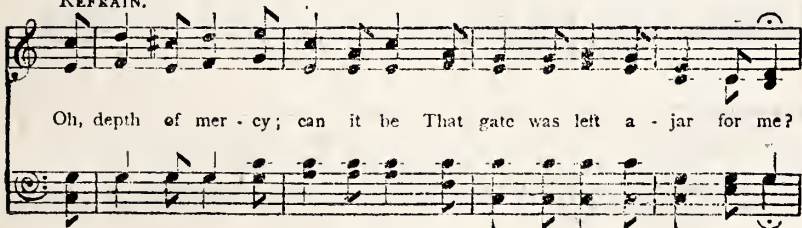


1. There is a gate that stands a - jar, And through its por - tals gleam - ing
 2. That gate a - jar stands free for all Who seek thro' it sal - va - tion;
 3. Press on - ward then, tho' foes may frown, While mer - cy's gate is o - pen:
 4. Be - yond the riv - er's brink we'll lay The cross that here is giv - en,



1. A ra - diance from the cross a - far, The Sa - viour's love re - veal - ing.
 2. The rich and poor, the great and small, Of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion.
 3. Ac - cept the cross, and win the crown, Love's ev - er - last - ing to - ken.
 4. And bear the crown of life a - way, And love Him more in hea - ven.

REFRAIN.



Oh, depth of mer - cy; can it be That gate was left a - jar for me?



For me!..... for me!..... Was left a - jar for me!.....
 For me! for me!

SALVATION.

269 THE NINETY AND NINE.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE.

IRA D. SANNEY.

1. There were nine - ty and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the
 2. "Lord, Thou hast bere Thy nine-ty and nine; Are they not e-nough for
 3. But none of the ran-somed e - ver knew How deep were the wa-ters

1. fold, But one was out on the hills a-way, Far off from the gates of
 2. Thee?" But the-Shepherd made an-swer: "This of Mine Has wan-dered a-way from
 3. crossed; Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed thro' Ere He found His sheep that was

rit.
 1. gold— A - way, on the moun-tain wild and bare, A - way from the ten - der
 2. Me And al- though the road be rough and steep I go to the de-sert to
 3. lost: Out in the de-sert He heard its cry— Sick, and helpless, and

1. Shep-herd's care, A - way from the tea - der Shep-herd's care,
 2. find My sheep, I go to the de - sert to find My sheep."
 3. rea- dy to die, Sick and help- less and rea- dy to die,

4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all
 the way
 That mark out the mountain's track?"
 "They were shed for one who had gone
 astray
 Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
 "Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and
 torn?"
 "They are pierced to-night by many a

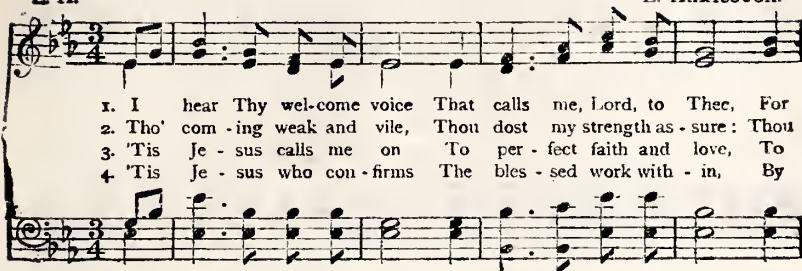
5 "But all through the mountains, thunder-
 riven,
 And up from the rocky steep,
 There arose a cry to the gate of heaven:
 "Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
 And the angels echoed around the throne,
 "Rejoice! for the Lord brings back His
 own!"

SALVATION.

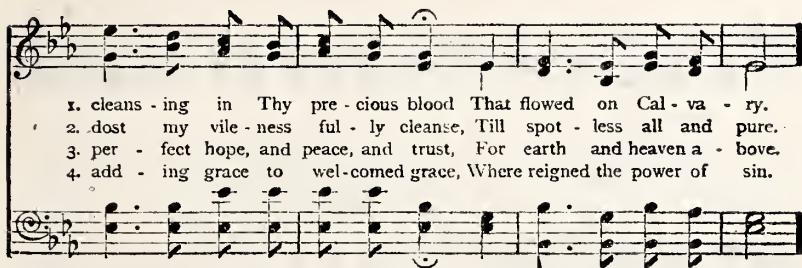
270 I HEAR THY WELCOME VOICE.

L. H.

L. HARTSOUGH.



1. I hear Thy wel-come voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For
 2. Tho' com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as-sure: Thou
 3. 'Tis Je-sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To
 4. 'Tis Je-sus who con-firms The bles-sed work with-in, By

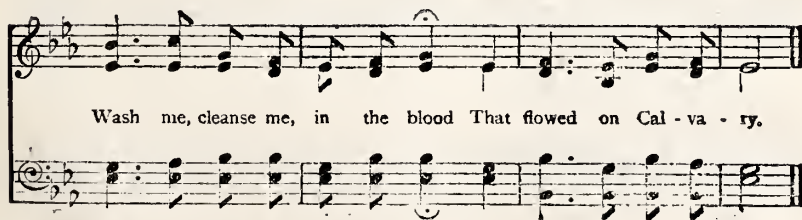


1. cleans-ing in Thy pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.
 2. dost my vile-ness ful-ly cleanse, Till spot-less all and pure.
 3. per-fect hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heaven a-bove.
 4. add-ing grace to wel-come grace, Where reigned the power of sin.

CHORUS.



I am com-ing, Lord! Com-ing now to Thee!



Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.

5. And He the witness gives
 To loyal hearts and free,
 That every promise is fulfilled,
 It Faith but brings the plea.


6. All hail, atoning blood!
 All hail, redeeming grace!
 All hail, the Gift of Christ our Lord,
 Our Strength and Righteousness.

SALVATION

271 NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

R. L.

REV. R. LOWRY.

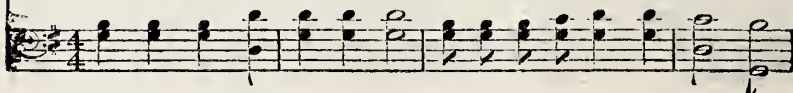
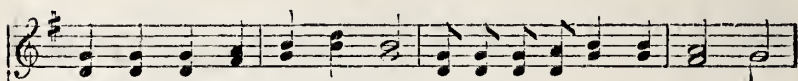


1. What can wash a - way my stain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus!

2. For my cleans - ing this I see— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus!

3. Noth - ing can for sin a - tone—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus!

4. This is all my hope and peace—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus!

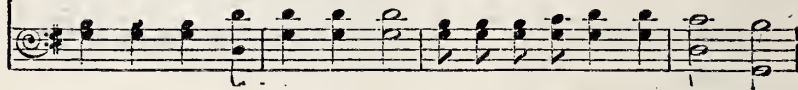



1. What can make me whole a - gain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus!

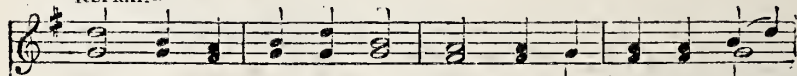
2. For my par - don this my plea—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus!

3. Naught of good that I have done—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus!

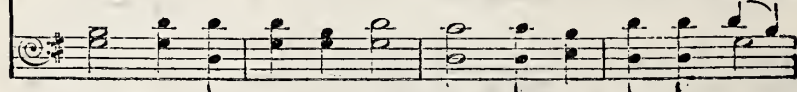
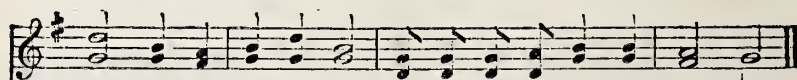
4. This is all my righ - teous - ness—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus!




REFRAIN



Oh, pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow!

No o - ther fount I know, Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.



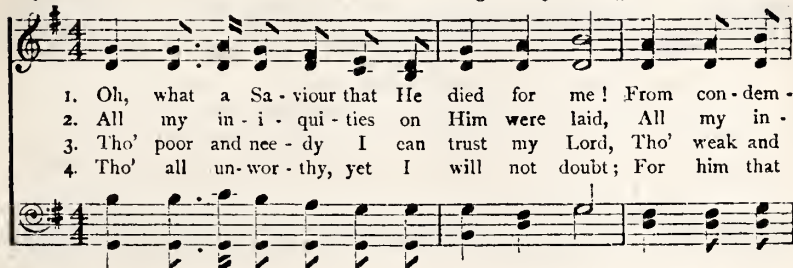
SALVATION.

272 VERILY, VERILY.

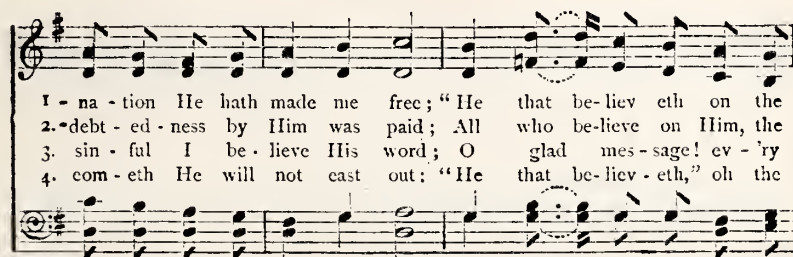
J. MCG.

"He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life."—JOHN vi. 47.

J. McGRANAHAN.

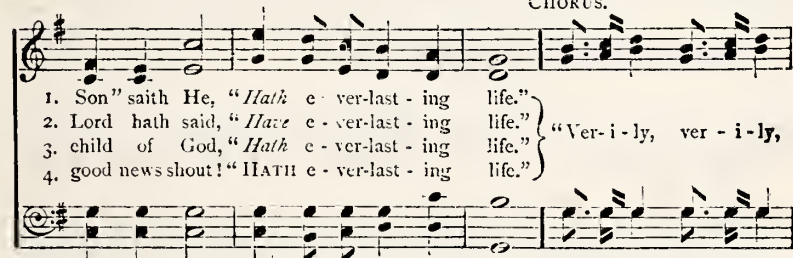


1. Oh, what a Sa - viour that He died for me! From con - dem -
 2. All my in - i - qui - ties on Him were laid, All my in -
 3. Tho' poor and nee - dy I can trust my Lord, Tho' weak and
 4. Tho' all un - wor - thy, yet I will not doubt; For him that



I - na - tion He hath made me free; "He that be - liev - eth on the
 2. - debt - ed - ness by Him was paid; All who be - lieve on Him, the
 3. sin - ful I be - lieve His word; O glad mes - sage! ev - 'ry
 4. com - eth He will not cast out; "He that be - liev - eth," oh the

CHORUS.



1. Son" saith He, "Hath e - ver - last - ing life."
 2. Lord hath said, "Have e - ver - last - ing life."
 3. child of God, "Hath e - ver - last - ing life."
 4. good news shout! "HATH e - ver - last - ing life." } "Ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly,



I say un - to you;" "Ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly," mes - sage e - ver new!



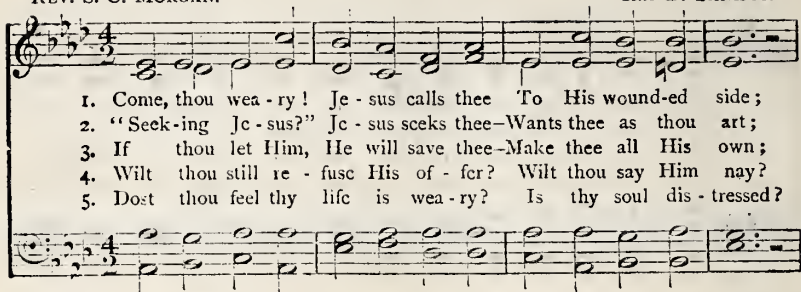
"He that be - liev - eth on the Son"—'tis true!—"Hath e - ver - last - ing life!"

SALVATION.

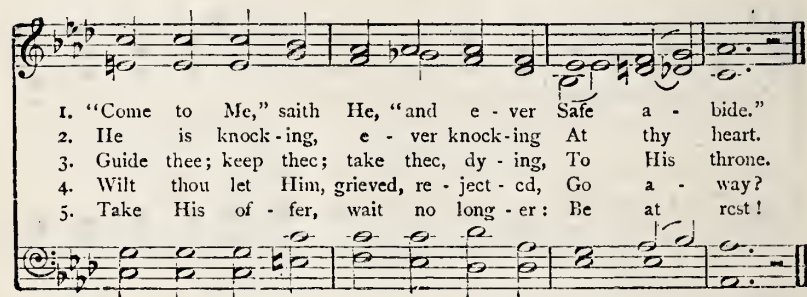
273 COME THOU WEARY.

REV. S. C. MORGAN.

IRA D. SANKEY.



1. Come, thou wea-ry! Je-sus calls thee To His wound-ed side;
 2. "Seek-ing Je-sus?" Je-sus seeks thee—Wants thee as thou art;
 3. If thou let Him, He will save thee—Make thee all His own;
 4. Wilt thou still re-fuse His of-fer? Wilt thou say Him nay?
 5. Dost thou feel thy life is wea-ry? Is thy soul dis-tressed?

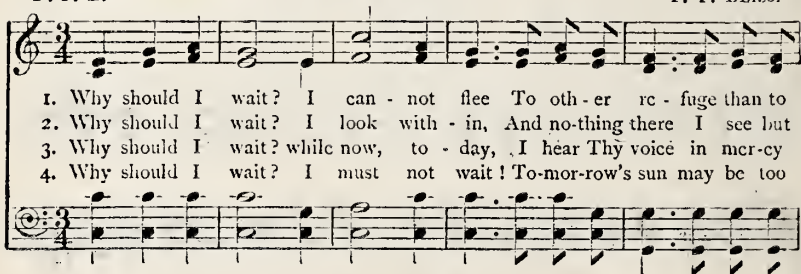


1. "Come to Me," saith He, "and e-ver Safe a-bide."
 2. He is knock-ing, e-ver knock-ing At thy heart.
 3. Guide thee; keep thee; take thee, dy-ing, To His throne.
 4. Wilt thou let Him, grieved, re-ject-ed, Go a-way?
 5. Take His of-fer, wait no long-er: Be at rest!

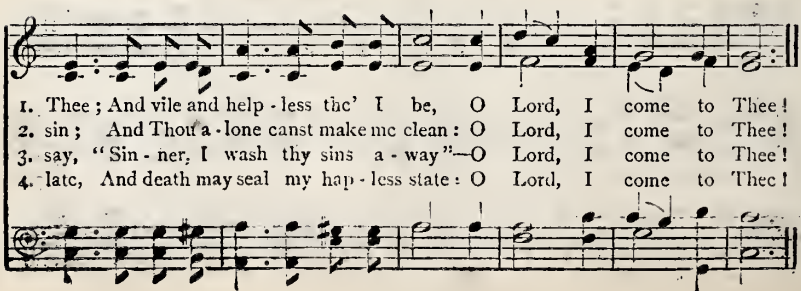
274 WHY SHOULD I WAIT.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.



1. Why should I wait? I can-not flee To oth-er re-fuge than to
 2. Why should I wait? I look with-in, And no-thing there I see but
 3. Why should I wait? while now, to-day, I hear Thy voice in mer-cy
 4. Why should I wait? I must not wait! To-mor-row's sun may be too

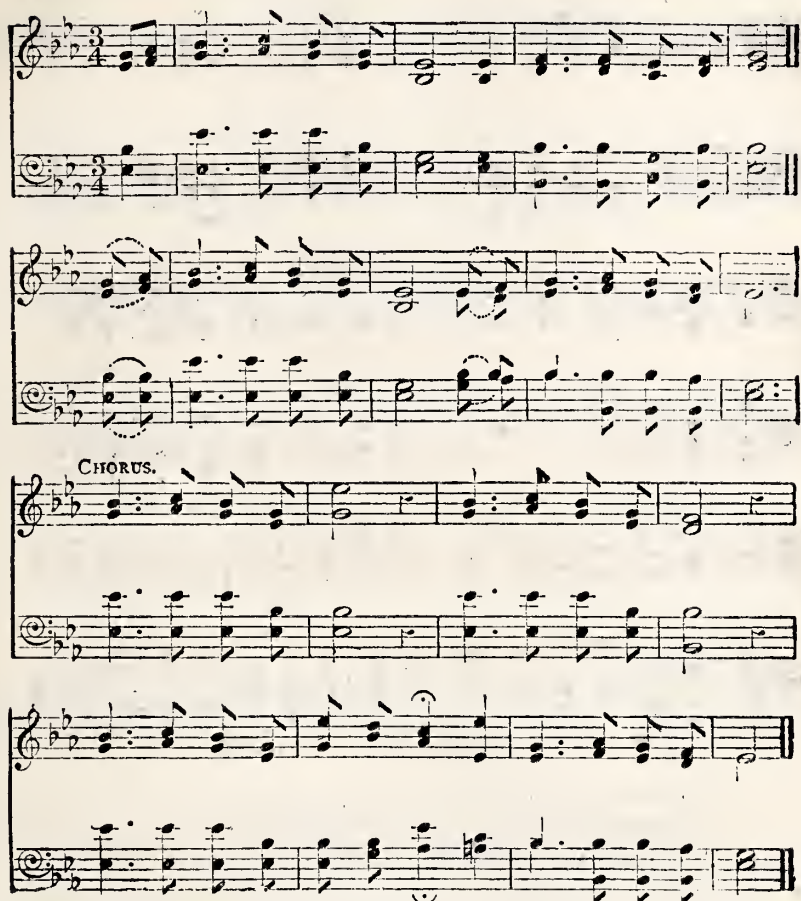


1. Thee; And vile and help-less th' I be, O Lord, I come to Thee!
 2. sin; And Thou a-lone canst make me clean: O Lord, I come to Thee!
 3. say, "Sin-ner, I wash thy sins a-way"—O Lord, I come to Thee!
 4. late, And death may seal my hap-less state: O Lord, I come to Thee!

SALVATION.

ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

J. T. GRAPE.



275 *Jesus paid it all.*

1 I hear the Saviour say,
Thy strength indeed is small,
Child of weakness, watch and pray:
Find in Me thine All in All.

CHORUS :

Jesus paid it all.
All to Him I owe :
Sin had left a crimson stain :
He washed it white as snow.

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

4 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise :
Then "Jesus paid it all"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

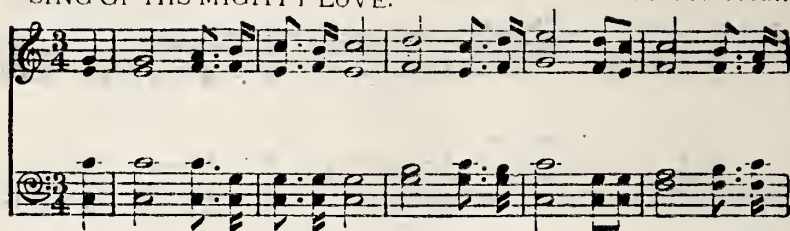
5 And when before the throne,
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,—
All down at Jesus' feet.

E. M. Hall.

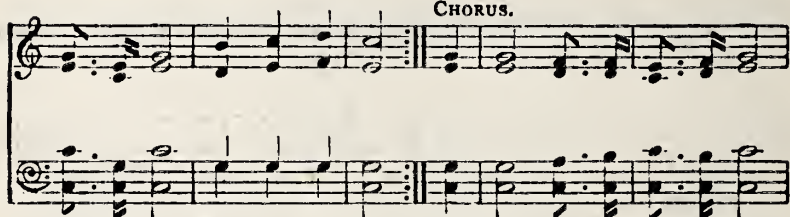
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

SING OF HIS MIGHTY LOVE.

W. B. BRADBURY.



CHORUS.



76

Joy of Salvation.

1 O BLISS of the purified, bliss of the free !
I plunge in the crimson tide opened for me :
O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I stand,
And point to the print of the nails in his hand

O sing of his mighty love,
Sing of his mighty love,
Sing of his mighty love, mighty to save.

2 O bliss of the purified, Jesus is mine.
No longer in dread condemnation I pine :
In conscious salvation I sing of his grace,
Who lifteth upon me the smile of his face.

3 O bliss of the purified, bliss of the pure !
No wound hath the soul that his blood cannot cure !
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,—
No tears but may dry them on Jesus's breast.

4 O Jesus the crucified, thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King !
My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the mighty to save.

F. Bottomo.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

TRUSTING IN HIS WORD.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Slowly.

1. All my doubts I give to Je-sus, I've his gracious promise heard; I shall never be con-found-ed, I am trusting in his word.

CHORUS.

I am trusting, fully trusting, Sweetly trusting in his word, I am trusting, ful-ly trusting, Sweetly trusting in his word.

Copyright, 1876, by Ira D. Sankey.

277 *Casting all on Jesus.*

2 All my sin I lay on Jesus,
He doth wash me in his blood;
He will keep me pure and holy,
He will bring me home to God. REF.

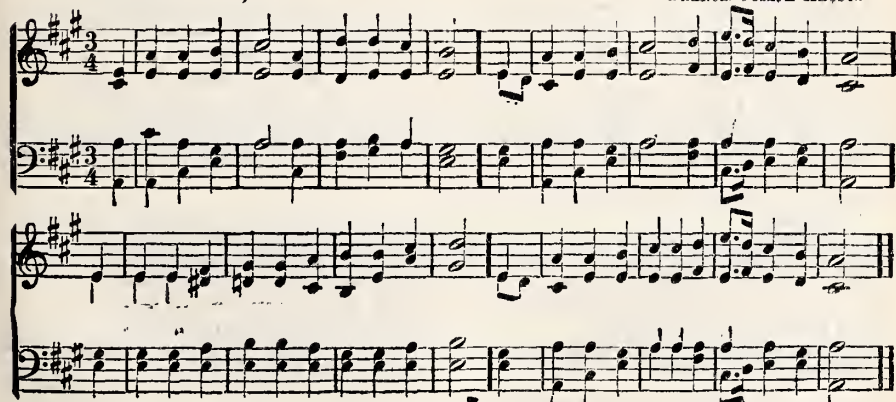
3 All my fears I give to Jesus,
Rests my weary soul on him;

Though my way be hid in darkness,
Never can my light grow dim. REF.

4 All in all I have in Jesus,
Poor, yet rich as cherubim;
Ignorant and full of weakness,
Heaven's own store I find in him. REF.
J. C. Morgan, M. D.

LYONS. 10, 11.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.



278 *Accepted in the beloved.*

1 All praise to the Lamb! accepted I
am,
Through faith in the Saviour's ador-
able name:
In him I confide, his blood is applied:
For me he hath suffered, for me he
hath died.

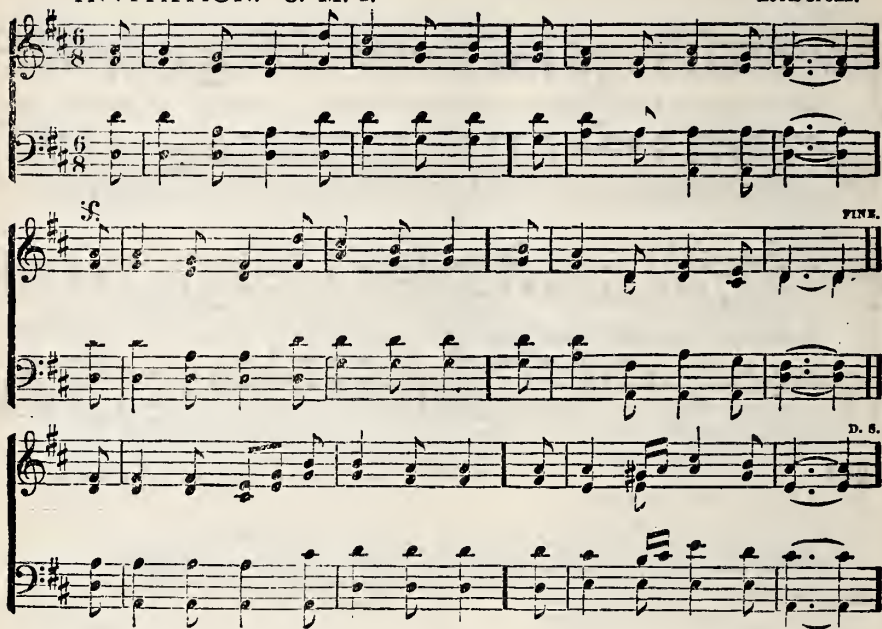
2 Not a cloud doth arise, to darken my
skies,
Or hide for a moment my Lord from
mine eyes:
In him I am blest, I lean on his breast,
And lo! in his wounds I continue to
rest.

Charles Wesley.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

INVITATION. C. M. D.

LOUIS SPORER.



279

Amazing grace.

1 AMAZING grace ! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me !
I once was lost, but now am found.
Was blind, but now I see. [fear,
'Twas grace that taught my heart to love
And grace has promised good to me,
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed !

2 Through many dangers, toils, and
snares,

I have already come ; [far,
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus
And grace will lead me home.
The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures ;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

3 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall
fail,

And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.
The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine ;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

John Newton.

280

For a tender conscience.

1 I WANT a principle within,
Of jealous, godly fear ;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near :
I want the first approach to feel
Of pride, or fond desire ;
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

2 From Thee that I no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience give.
Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make ;
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

3 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove ;
And let me weep my life away,
For having grieved thy love.
O may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul,
And drive me to the blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole.

Charles Wesley.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

WIMBORNE. L. M.

JOHN WHITAKER.

1. Lord, how se - cure and blest are they Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!

Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea, Their minds have heaven and peace with - in.

281 *Peace and hope of the righteous.*

- 2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.
- 3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away:
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

- 4 How oft they look to the heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure
And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles,
Sit undisturbed upon their brow!
- 5 They scorn to seek earth's golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That Heaven prepares for their delight.

Isaac Watts.

STOCKWELL. 8, 7.

LARIUS ELIOT JONES.

282 *The one thing needful.*

- 1 WELL for him who all things losing,
E'en himself doth count as naught,
Still the one thing needful choosing,
That with all true bliss is fraught!
- 2 Well for him who nothing knoweth
But his God, whose boundless love
Makes the heart wherein it gloweth
Calm and pure as saints above!
- 3 Well for him who all forsaking,
Walketh not in shadows vain,

- But the path of peace is taking
Through this vale of tears and pain!
- 4 O that we our hearts might sever
From earth's tempting vanities,
Fixing them on him forever
In whom all our fullness lies!
- 5 Thou, abyss of love and goodness,
Draw us by thy cross to thee,
That our senses, soul, and spirit,
Ever one with Christ may be!

Gottfried Arnold. Tr. by Miss C. Winkworth.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

HAPPY DAY. L. M.

1. { O hap-py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God! } Happy day, happy day,
Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. } D.S.-Happy day, happy day.

FINE.

D. S.

When Jesus washed my sins a-way: He taught me how to watch and pray, And live rejoicing every day:
When Jesus washed my sins a-way.

283

O happy day.

- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;

He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possessed.
Philip Doddridge.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God, To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

284

Thirsting for perfect love.

- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee:
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.
3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live,

- 4 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?

- 5 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

Nicolaus L. Zinzendorf. Tr. by J. Wesley.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

RAPTURE. 12, 9.

R. D. HUMPHREYS.

1. O how hap - py are they, Who the Sav - iour o - bey, And have
laid up their treasure a - bove! Tongue can nev - er ex - press The sweet
com - fort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.

285 *The joys of conversion.*

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I received through the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
O that all his salvation might see!
"He hath loved me," I cried,
"He hath suffered and died,
To redeem even rebels like me."

5 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blessed,
As if filled with the fullness of God.

Charles Wesley.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

WOODLAND. C. M.

NATHANIEL D. GOULD

1. Fountain of life, to all be-low Let thy sal-va-tion roll; Wa-ter, re-plen-ish,

and o'erflow, Wa-ter, re-plen-ish, and o'erflow Ev-ery he-liev-ing soul.

286 *The well of life.*

1 FOUNTAIN of life, to all below
Let thy salvation roll:
Water, replenish, and o'erflow
Every believing soul.

2 Into that happy number, Lord,
Us weary sinners take;
Jesus, fulfil thy gracious word,
For thine own mercy's sake.

3 Turn back our nature's rapid tide,
And we shall flow to thee,

While down the stream of time we glide
To our eternity.

4 The well of life to us thou art,
Of joy, the swelling flood;
Wafted by thee, with willing heart,
We swift return to God.

5 We soon shall reach the boundless
sea;
Into thy fullness fall;
Be lost and swallowed up in thee,
Our God, our all in all.

Charles Wesley.

ALETTA. 7.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. Prince of peace, control my will; Bid this struggling heart be still; Bid my fears and doubtings cease, Hush my spirit in-to peace.

Copyright, 1857, in "The Jubilee," by Wm. B. Bradbury.

287

Perfect peace.

2 Thou hast bought me with thy blood,
Opened wide the gate to God:
Peace I ask—but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with thee.

3 May thy will, not mine, be done;
May thy will and mine be one:

Chase these doubtings from my heart;
Now thy perfect peace impart.

4 Saviour, at thy feet I fall;
Thou my Life, my God, my All!
Let thy happy servant be
One for evermore with thee!

Mary A. S. Barber.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

SIMPSON. C. M.

FROM LOUIS SPORR.

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free!
A heart that al - ways feels thy blood, So free - ly spilt for me!

288

A perfect heart.

- 1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within!
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

Charles Wesley.

289

The work wrought.

- 1 COME, O my God, the promise seal,
This mountain, sin, remove;
Now in my waiting soul reveal
The virtue of thy love.
- 2 I want thy life, thy purity,
Thy righteousness, brought in:
I ask, desire, and trust in thee
To be redeemed from sin.

- 3 Saviour, to thee my soul looks up,
My present Saviour thou!
In all the confidence of hope,
I claim the blessing now.
- 4 'Tis done! thou dost this moment save,
With full salvation bless;
Redemption through thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace.

Charles Wesley.

290

Faith omnipotent.

- 1 GOD of eternal truth and grace,
Thy faithful promise seal;
Thy word, thy oath, to Abrah'm's race,
In me, O Lord, fulfill.
- 2 That mighty faith on me bestow,
Which cannot ask in vain,
Which holds, and will not let thee go,
Till I my suit obtain:
- 3 Till thou into my soul inspire
The perfect love unknown;
And tell my infinite desire,
"Whate'er thou wilt, be done."
- 4 But is it possible that I
Should live, and sin no more?
Lord, if on thee I dare rely,
The faith shall bring the power.
- 5 On me the faith divine bestow
Which doth the mountain move;
And all my spotless life shall show
The omnipotence of love.

Charles Wesley.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

ROCKPORT. 7, 6, 8.

ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.

FINE.

1. { Lord, and is thine an - ger gone, And art thou pac - i - fied? }
 D. C. Keep me, lest I that I have done, Dost thou no long - er chide? }
 Out of the nar - row way.

Let thy love my heart constrain, And all my rest - less pas - sions sway:

291

Tears of joy.

1 LORD, and is thine anger gone,
 And art thou pacified?
 After all that I have done,
 Dost thou no longer chide?
 Let thy love my heart constrain,
 And all my restless passions sway:
 Keep me, lest I turn again
 Out of the narrow way.

2 See my utter helplessness,
 And leave me not alone;
 O preserve in perfect peace,
 And seal me for thine own:
 More and more thyself reveal,
 Thy presence let me always find;
 Comfort, and confirm, and heal
 My feeble, sin-sick mind.

3 As the apple of thine eye,
 Thy weakest servant keep;
 Help me at thy feet to lie,
 And there forever weep:
 Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,
 That I have any hope of heaven;
 Much of love I ought to know,
 For I have much forgiven.

Charles Wesley.

2 Other knowledge I disdain;
 'Tis all but vanity:
 Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
 He tasted death for me.
 Me to save from endless woe
 The sin-atonement Victim died:
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

3 Here will I set up my rest;
 My fluctuating heart
 From the haven of his breast
 Shall never more depart:
 Whither should a sinner go?
 His wounds for me stand open wide;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

4 Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end;
 This is all my happiness,
 On Jesus to depend;
 Daily in his grace to grow,
 And ever in his faith abide;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

5 O that I could all invite,
 This saving truth to prove;
 Show the length, the breadth, the height,
 And depth of Jesus' love!
 Fain I would to sinners show
 The blood by faith alone applied;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

Charles Wesley.

292

Nothing but Christ crucified.

1 VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
 With all of creature good!
 Only Jesus I pursue,
 Who bought me with his blood:
 All thy pleasures I forego;
 I trample on thy wealth and pride;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11.

MARCOS PORTOGALLO.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
faith in his ex - cel - lent word! What more can he say, than to
you he hath said. To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have
fled? To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?

293 *The firm foundation.*

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say, than to you he hath said,
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?
2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.
3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
5 "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

George Keith.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

INVITATION. C. M. D.

LOUIS SPONR.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast!"
D.S. I found in him a rest - ing - place, And he hath made me glad.

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;

294 *The voice of Jesus.*

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise
And all thy day be bright!"
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till all my journey's done.

Horatius Bonar.

LENOX. H. M.

LEWIS EDBON.

1. Arise, my soul, arise; Shake off thy guilty fears; The bleeding Sacri - fice In my behalf appears:

Before the throne my Surety stands. Before the throne my Surety stands, My name is written on his hands.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

LENOX.—Continued.

295 *Abba, father.*—Rom. 8: 15.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me:
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.
Charles Wesley.

LEBANON. S. M. D.

JOHN ZUNDEL.

1. I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold; I did not love my

Shepherd's voice, I would not be con-troll'd; I was a way-ward child, I

did not love my home, I did not love my Father's voice,—I loved a-far to roam.

296 *No more a wandering sheep.*

2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
He found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
He bound me with the bands of love,
He saved the wandering one.

3 No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controlled,
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold:
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam;
I love my heavenly Father's voice,
I love, I love his home.

Horatius Bonar

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

CHURCH. C. M.

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

1. O for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!

297 *For the return of the Spirit.*

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper.

298 *Faint, yet pursuing.*

- 1 AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For thee my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;

O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

3 I sigh to think of happier days,
When thou, O Lord, wast nigh;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy Saviour, and thy King.

Tate and Brady.

299 *God gracious to the contrite.*

- 1 COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.
- 2 His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
His arm, though it be strong to smite,
Is also strong to save.
- 3 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know him and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs his voice.
- 4 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground;
- 5 So shall his presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

John Morrison.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

ALL THE WAY.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. All the way my Saviour leads me; What have I to ask be-side? Can I doubt his tender

mer - cy, Who thro' life has been my guide? Heav'nly peace, di - vin - est com - fort, Here by

faith in him to dwell! For I know whate'er be - fall me, Je - sus do - eth all things

well; For I know, whate'er be - fall me, Je - sus do - eth all things well.

Copyright, 1875, by Biglow & Main.

300 *Our faithful Guide.*

1 ALL the way my Saviour leads me;
What have I to ask beside?
Can I doubt his tender mercy,
Who through life has been my guide?
Heavenly peace, divinest comfort,
Here by faith in him to dwell!
For I know, whate'er befall me,
Jesus doeth all things well;
For I know, whate'er befall me,
Jesus doeth all things well.

2 All the way my Saviour leads me;
Cheers each winding path I tread;
Gives me grace for every trial,
Feeds me with the living bread;

Though my weary steps may falter,
And my soul athirst may be,
Gushing from the Rock before me,
Lo! a spring of joy I see;
Gushing from the Rock, &c.

3 All the way my Saviour leads me;
Oh, the fullness of his love!
Perfect rest to me is promised
In my Father's house above;
When my spirit, clothed immortal,
Wings it flight to realms of day,
This my song through endless ages—
Jesus led me all the way;
This my song, &c.

Fanny J. Crosby.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HIDING PLACE.

Miss. A. E. GULICK.

Moderato.

1. Keep me, hide me, oh my Fa - ther, In thy se - cret dwell - ing place;

Let me rest with - in its shad - ow, Give me glimp - ses of thy face;

Hide me in thine own pa - vil - ion, In thy ra - diance let me stand,

a tempo.

Rest on me thy wond' - rous pres - ence, Let me touch thy help - ful hand.

Copyright, 1885, by Phillips & Hunt.

301 *Hide me, oh my Father.*

2 Thy pavilion, its foundations
Are unknown to all save thee,
Who among the nations knoweth
What the home of God may be?
Only he who spread the heavens,
God alone who treads the deep,
In mysterious grandeur hiding
Can his saints in safety keep.

3 We will haste to share thy glory,
Cling the closer to thy side,
Wrap thy majesty about us,
In its foldings let us hide!
Then if clouds, or thicker darkness,
Gather strength from hour to hour,
Still our faith need never falter,
God will shield us by his power.

Mrs. J. B. Coats

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

NAOMI. C. M.

HANS GEORGE NAEFEL, ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.

1. Fa - ther, what - e'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sovereign will de - nies,
Ac - cept - ed at thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise.

302 *A calm and thankful heart.*

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise :

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart.
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend :
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

Anne Steele.

303 *The only solace in sorrow.*

1 O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee !

2 The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown ;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

3 But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

4 O who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love [gloom,
Come brightly wafting through the
Our peace-branch from above ?

5 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows
bright
With more than rapture's ray :
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

Thomas Moore

304 *Habitual devotion.*

1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestow-
To thee my thoughts would soar :
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed ;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see :
My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;
That heart will rest on thee.

Helen M. Williams.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

BROWNE. 6, 8, 4.

MISS MARY ANNE BROWNE.



1. My Shepherd's mighty aid, His dear re-deem-ing love, His all - pro-TECT - ing power dis - played, I joy to prove: Led on - ward by my guide, I view the verdant scene, Where limpid wa - ters gent - ly glide Through past - ures green.

305

Exultant trust.

1 My Shepherd's mighty aid,
His dear redeeming love,
His all-protecting power displayed,
I joy to prove:
Led onward by my guide,
I view the verdant scene,
Where limpid waters gently glide
Through pastures green.

2 In error's maze my soul
Shall wander now no more;
His Spirit shall, with sweet control,
The lost restore;
My willing steps shall lead
In paths of righteousness;
His power defend; his bounty feed;
His mercy bless.

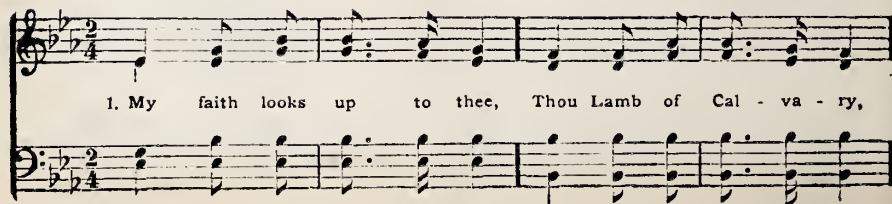
3 Affliction's deepest gloom
Shall but his love display;
He will the vale of death illumine
With living ray;
My failing flesh his rod
Shall thankfully adore;
My heart shall vindicate my God
For evermore.

4 His goodness ever nigh,
His mercy ever free,
Shall while I live, shall when I die,
Still follow me;
Forever shall my soul
His boundless blessings prove;
And while eternal ages roll,
Adore and love.

Thomas Roberts.

OLIVET. 6, 4.

LOWELL MASON.



1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

OLIVET. 3, 4.—Continued.

Sav - iour di - vine: Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly thine.

306 *Before the cross*

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;

Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,—
A ransomed soul.

Ray Palmer.

I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR. 6, 4, 7.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I need thee every hour, Most gracious Lord; No tender voice like thine Can peace afford.
2. I need thee every hour; Stay thou near by; Temptations lose their power When thou art nigh.
3. I need thee every hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and a-bide, Or life is vain.

REFRAIN.

I need thee, O I need thee; Every hour I need thee; O bless me now, my Saviour, I come to thee!

307 *I need Thee every hour.*

Copyright 1872, by Robert Lowry.

4 I need thee every hour;
Teach me thy will;
And thy rich promises
In me fulfill.

5 I need thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
O make me thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son!

Mrs. Annie B. Hawks.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS. 8, 7. D.

C. C. CONVERSE.

1. What a friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and griefs to bear! What a priv-i-lege to carry
Ev-ery thing to God in prayer! O what peace we often for-feit, O what needless pain we
bear, All be-cause we do not car-ry Ev-ery thing to God in prayer!

308 *What a Friend we have in Jesus.*

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Unknown.

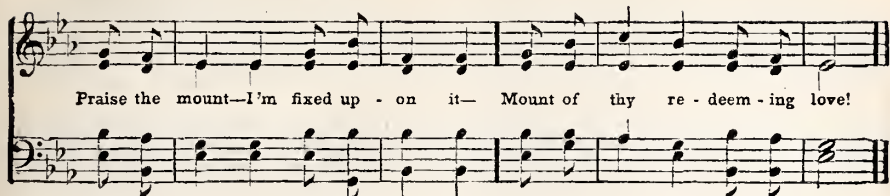
NETTLETON. 8, 7. D.

JOHN WYETH, 1823.

1. { Come, thou Fount of ev-ery bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; }
{ Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise. }
Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

NETTLETON.—*Continued.*



309 *Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.*

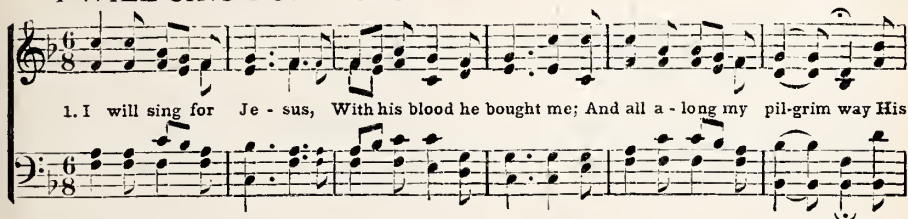
2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

Robert Robinson.

I WILL SING FOR JESUS.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

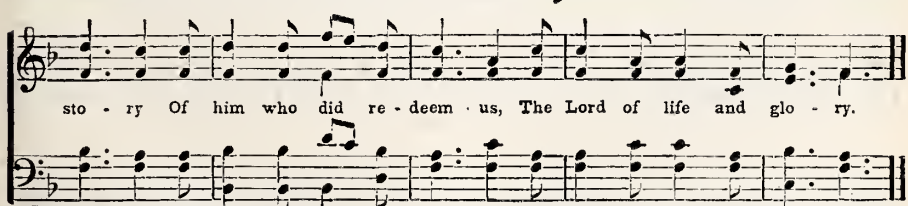


1. I will sing for Je - sus, With his blood he bought me; And all a - long my pil-grim way His

CHORUS.



lov - ing hand has brought me. Oh, help me sing for Je - sus, Help me tell the



sto - ry Of him who did re - deem - us, The Lord of life and glo - ry.

Copyright, 1866, by Philip Phillips.

310 *Purchased with his blood.*

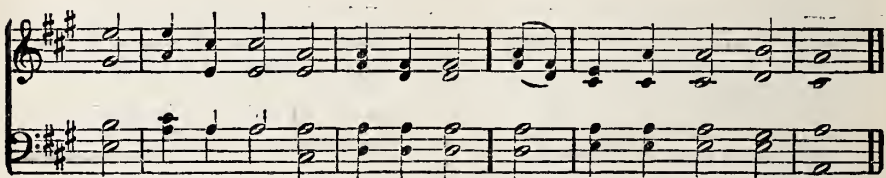
2 Can there overtake me
Any dark disaster,
While I sing for Jesus,
My blessed, blessed Master. CHO.
3 I will sing for Jesus!
His name alone prevailing,

Shall be my sweetest music,
When heart and flesh are failing. CHO.
4 Still I'll sing for Jesus!
Oh, how will I adore him,
Among the cloud of witnesses,
Who cast their crowns before him. CHO.
Mrs. Ellen M. H. Gates.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

AZMON. C. M.

CARL GOTTHELF GLAESSER.



311 *The refining fire.*

- 1 JESUS, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad :
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.
- 2 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire
And make the mountains flow !
- 3 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume !

Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call ;
Sprit of burning, come !

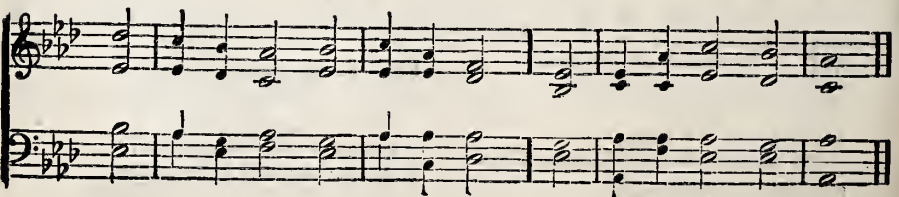
4 Refining fire, go through my heart ;
Illuminate my soul ;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move,
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

Charles Wesley.

EVAN. C. M.

WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL.



THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

312 *The counsel of His grace.*

- 1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me:
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.
- 2 I find him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.
- 3 He wills that I should holy be;
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfil.
- 4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word:
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.
- 5 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possessed,

I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

Charles Wesley.

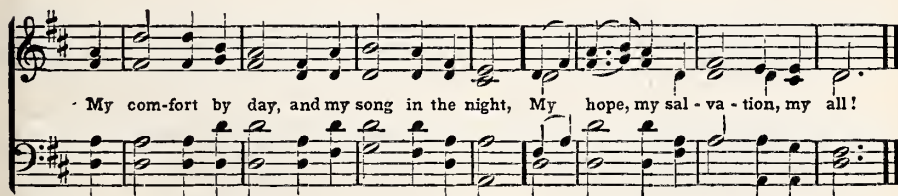
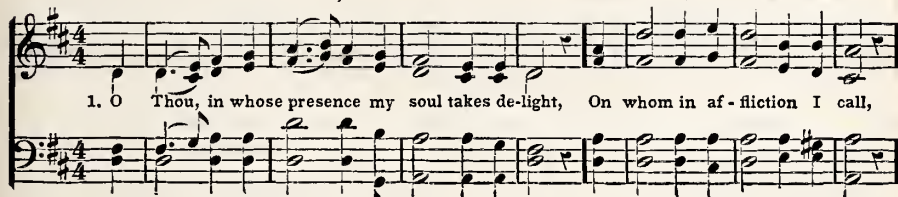
313 *The rest of faith.*

- 1 LORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone:
- 2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.
- 4 Remove this hardness from my heart;
This unbelief remove:
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of thy love.

Charles Wesley.

MEDITATION. 11, 8.

FREEMAN LEWIS, ARR. BY H. P. MAIN.



314 *My Beloved.*

- 2 Where dost thou, dear Shepherd, resort
with thy sheep,
To feed them in pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in this wilderness rove?
- 3 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
- 4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you
seen
The star that on Israel shone?

Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with his flocks he is gone.
5 He looks! and ten thousands of angels
rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks! and eternity, filled with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.
6 Dear Shepherd, I hear, and will follow
thy call;
I know the sweet sound of thy voice;
Restore and defend me, for thou art my all,
And in thee I will ever rejoice.

Joseph Swain.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

JEWETT. 6.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

1. My Je - sus, as thou wilt: O may thy will be mine; In - to thy
hand of love I would my all re - sign. Through sor - row or through joy,
Con - duct me as thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, thy will be done."

315 *Jesus, as thou wilt.*

1 My Jesus, as thou wilt:
O may thy will be mine:
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign.
Through sorrow or through joy,
Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,
"My Lord, thy will be done."

2 My Jesus, as thou wilt:
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.
Since thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord, thy will be done.

3 My Jesus, as thou wilt:
All shall be well for me:
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with thee.
Straight to my home above.
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
"My Lord, thy will be done."

Benjamin Schmolke.
Tr. by Miss J. Borthwick.

316 *Christian trial, suffering, and submission.*

1 THY way, not mine. O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by thine own hand;
Choose out the path for me.
I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might;
Choose thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

2 The kingdom that I seek
Is thine; so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.
Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem;
Choose thou my good and ill.

3 Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice.
In things or great or small;
Be thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

Horatius Bonar.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

FILLMORE. L. M. D.

* JEREMIAH INGALLS.

FINE.

1. My hope, my all, my Saviour thou, To thee, lo, now my soul I bow!
D. C. In all my acts may wisdom guide, And keep me, Saviour, near thy side.

I feel the bliss thy wounds impart, I find thee, Saviour, in my heart.

2. Be thou my strength, be thou my way; Protect me through my life's short day:
D. C.

317 *For sustaining grace.*

1 My hope, my all, my Saviour thou,
To thee, lo, now my soul I bow!
I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,
I find thee, Saviour, in my heart.

2 Be thou my strength, be thou my way;
Protect me through my life's short day:
In all my acts may wisdom guide,
And keep me, Saviour, near thy side.

3 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and Satan's power;
Tear every idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Saviour, reign alone.

4 My suffering time shall soon be o'er;
Then shall I sigh and weep no more:
My ransomed soul shall soar away,
To sing thy praise in endless day.

Thomas Coke.

Amazing love! how can it be [me?]
That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for

2 'Tis mystery all! the Immortal dies!
Who can explore his strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine:
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore:
Let angel minds inquire no more.

3 He left his Father's throne above,—
So free, so infinite his grace!—
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race;
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me!

4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night:
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light:
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.

5 No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus, with all in him, is mine:
Alive in him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine:
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ,
my own.

Charles Wesley.

318 *Alive in Christ.*

1 AND can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for me, who caused his pain?
For me, who him to death pursued?

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

SOMETHING FOR JESUS.

REV. R. LOWRY.

1. Saviour! thy dy-ing love Thou gavest me, Nor should I aught withhold, Dear Lord, from thee;
2. At the blest mer-cy-seat, Pleading for me, My fee-ble faith looks up, Je-sus, to thee:

In love my soul would bow, My heart fulfill its vow, Some offering bring thee now, Something for thee.
Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous love declare, Some song to raise, or prayer, Something for thee.

Copyright, 1871, by Biglow & Main.

319 "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

3 Give me a faithful heart—
Likeness to thee—
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wond'rer sought and won
Something for thee.

4 All that I am and have—
Thy gifts so free—
In joy, in grief, through life,
Dear Lord, for thee!
And when thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for thee.

S. D. Phelps.

REVIVE US AGAIN.

J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Je-sus who died, and is now gone a - bove.

CHORUS.
{ Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry; Hal - le - lu-jah! A - men! }
{ Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry; [OMIT.....] Re - vive us a - gain.

320

Thine the Glory.

- 2 We praise thee, O God! for thy spirit of light.
Who has shown us our Saviour and scattered our night.
- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.
- 4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.
- 5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

Wm. Paton Mackay.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

321 PRECIOUS SAVIOUR, THOU HAST SAVED ME.

LOUISE M. ROUSE.

MISS DORA BOOLE



1. Precious Saviour, Thou hast sav'd me; Thine and on - ly Thine I am;
2. Long my yearning heart was try - ing To en - joy this per - fect rest;
3. Trusting, trusting, ev - 'ry moment; Feeling now the blood ap - plied;
4. Con - se - cra - ted to Thy ser - vice, I will live and die 'to Thee;
5. Yes, I will stand up for Je - sus; He has sweet - ly sav'd my soul,
6. Glo - ry to the blood that bought me, Glo - ry to its cleansing pow'r!



Oh! the cleansing blood has reach'd me, Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!
 But I gave all try - ing o - ver: Simply trust - ing, I was blest.
 Ly - ing at the cleansing fountain; Dwelling in my Saviour's side.
 I will wit - ness to Thy glo - ry Of sal - va - tion full and free.
 Cleans'd me from inbred cor - rup - tion, Sanc - ti - fied, and made me whole.
 Glo - ry to the blood that keeps me! Glo - ry, glo - ry, ev - er - more!



CHORUS.



Glo - ry, glo - ry, Je - sus saves me, Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!



Oh! the cleansing blood has reach'd me, Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!

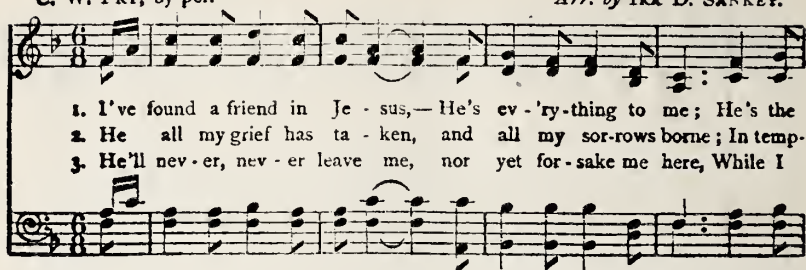


THE CHRISTIAN LIFE. 322 THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

"I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the valleys."—SONG OF SOLOMON ii. 1.

C. W. FRY, by per.

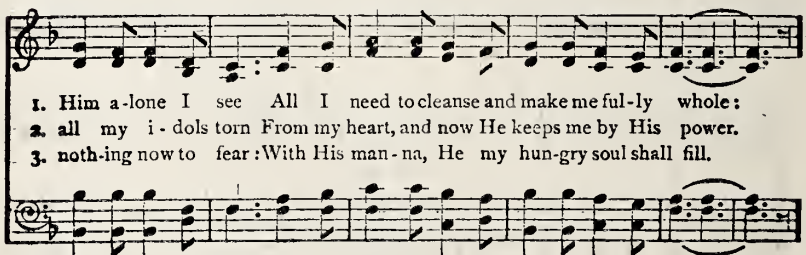
Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.



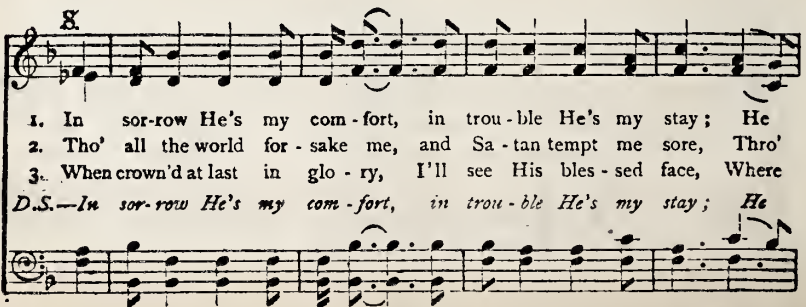
1. I've found a friend in Je - sus,— He's ev - 'ry-thing to me; He's the
2. He all my grief has ta - ken, and all my sor-rows borne; In temp-
3. He'll nev - er, nev - er leave me, nor yet for - sake me here, While I



1. fair - est of ten thou-sand to my soul! The "Li-ly of the Val - ley," in
2. - ta - tion He's my strong and mighty tower: I've all for Him for - sa - ken, I've
3. live by faith, and do His bles-sed will; A wall of fire a-bout me, I've



1. Him a-lone I see All I need to cleanse and make me ful-ly whole:
2. all my i - dols torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His power.
3. noth-ing now to fear: With His man-na, He my hun-gry soul shall fill.



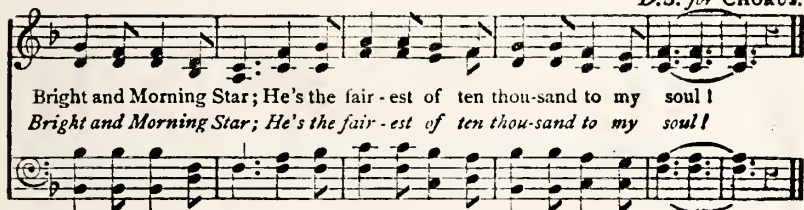
1. In sor-row He's my com - fort, in trou-ble He's my stay; He
2. Tho' all the world for - sake me, and Sa - tan tempt me sore, Thro'
3. When crown'd at last in glo - ry, I'll see His bles - sed face, Where
D.S.—In sor-row He's my com - fort, in trou-ble He's my stay; He

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.
THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.—Continued.



1. tells me ev'-ry care on Him to roll. He's the "Li - ly of the Val - ley," the
2. Je - sus I shall safe-ly reach the goal. He's the "Li - ly of the Val - ley," the
3. riv - ers of de-light shall ev-er roll. He's the "Li - ly of the Val - ley." the
tells me ev'-ry care on Him to roll. He's the "Li - ly of the Val - ley," the

D.S. for CHORUS.



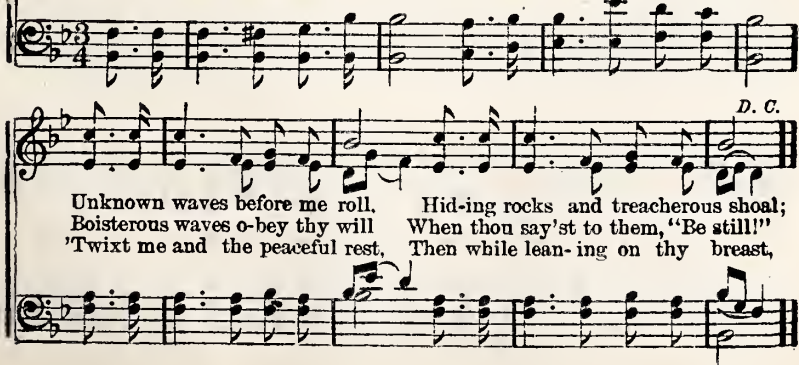
Bright and Morning Star; He's the fair - est of ten thou-sand to my soul!
Bright and Morning Star; He's the fair - est of ten thou-sand to my soul!

323 JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.



Fine.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pest-uous sea;
D. C. Chart and compass came from thee; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
D. C. Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar,
D. C. May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"



D. C.

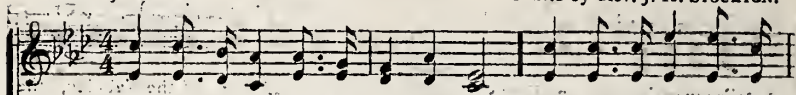
Unknown waves before me roll. Hid-ing rocks and treacherous shoal;
Boisterous waves o-bey thy will When thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then while lean-ing on thy breast,

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

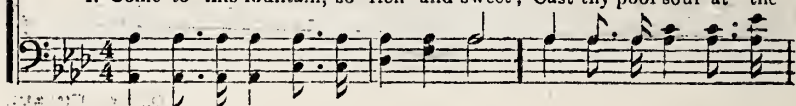
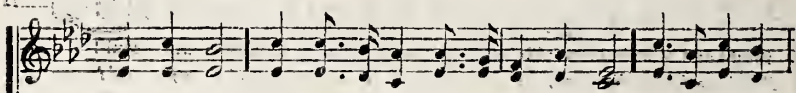
324 GLORY TO HIS NAME.

Words by Rev. ELISHA HOFFMAN.

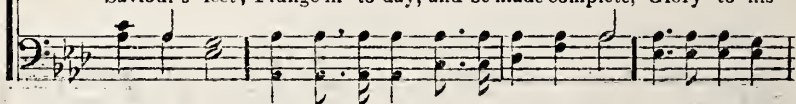
Music by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.




1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down, where for cleansing from
 2. I am so wondrously sav'd from sin: Je - sus so sweetly a -
 3. Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
 4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

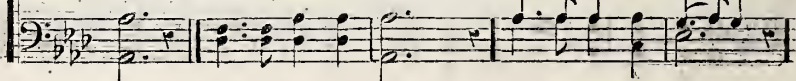
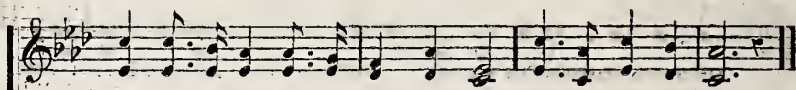
sin. I cried; There to my heart was the blood applied: Glory to his
 bides with-in; There at the cross where he took me in, Glory to his
 en - ter'd in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean, Glory to his
 Saviour's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made complete, Glory to his



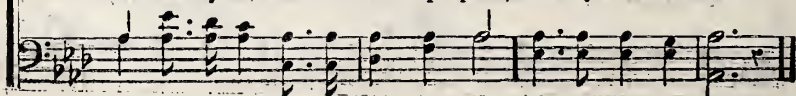
CHORUS.



name. Glo - ry to his name. Glo - ry to his name.

There to my heart was the blood ap - plied, Glo - ry to his name.



THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

325 ONCE FOR ALL.

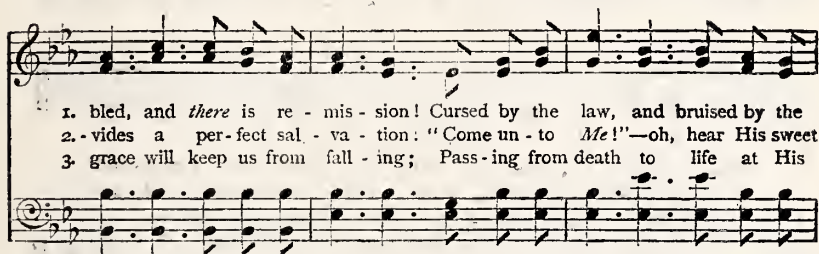
"By grace are ye saved, through faith."—EPHESIANS II. 8.

P. P. B.

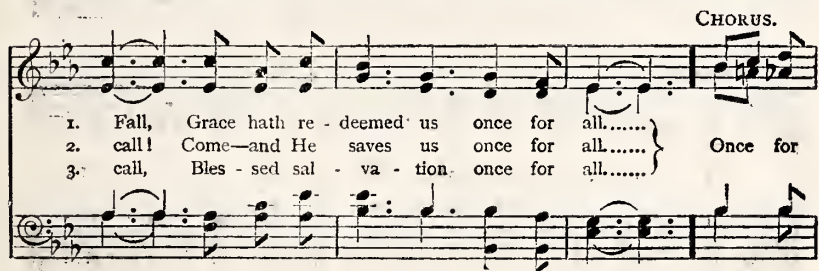
P. P. BLISS.



1. Free from the law, oh, hap - py con - di - tion! Je - sus hath
 2. Now are we free—there's no con-dem - na - tion; Je - sus pro -
 3. "Chil - dren of God!" oh, glo - ri - ous call - ing! Sure - ly His

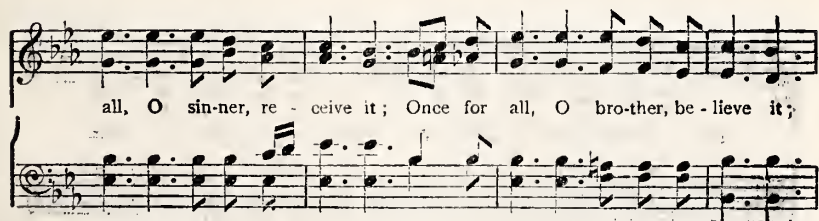


1. bled, and *there* is re - mis - sion! Cursed by the law, and bruised by the
 2. -vides a per - fect sal - va - tion: "Come un - to *Me*!"—oh, hear His sweet
 3. grace will keep us from fall - ing; Pass - ing from death to life at His



CHORUS.

1. Fall, Grace hath re - deemed us once for all.....
 2. call! Come—and He saves us once for all..... } Once for
 3. call, Bles - sed sal - va - tion once for all..... }



all, O sin - ner, re - ceive it; Once for all, O bro - ther, be - lieve it;



Cling to the Cross, the burden will fall, Christ hath redeemed us once for all.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

326 NEAR THE CROSS.

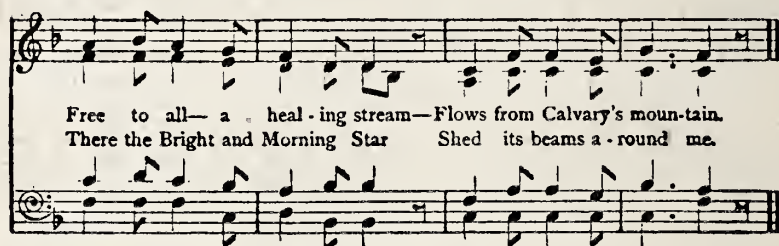
"Made nigh by the blood of Christ"—EPHESIANS II. 13.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



1. Je - sus, keep me near the Cross : There a pre - cious foun - tain,
2. Near the Cross, a trem - bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me ;



Free to all— a heal - ing stream—Flows from Calvary's moun - tain.
There the Bright and Morning Star Shed its beams a - round me.

CHORUS.



In the Cross, in the Cross, Be my glo - ry e - ver ;



Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the ri - ver.

3 Near the Cross ! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me ;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadow o'er me.

4 Near the Cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.

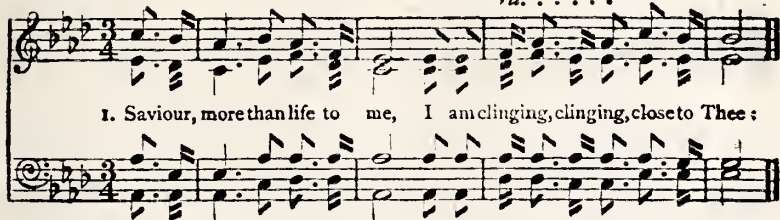
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

327 EVERY DAY AND HOUR.

F. J. CROSBY.
Slowly.

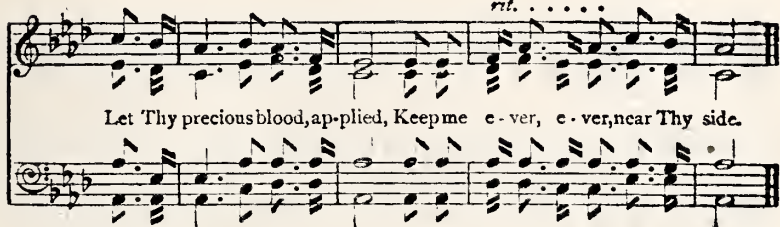
W. H. DOANE.

rit.



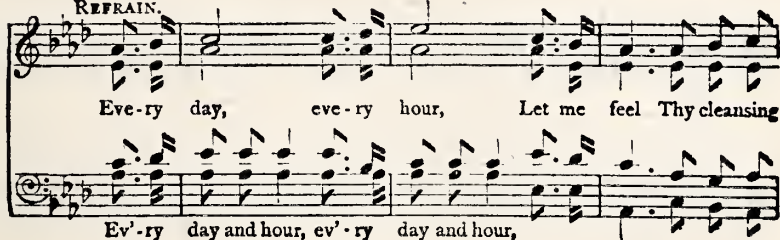
1. Saviour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging, close to Thee :

rit.



Let Thy precious blood, applied, Keep me e - ver, e - ver, near Thy side.

REFRAIN.



Eve - ry day, eve - ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing

Ev' - ry day and hour, ev' - ry day and hour,

rit.



power ; May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me clos - er, clos - er, Lord, to Thee.

2. Through this changing world below
Lead me gently, gently, as I go ;
Trusting Thee, I cannot stray,
I can never, never, lose my way.
3. Let me love Thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er ;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter world above.

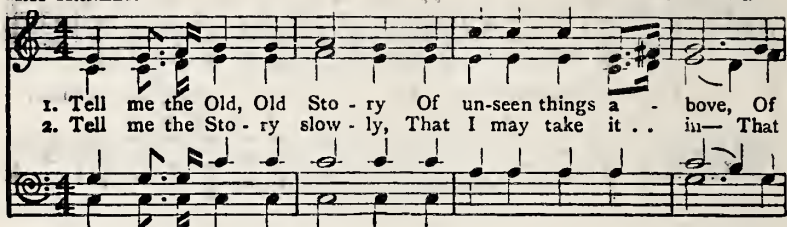
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

328 TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY.

"To know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."—EPIHESIANS iii. 19.

MISS HANKEY.

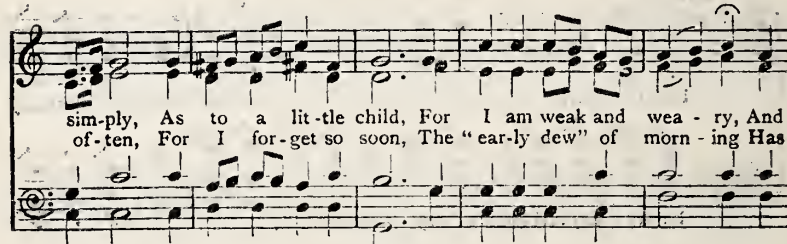
W. H. DOANE.



1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
2. Tell me the Sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it . . in - That

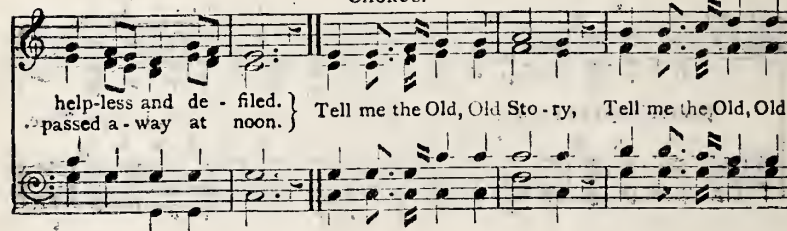


Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. Tell me the Sto - ry
won - der - ful re - demp - tion, God's re - me - dy for sin. Tell me the Sto - ry

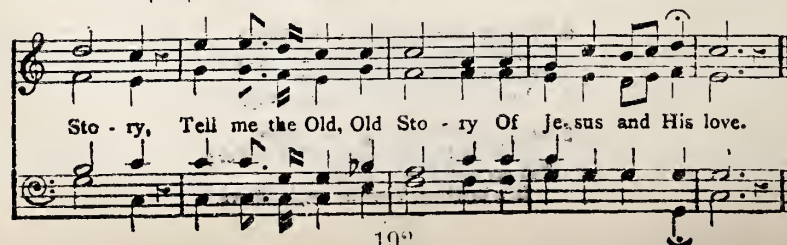


sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And
of - ten, For I for - get so soon, The "ear - ly dew" of morn - ing Has

CHORUS.



help - less and de - filed. } Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old
passed a - way at noon. }



Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY.—*Concluded.*

3 Tell me the Story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner,
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me the Story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

4 Tell me the same Old Story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when *that* world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the Old, Old Story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

Miss Hankey.

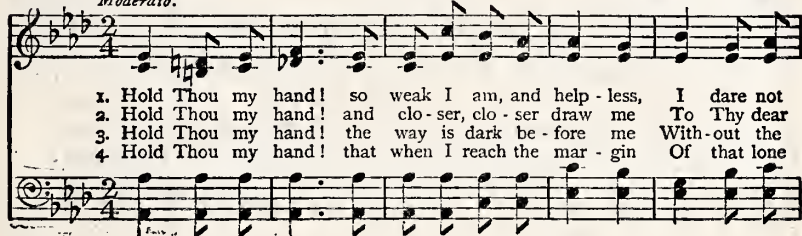
329 HOLD THOU MY HAND.

"I the Lord have called thee . . . and will hold thine hand."

GRACE J. FRANCES.
Moderato.

(ISAIAH xlii. 6.)

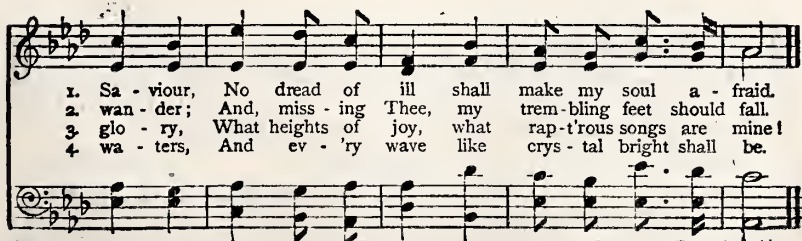
HUBERT P. MAIN.



1. Hold Thou my hand! so weak I am, and help-less, I dare not
2. Hold Thou my hand! and clo-ser, clo-ser draw me To Thy dear
3. Hold Thou my hand! the way is dark be-fore me With-out the
4. Hold Thou my hand! that when I reach the mar-gin Of that lone



1. take one step with-out Thy aid; Hold Thou my hand! for then, O lov-ing
2. self-my hope, my joy, my all: Hold Thou my hand, lest hap-ly I should
3. sun-light of Thy face di-vine; But when by faith I catch its ra-diant
4. riv-er Thou didst cross for me, A heav-en-ly light may flash a-long its



1. Sa-viour, No dread of ill shall make my soul a-fraid.
2. wan-der; And, miss-ing Thee, my trem-bling feet should fall.
3. glo-ry, What heights of joy, what rap-t'rous songs are mine!
4. wa-ters, And ev'-ry wave like crys-tal bright shall be.

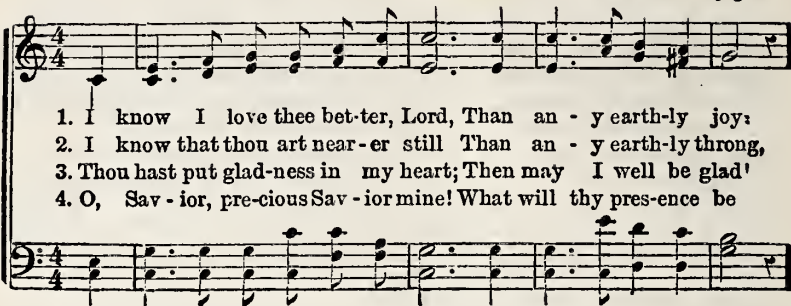
By permission.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

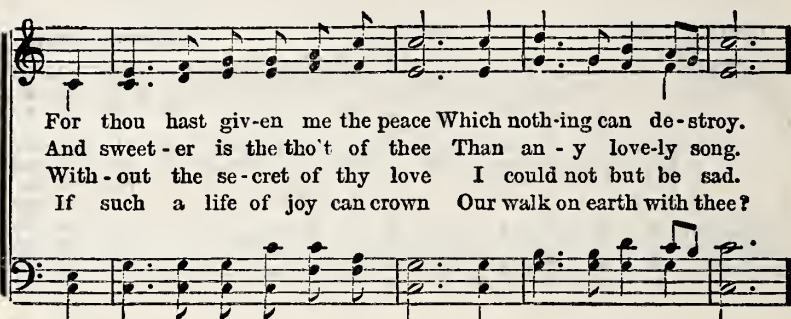
330 THE HALF HAS NEVER YET BEEN TOLD.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

R. E. HUDSON. By per.

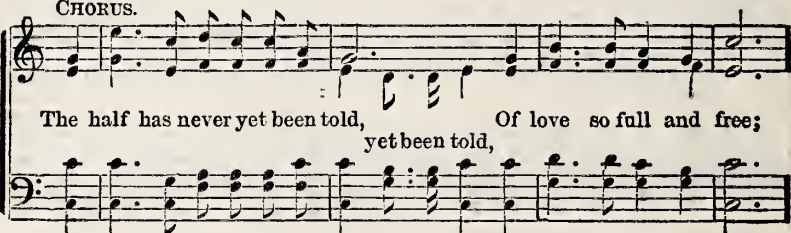


1. I know I love thee bet-ter, Lord, Than an - y earth-ly joy;
 2. I know that thou art near-er still Than an - y earth-ly throng,
 3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then may I well be glad!
 4. O, Sav - ior, pre-cious Sav - ior mine! What will thy pres-ence be

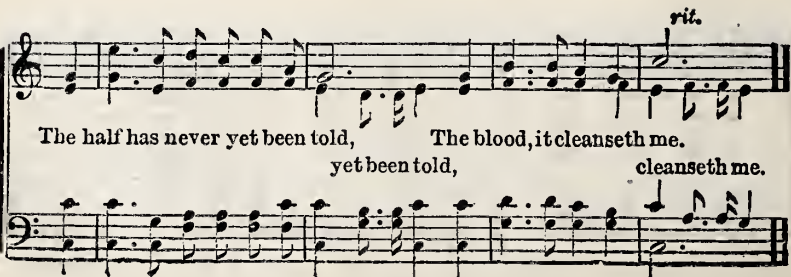


For thou hast giv-en me the peace Which noth-ing can de-stroy.
 And sweet-er is the tho't of thee Than an - y love-ly song.
 With-out the se-cret of thy love I could not but be sad.
 If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with thee?

CHORUS.



The half has never yet been told, Of love so full and free;
 yet been told,



The half has never yet been told, The blood, it cleanseth me.
 yet been told, cleanseth me.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

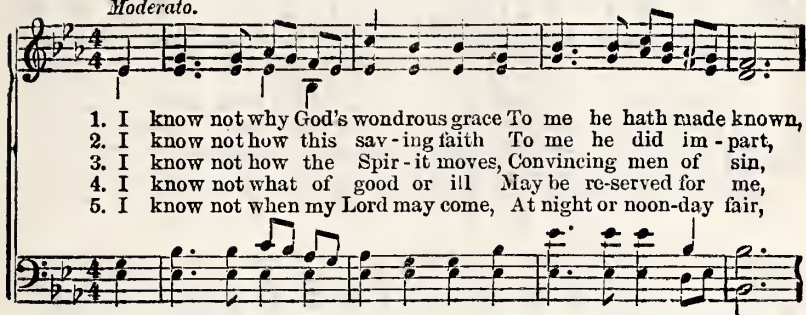
331 I KNOW WHOM I HAVE BELIEVED.

2 Tim. i. 12.

EL. NATHAN.

Moderato.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

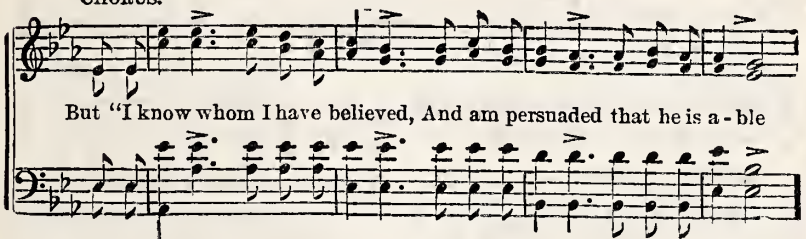


1. I know not why God's wondrous grace To me he hath made known,
 2. I know not how this sav-ing faith To me he did im-part,
 3. I know not how the Spir-it moves, Convincing men of sin,
 4. I know not what of good or ill May be re-served for me,
 5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon-day fair,

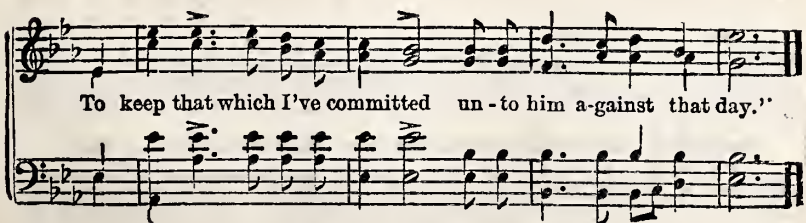


Nor why—un-wor-thy—Christ in love Re-deemed me for his own.
 Nor how be-liev-ing in his word Wrought peace within my heart.
 Re-veal-ing Je-sus through the word, Cre-at-ing faith in him.
 Of wea-ry ways or gold-en days, Be fore his face I see.
 Nor if I'll walk the vale with him, Or "meet him in the air."

CHORUS.



But "I know whom I have believed, And am persuaded that he is a-ble



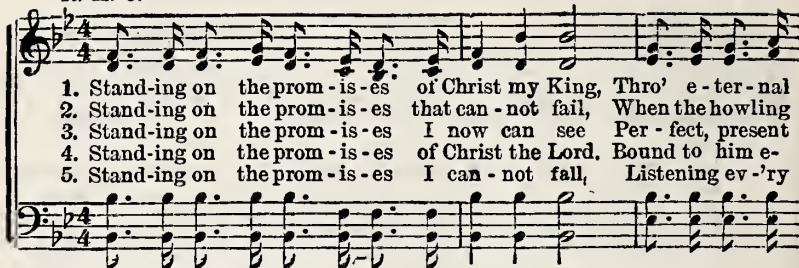
To keep that which I've committed un-to him a-gainst that day."

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

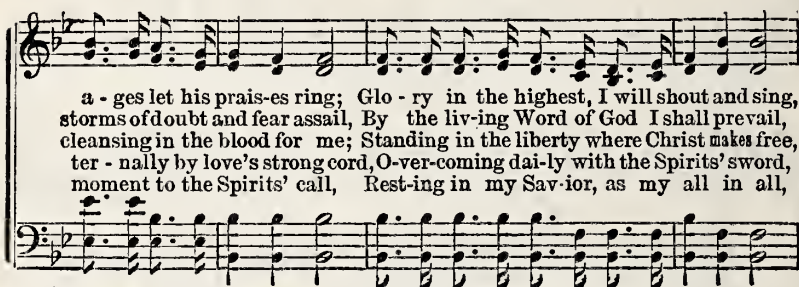
332 STANDING ON THE PROMISES.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.



1. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro' e-ter-nal
 2. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es that can-not fail, When the howling
 3. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I now can see Per-fect, present
 4. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to him e-
 5. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I can-not fall, Listening ev-ry

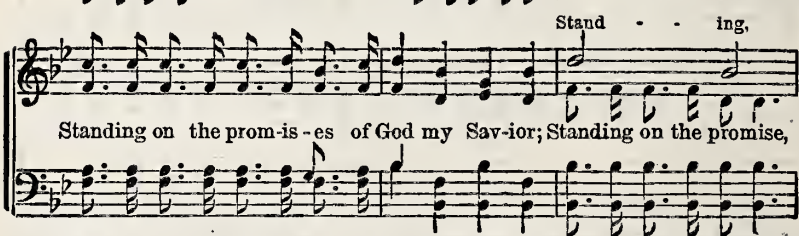


a-ges let his prais-es ring; Glo-ry in the highest, I will shout and sing,
 storms of doubt and fear assail, By the liv-ing Word of God I shall prevail,
 cleansing in the blood for me; Standing in the liberty where Christ makes free,
 ter-nally by love's strong cord, O-ver-coming dai-ly with the Spirits' sword,
 moment to the Spirits' call, Rest-ing in my Sav-ior, as my all in all,

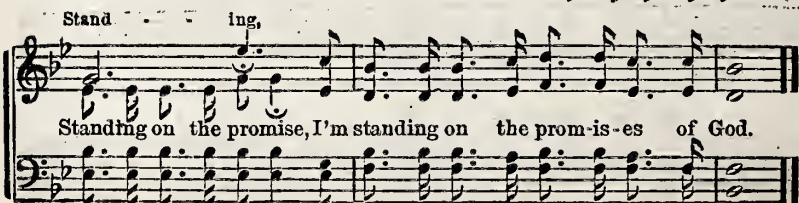
CHORUS.



Standing on the promises of God. Stand-ing, Stand-ing,
 Standing on the promise, Standing on the promise,



Stand-ing,
 Standing on the prom-is-es of God my Sav-ior; Standing on the promise,



Stand-ing,
 Standing on the promise, I'm standing on the prom-is-es of God.

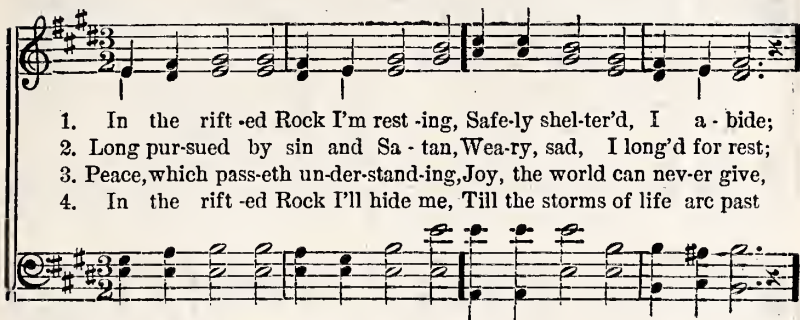
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

333 SWEETLY RESTING.

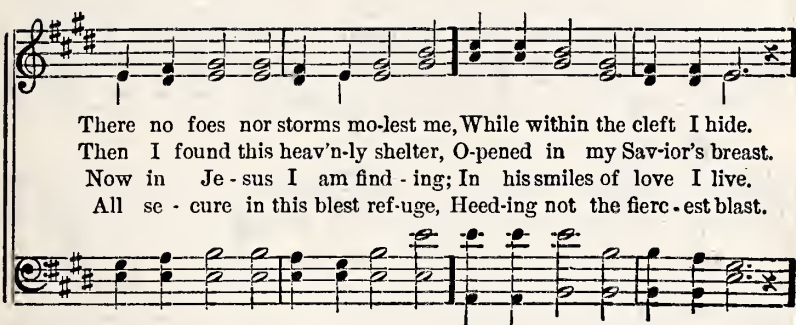
(Dedicated to Chaplain C. C. McCabe.)

MARY D. JAMES.

W. WARREN BENTLEY. By per.

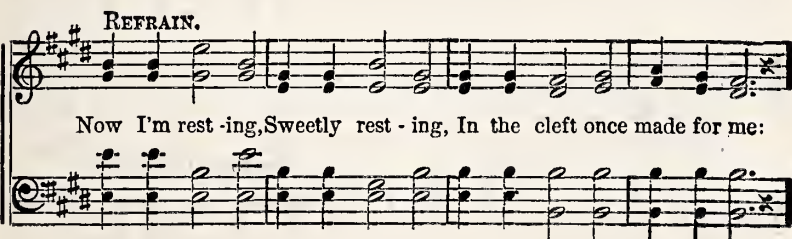


1. In the rift-ed Rock I'm rest-ing, Safe-ly shel-ter'd, I a-bide;
2. Long pur-sued by sin and Sa-tan, Wea-ry, sad, I long'd for rest;
3. Peace, which pass-eth un-der-stand-ing, Joy, the world can nev-er give,
4. In the rift-ed Rock I'll hide me, Till the storms of life are past

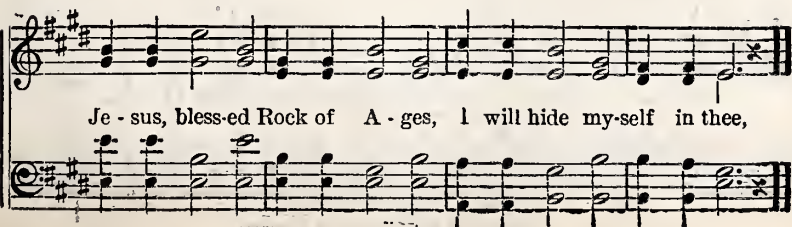


There no foes nor storms mo-lest me, While within the cleft I hide.
 Then I found this heav'n-ly shelter, O-pened in my Sav-ior's breast.
 Now in Je-sus I am find-ing; In his smiles of love I live.
 All se-cure in this blest ref-uge, Heed-ing not the fierc-est blast.

REFRAIN.



Now I'm rest-ing, Sweetly rest-ing, In the cleft once made for me:



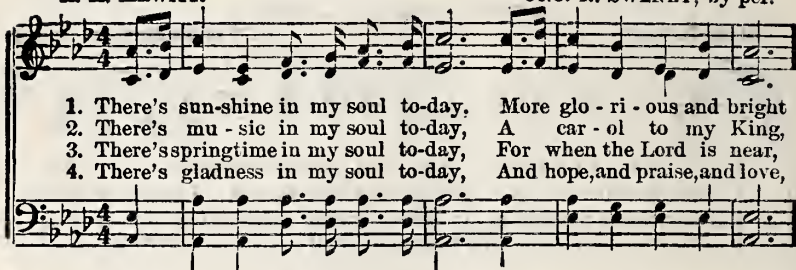
Je-sus, bless-ed Rock of A-ges, I will hide my-self in thee,

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

334 SUNSHINE IN THE SOUL.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.

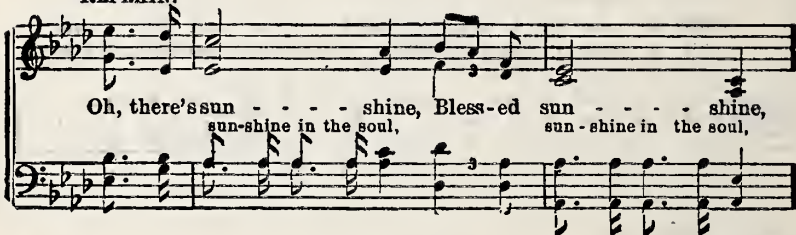


1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
 2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King,
 3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near,
 4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,

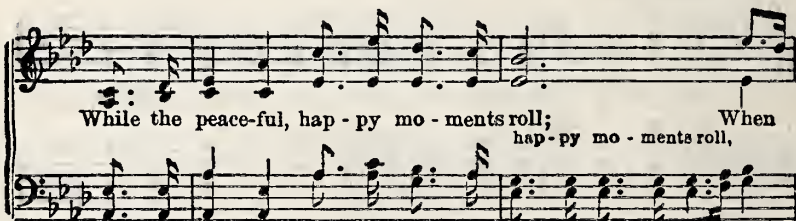


Than glows in an - y earth-ly sky, For Je - sus is my light.
 And Je - sus, list - en - ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
 The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flowers of grace ap - pear.
 For bless - ings which he gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.

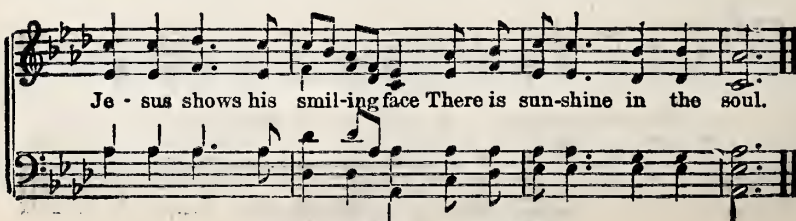
REFRAIN.



Oh, there's sun - - - shine, Bless - ed sun - - - shine,
 sun-shine in the soul, sun-shine in the soul,



While the peace-ful, hap - py mo - ments roll; When
 hap - py mo - ments roll,



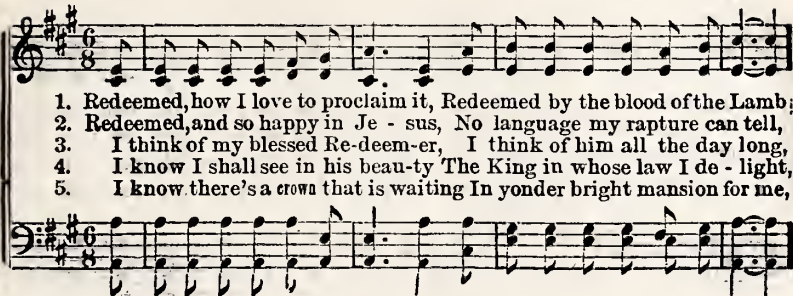
Je - sus shows his smil - ing face There is sun-shine in the soul.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

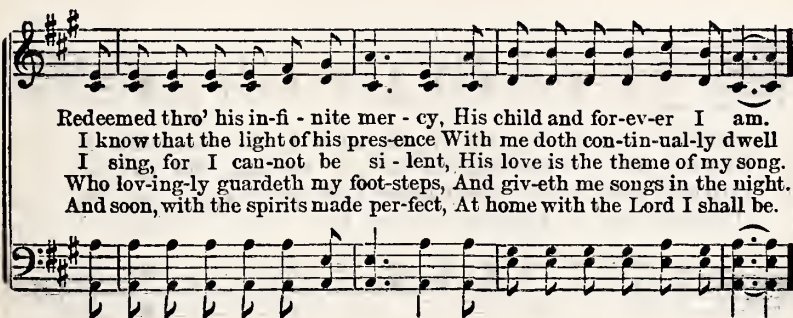
335 REDEEMED.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Redeemed, how I love to proclaim it, Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
 2. Redeemed, and so happy in Je - sus, No language my rapture can tell,
 3. I think of my blessed Re-deem-er, I think of him all the day long,
 4. I know I shall see in his beau-ty The King in whose law I de - light,
 5. I know there's a crown that is waiting In yonder bright mansion for me,

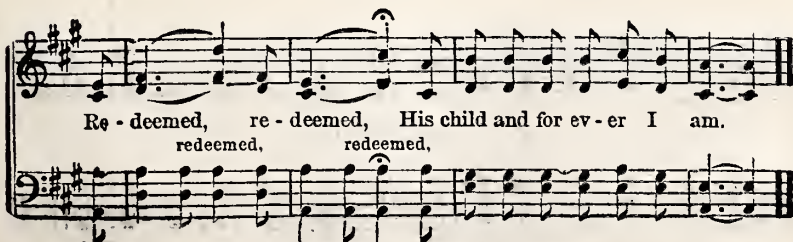


Redeemed thro' his in-fi - nite mer - cy, His child and for-ev-er I am.
 I know that the light of his pres-ence With me doth con-tin-u-al-ly dwell
 I sing, for I can-not be si - lent, His love is the theme of my song.
 Who lov-ing-ly guardeth my foot-steps, And giv-eth me songs in the night.
 And soon, with the spirits made per-fect, At home with the Lord I shall be.

REFRAIN.



Re - deemed, re - deemed, redeemed by the blood of the Lamb,
 redeemed, redeemed,



Re - deemed, re - deemed, His child and for ev - er I am.
 redeemed, redeemed,

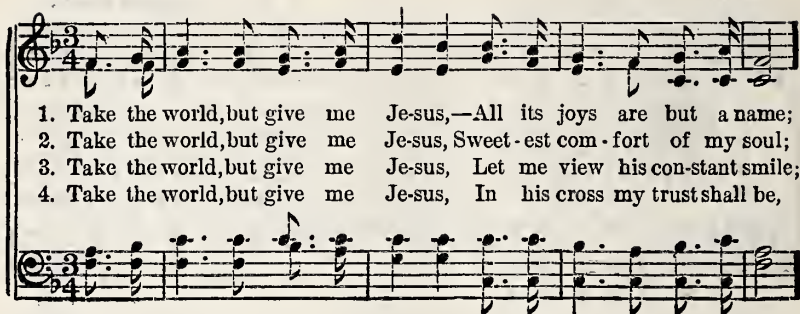
Copyright, 1882, by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

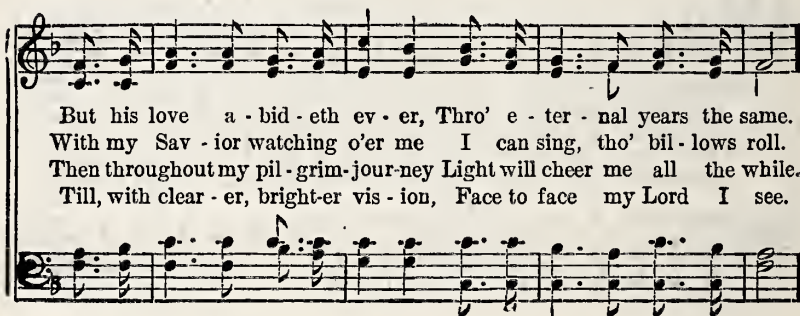
336 GIVE ME JESUS.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

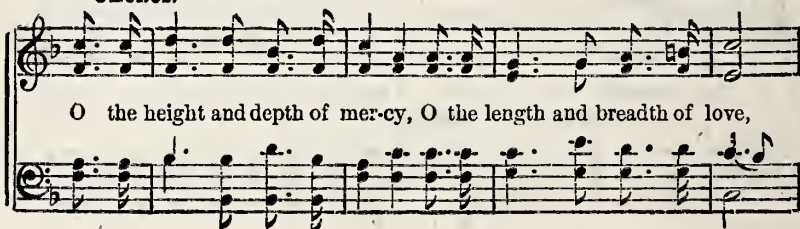


1. Take the world, but give me Jesus,—All its joys are but a name;
 2. Take the world, but give me Jesus, Sweet-est com-fort of my soul;
 3. Take the world, but give me Jesus, Let me view his con-stant smile;
 4. Take the world, but give me Jesus, In his cross my trust shall be,

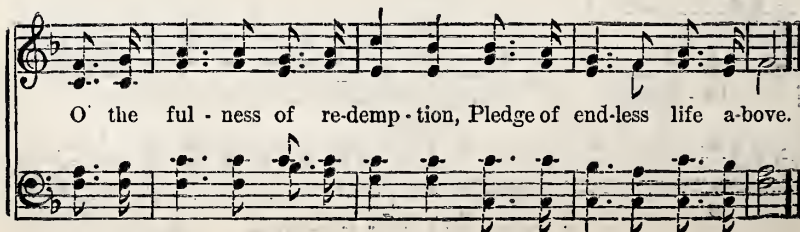


But his love a-bid-eth ev-er, Thro' e-ter-nal years the same.
 With my Sav-ior watching o'er me I can sing, tho' bil-lows roll.
 Then throughout my pil-grim-jour-ney Light will cheer me all the while.
 Till, with clear-er, bright-er vis-ion, Face to face my Lord I see.

CHORUS.



O the height and depth of mer-cy, O the length and breadth of love,



O the ful-ness of re-demp-tion, Pledge of end-less life a-bove.

By permission.

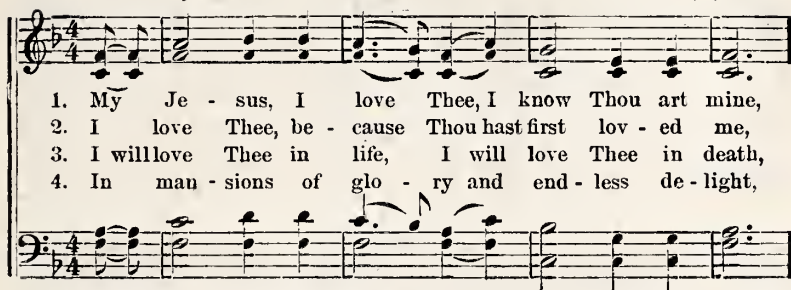
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

337 MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

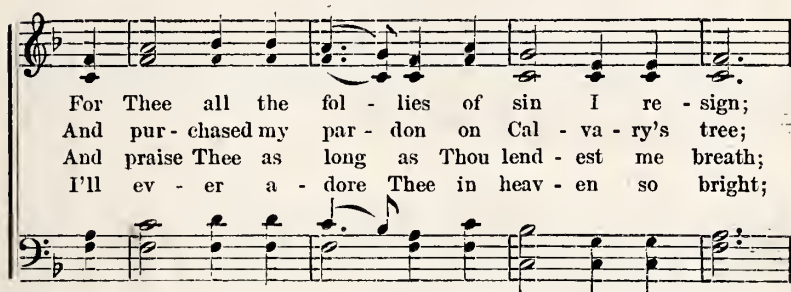
"Mine are thine and thine are mine."—John 17: 10.

London Hymn Book, 1864.

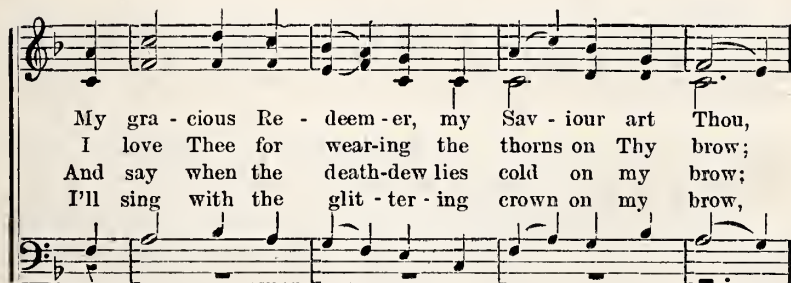
A. J. GORDON. By per.



1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
 2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me,
 3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light,



For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
 And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
 And praise Thee as long as Thou lend - est me breath;
 I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;



My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art Thou,
 I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow;
 And say when the death - dew lies cold on my brow;
 I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,



If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

338 HE HIDETH MY SOUL.

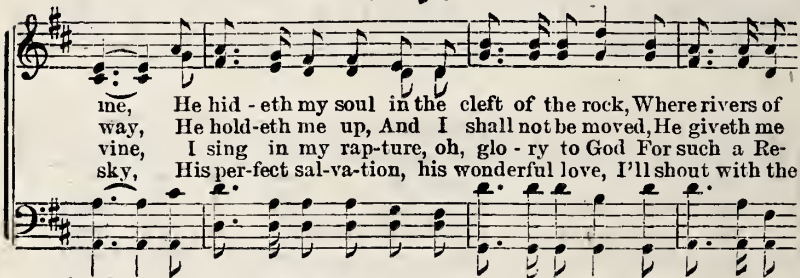
FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Allegretto.

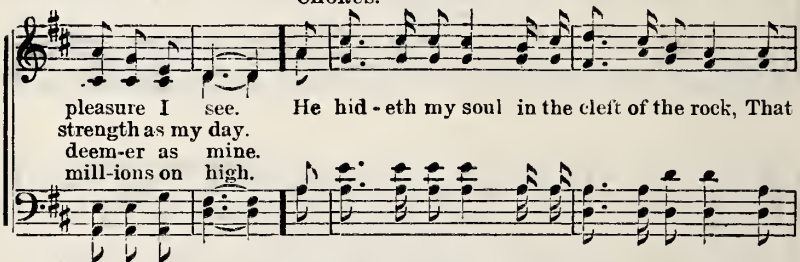


1. A won-der-ful Savior is Je - sus my Lord, A won-der-ful Savior to
 2. A won-der-ful Savior is Je - sus my Lord, He taketh my burden a-
 3. With numberless blessings each moment he crowns, And fill'd with his fulness di-
 4. When clothed in his brightness transported I rise To meet him in clouds of the

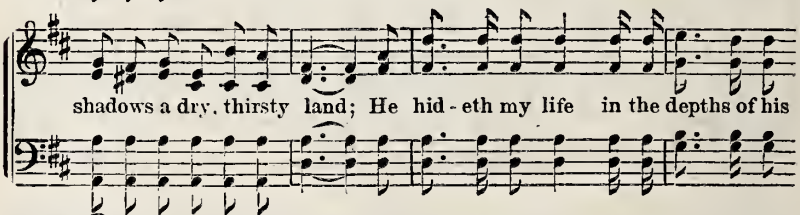


me, He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where rivers of
 way, He hold - eth me up, And I shall not be moved, He giveth me
 vine, I sing in my rap-ture, oh, glo - ry to God For such a Re-
 sky, His per-fect sal-va-tion, his wonderful love, I'll shout with the

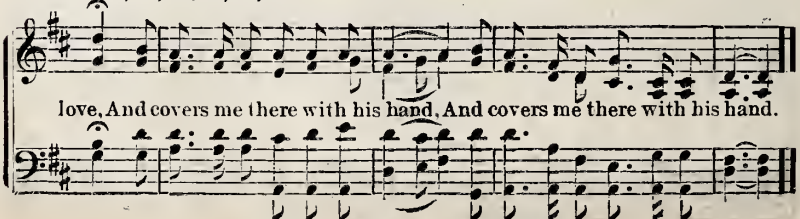
CHORUS.



pleasure I see. He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, That
 strength as my day.
 deem-er as mine.
 mill-ions on high.



shadows a dry, thirsty land; He hid - eth my life in the depths of his



love, And covers me there with his hand, And covers me there with his hand.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

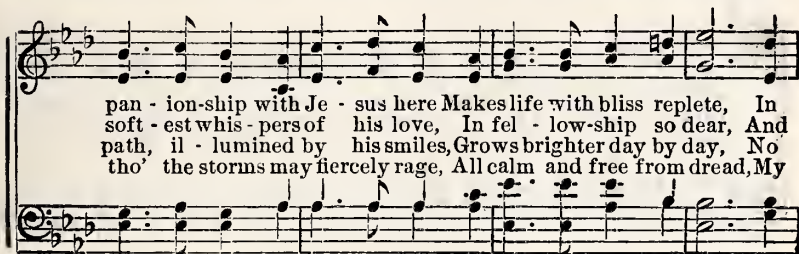
339 COMPANIONSHIP WITH JESUS.

MARY D. JAMES.

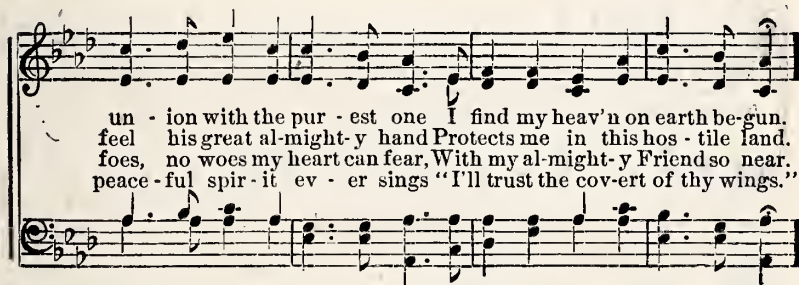
W. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.



1. Oh, bless - ed fel - low-ship divine! Oh joy supremely sweet! Com-
2. I'm walk - ing close to Je - sus' side, So close that I can hear The
3. I'm lean - ing on his lov - ing breast, Along life's weary way; My
4. I know his shel - t'ring wings of love Are always o'er me spread, And

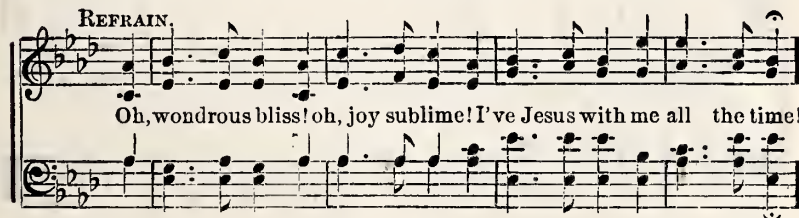


pan - ion-ship with Je - sus here Makes life with bliss replete, In
soft - est whis - pers of his love, In fel - low-ship so dear, And
path, il - lumined by his smiles, Grows brighter day by day, No
tho' the storms may fiercely rage, All calm and free from dread, My

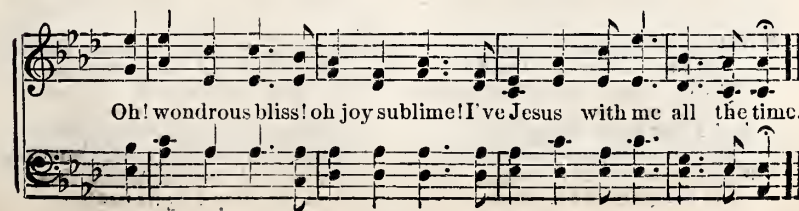


un - ion with the pur - est one I find my heav'n on earth be - gun.
feel his great al - might - y hand Protects me in this hos - tile land.
foes, no woes my heart can fear, With my al - might - y Friend so near.
peace - ful spir - it ev - er sings "I'll trust the cov - ert of thy wings."

REFRAIN.



Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Jesus with me all the time!



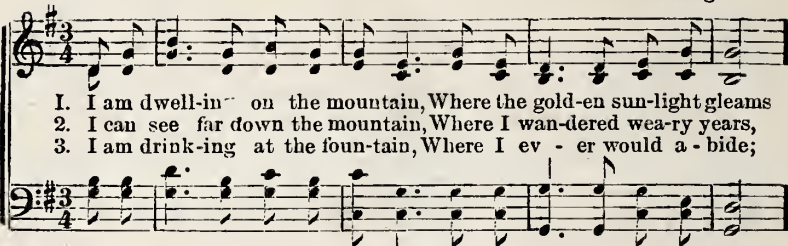
Oh! wondrous bliss! oh joy sublime! I've Jesus with me all the time.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

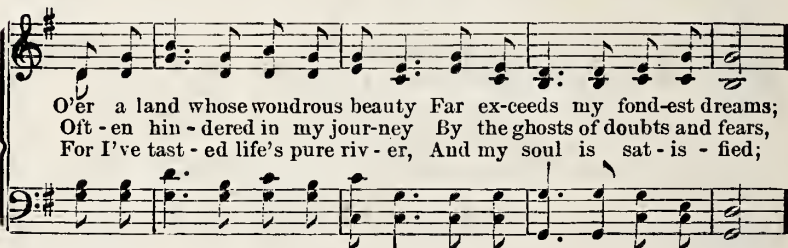
340 IS NOT THIS THE LAND OF BEULAH ?

Anon.

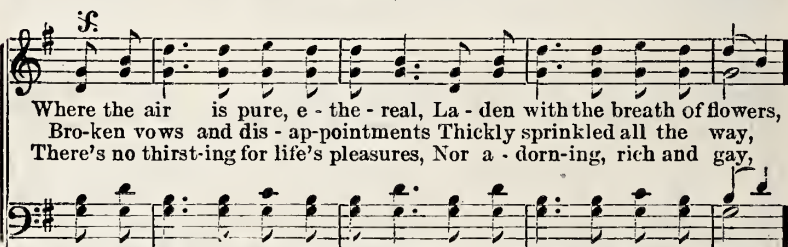
Arranged.



1. I am dwell-in on the mountain, Where the gold-en sun-light gleams
 2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wan-dered wea-ry years,
 3. I am drink-ing at the foun-tain, Where I ev - er would a - bide;



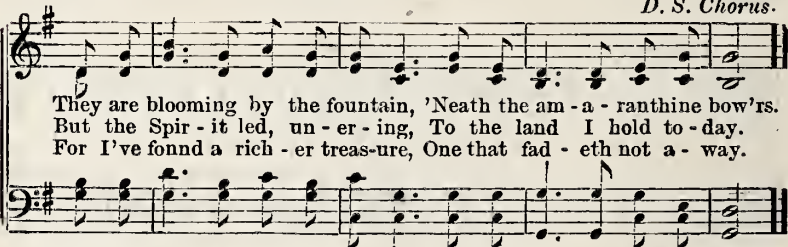
O'er a land whose wondrous beauty Far ex-ceeds my fond-est dreams;
 Oft - en hin - dered in my jour-ney By the ghosts of doubts and fears,
 For I've tast - ed life's pure riv - er, And my soul is sat - is - fied;



Where the air is pure, e - the - real, La - den with the breath of flowers,
 Bro - ken vows and dis - ap-pointments Thickly sprinkled all the way,
 There's no thirst-ing for life's pleasures, Nor a - dorn-ing, rich and gay,

CHO.—Is not this the land of Beau-lah, Bless-ed, bless-ed land of light,

D. S. Chorus.



They are blooming by the fountain, 'Neath the am - a - ranthine bow'rs.
 But the Spir - it led, un - er - ing, To the land I hold to - day.
 For I've found a rich - er treas-ure, One that fad - eth not a - way.

Where the flow - ers bloom for-ev - er, And the sun is al-ways bright

4. Tell me not of heavy crosses,
 Nor the burdens hard to bear,
 For I've found this great salvation
 Makes each burden light appear;
 And I love to follow Jesus,
 Gladly counting all but dross,
 Worldly honors all forsaking
 For the glory of the Cross.

5. Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory:
 Oft I've proved this to be true;
 When I'm in the way so narrow,
 I can see a pathway through;
 And how sweetly Jesus whispers:
 Take the Cross, thou needs't not fear,
 For I've tried the way before thee,
 And the glory lingers near.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

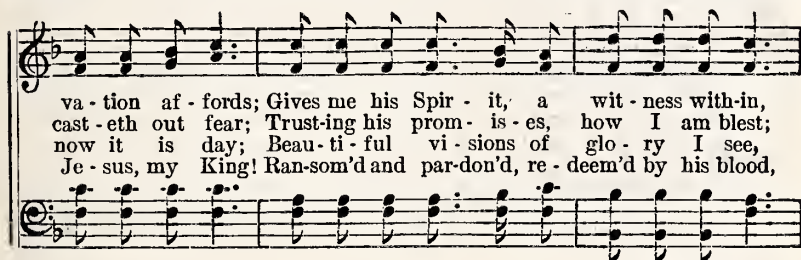
341 SAVED TO THE UTTERMOST.

W. J. K.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

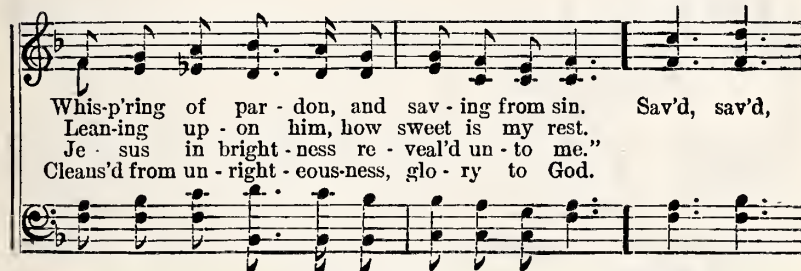


1. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: I am the Lord's; Je - sus, my Sav - ior, sal -
 2. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: Je - sus is near; Keep - ing me safe - ly, he
 3. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: this I can say, "Once all was dark - ness, but
 4. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: cheer - ful - ly sing, Loud hal - le - lu - ias to

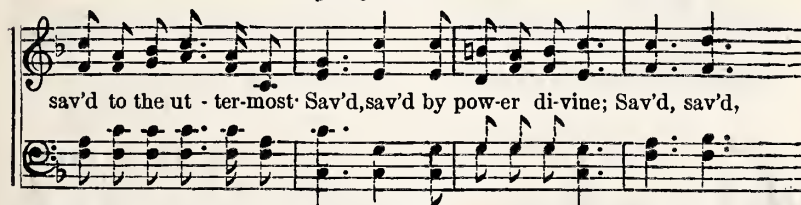


va - tion af - fords; Gives me his Spir - it, a wit - ness with - in,
 cast - eth out fear; Trust - ing his prom - is - es, how I am blest;
 now it is day; Beau - ti - ful vi - sions of glo - ry I see,
 Je - sus, my King! Ran - som'd and par - don'd, re - deem'd by his blood,

REFRAIN.



Whis - p'ring of par - don, and sav - ing from sin. Sav'd, sav'd,
 Lean - ing up - on him, how sweet is my rest.
 Je - sus in bright - ness re - veal'd un - to me."
 Cleans'd from un - right - eous - ness, glo - ry to God.



sav'd to the ut - ter-most: Sav'd, sav'd by pow - er di - vine; Sav'd, sav'd,



sav'd to the ut - ter-most: Je - sus, the Sav - ior is mine!

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

342 THE HAVEN OF REST,

GEO. D. MOORE.

1. My soul, in sad ex - ile, was out on life's sea, So
 2. I yield - ed my - self to his ten - der em - brace, And
 3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has

CHORUS.—I've an - chored my soul in the hav - en of rest, I'll

burdened with sin, and dis - tress, Till I heard a sweet voice say - ing,
 faith tak - ing hold of the word, My fet - ters fell off and I
 been the OLD STO - RY so blest, Of Je - sus, who'll save who - so -

sail the wide seas no more; The tem - pest may sweep o'er the

D. C.

make me your choice; And I en - tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 an - chored my soul; The ha - ven of rest is my Lord.
 ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"

wild, storm - y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

- 4 How precious the thought that we all
 may recline,
 Like John the beloved and blest,
 On Jesus' strong arm, where no tempest
 can harm,—
 Secure in the "Haven of Rest!"
- 5 Oh, come to the Savior, he patiently
 waits
 To save by his power divine;
 Come, anchor your souls in the haven of
 rest.
 And say, "my Beloved is mine."

Dr. H. L. Gilmour.

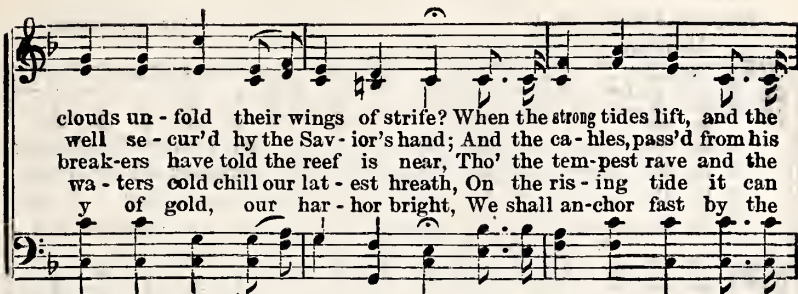
343 WE HAVE AN ANCHOR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

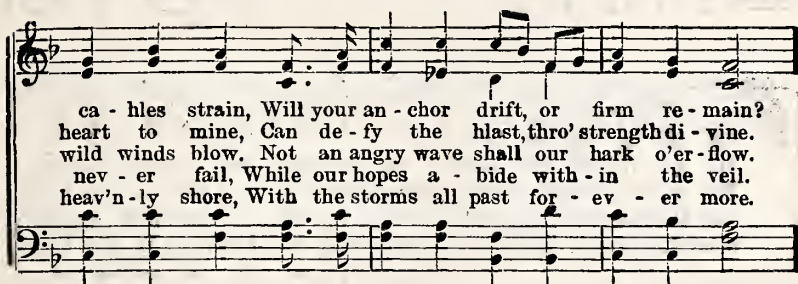
1. Will your an - chor hold in the storms of life, When the
 2. It is safe - ly moor'd, 'twill the storm with - stand, For 'tis
 3. It will firm - ly hold in the straits of fear, When the
 4. It will sure - ly hold in the floods of death, When the
 5. When our eyes be - hold thro' the gath - 'ring night The cit -

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

WE HAVE AN ANCHOR.—*Concluded.*

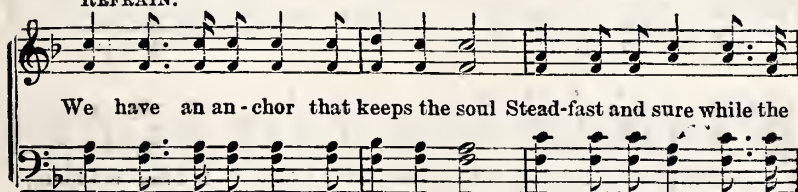


clouds un - fold their wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the
well se - cur'd by the Sav - ior's hand; And the ca - hles, pass'd from his
break - ers have told the reef is near, Tho' the tem - pest rave and the
wa - ters cold chill our lat - est hreath, On the ris - ing tide it can
y of gold, our har - bor bright, We shall an - chor fast by the

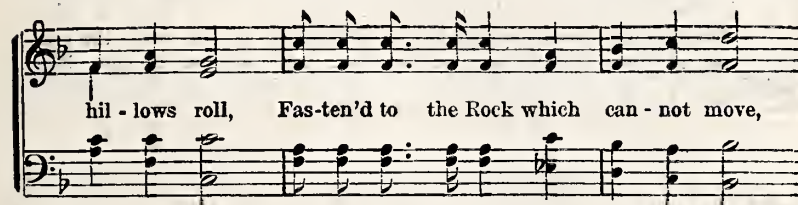


ca - hles strain, Will your an - chor drift, or firm re - main?
heart to mine, Can de - fy the blast, thro' strength di - vine.
wild winds blow, Not an angry wave shall our hark o'er - flow.
nev - er fail, While our hopes a - bide with - in the veil.
heav'n - ly shore, With the storms all past for - ev - er more.

REFRAIN.



We have an an - chor that keeps the soul Stead - fast and sure while the



hil - lows roll, Fas - ten'd to the Rock which can - not move,



Ground - ed firm and deep In the Sav - ior's love.

Priscilla J. Owens.

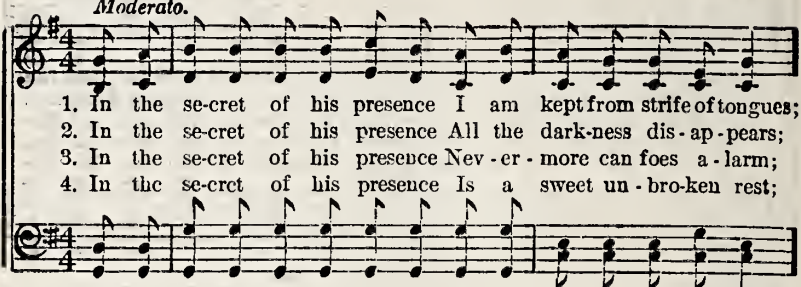
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

344 IN THE SECRET OF HIS PRESENCE.

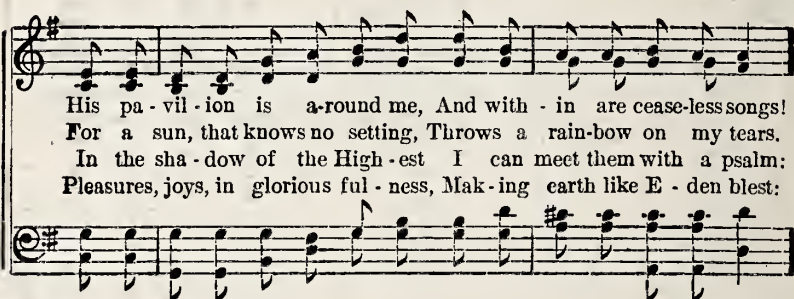
REV. HENRY BURTON, M. A.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

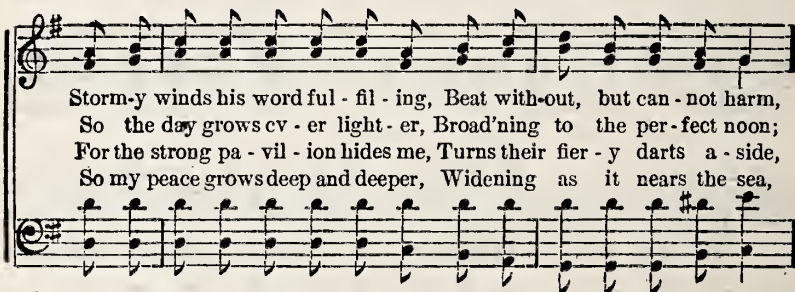
Moderato.



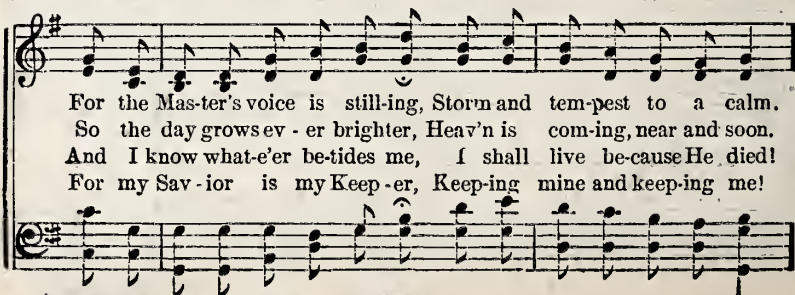
1. In the se-cret of his presence I am kept from strife of tongues;
 2. In the se-cret of his presence All the dark-ness dis-ap-pears;
 3. In the se-cret of his presence Nev-er more can foes a-larm;
 4. In the se-cret of his presence Is a sweet un-bro-ken rest;



His pa-vil-ion is a-round me, And with-in are cease-less songs!
 For a sun, that knows no setting, Throws a rain-bow on my tears.
 In the sha-dow of the High-est I can meet them with a psalm:
 Pleasures, joys, in glorious ful-ness, Mak-ing earth like E-den blest:



Storm-y winds his word ful-fil-ing, Beat with-out, but can-not harm,
 So the day grows ev-er light-er, Broad'ning to the per-fect noon;
 For the strong pa-vil-ion hides me, Turns their fier-y darts a-side,
 So my peace grows deep and deeper, Widening as it nears the sea,



For the Mas-ter's voice is still-ing, Storm and tem-pest to a calm.
 So the day grows ev-er brighter, Heav'n is com-ing, near and soon.
 And I know what-e'er be-tides me, I shall live be-cause He died!
 For my Sav-ior is my Keep-er, Keep-ing mine and keep-ing me!

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

CHORUS.



In the se - - - cret of his pres-ence Je-sus keeps.....,
 In the se-cret of his pres-ence Je-sus keeps,
 I know not how; In the shad - - - - - ow
 I know not how, I know not how; In the shad-ow of the High-est,
 of the High - est, I am rest-ing, hid - ing now.
 In the shad-ow of the High-est,

345 CONSECRATION.

(7s.)

MOZART, *arr. by* H. P. MAIN.



1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se-cra-ted, Lord, to Thee;
 2. Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love;
 3. Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on-ly for my King;
 4. Take my sil-ver and my gold; Not a mite would I with-hold:
 1. Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.
 2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for Thee.
 3. Take my lips, and let them be Fill'd with mes-sa-ges from Thee.
 4. Take my in-tel-lect, and use Ev-ry power as Thou shalt choose.
 5. Take my will, and make it Thine; It shall be no longer mine:
 Take my heart; it is Thine own,
 It shall be Thy royal throne.
 6. Take my love; my Lord, I pour
 At Thy feet its treasure-store;
 Take myself, and I will be
 Ever, only, ALL for Thee.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

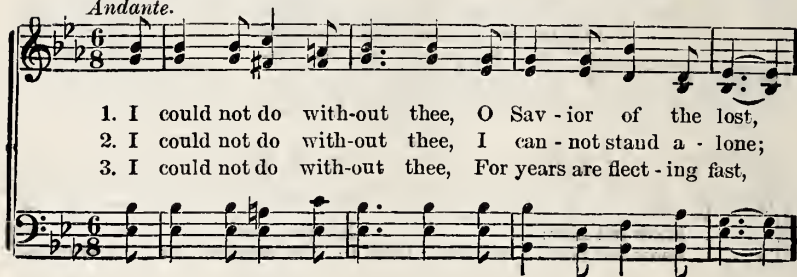
346 I COULD NOT DO WITHOUT THEE.

"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."—Heb. xiii. 6.

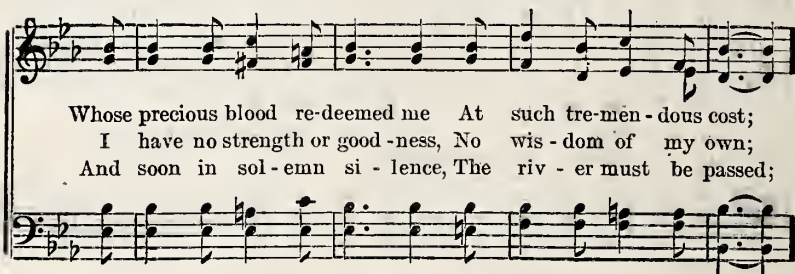
FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

SIGISMUND THALBERG. Arr.

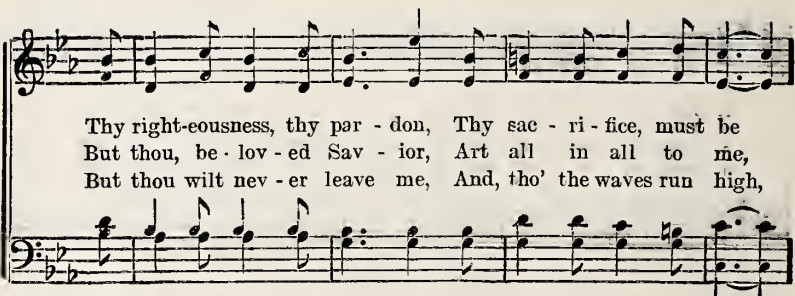
Andante.



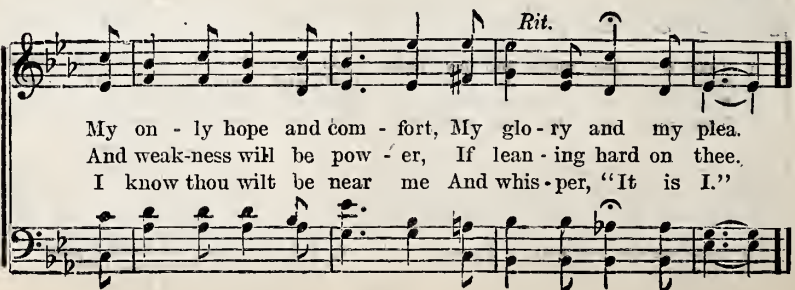
1. I could not do with-out thee, O Sav - ior of the lost,
 2. I could not do with-out thee, I can - not stand a - lone;
 3. I could not do with-out thee, For years are flect - ing fast,



Whose pre-cious blood re-deemed me At such tre-men-dous cost;
 I have no strength or good-ness, No wis-dom of my own;
 And soon in sol-emn si-lence, The riv-er must be passed;



Thy right-eousness, thy par-don, Thy sac-ri-fice, must be
 But thou, be-lov-ed Sav-ior, Art all in all to me,
 But thou wilt nev-er leave me, And, tho' the waves run high,



Rit.
 My on-ly hope and com-fort, My glo-ry and my plea.
 And weak-ness will be pow-er, If lean-ing hard on thee.
 I know thou wilt be near me And whis-per, "It is I."

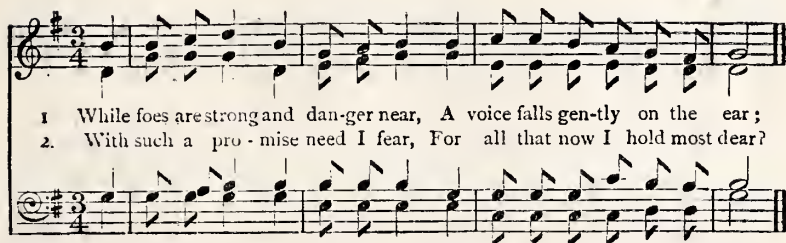
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

347 AS THY DAYS, THY STRENGTH.

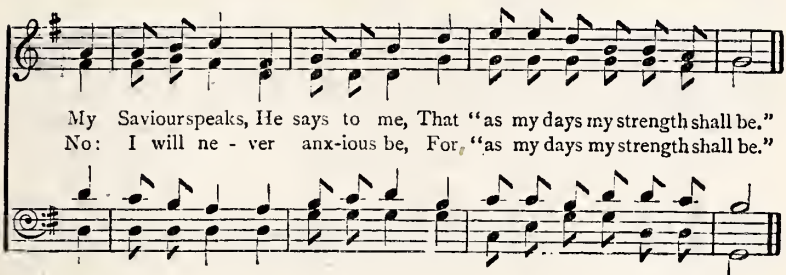
"As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

(DEUT. xxxiii. 25.)

P. P. BLISS.

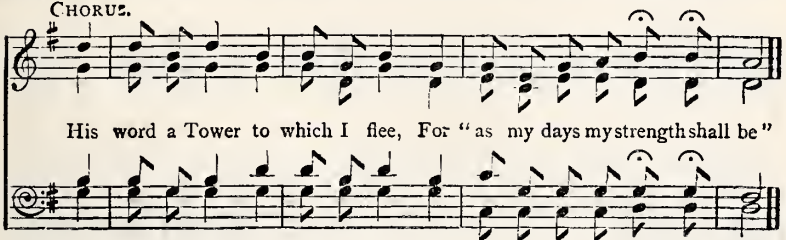


1 While foes are strong and danger near, A voice falls gently on the ear;
2 With such a promise need I fear, For all that now I hold most dear?

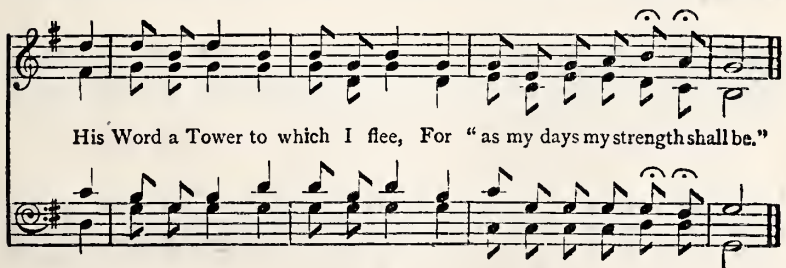


My Saviour speaks, He says to me, That "as my days my strength shall be."
No: I will never anxious be, For "as my days my strength shall be."

CHORUS.



His word a Tower to which I flee, For "as my days my strength shall be"



His Word a Tower to which I flee, For "as my days my strength shall be."

3.

And when at last I'm called to die,
Still on Thy promise I'll rely;
Yes, Lord, I then will trust in Thee,
That "as my days my strength shall be."

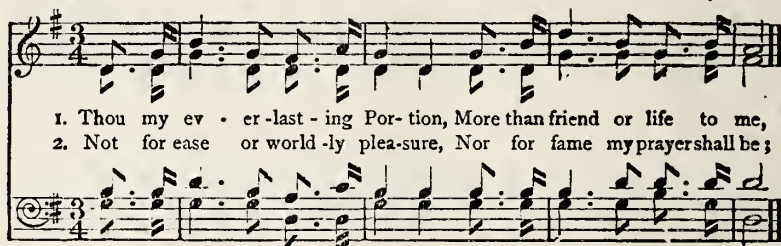
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

348 CLOSE TO THEE.

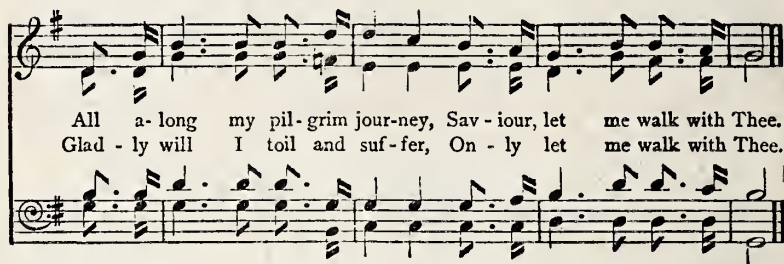
"As ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him."
(COLOSSIANS ii. 6.)

F. J. CROSBY.

S. J. VAIL.

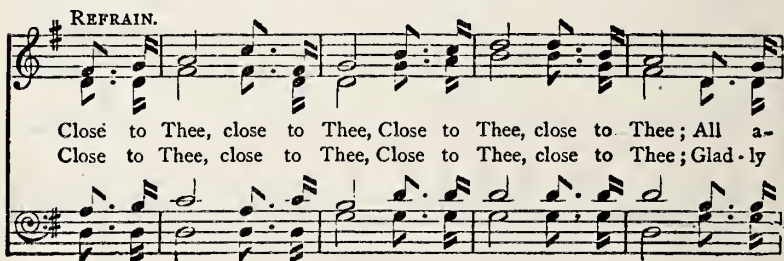


1. Thou my ev - er - last - ing Por - tion, More than friend or life to me,
2. Not for ease or world - ly plea - sure, Nor for fame my prayers shall be;

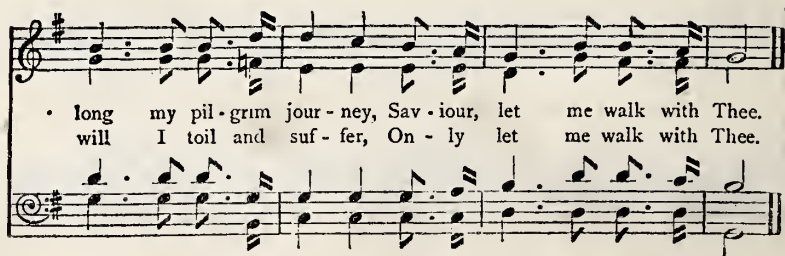


All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - iour, let me walk with Thee.
Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.

REFRAIN.



Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; All a -
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; Glad - ly



• long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - iour, let me walk with Thee.
will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.

3. Lead me thro' the vale of shadows,
Bear me o'er life's fitful sea;
Then the gate of life eternal
May I enter, Lord, with Thee.

Close to Thee, close to Thee,
Close to Thee, close to Thee;
Then the gate of life eternal
May I enter, Lord, with Thee.

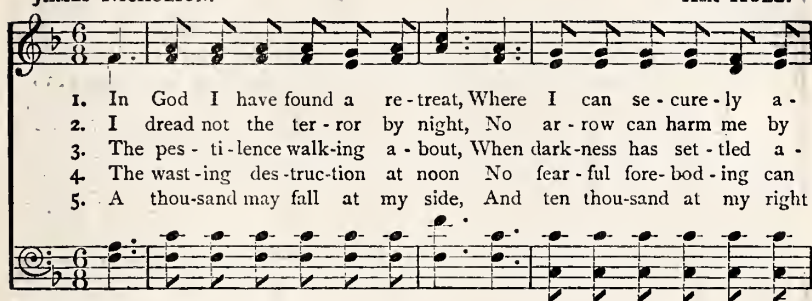
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

349 UNDER HIS WINGS.

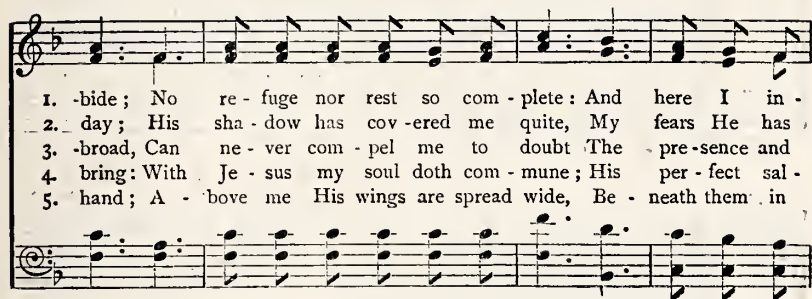
"Hide me under the shadow of Thy wings."—PSALM xvii. 8.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

ASA HULL.




1. In God I have found a re-treat, Where I can se-cure-ly a-
 2. I dread not the ter-ror by night, No ar-row can harm me by
 3. The pes-ti-lence walk-ing a-bout, When dark-ness has set-tled a-
 4. The wast-ing des-truc-tion at noon No fear-ful fore-bod-ing can
 5. A thou-sand may fall at my side, And ten thou-sand at my right



1. -hide; No re-fuge nor rest so com-plete: And here I in-
 2. day; His sha-dow has cov-ered me quite, My fears He has
 3. -broad, Can ne-ver com-pel me to doubt The pre-sence and
 4. bring: With Je-sus my soul doth com-mune; His per-fect sal-
 5. hand; A-bove me His wings are spread wide, Be-neath them in

CHORUS.



1. -tend to re-side.
 2. driv-en a-way.
 3. pow-er of God.
 4. -va-tion I sing.
 5. safe-ty I stand.

Oh, what com-fort it brings, As my



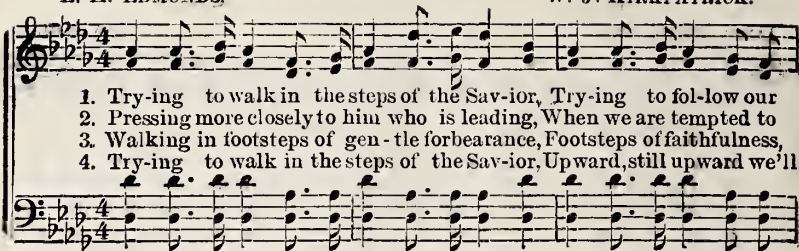
soul sweet-ly sings: I am safe from all dan-ger While un-der His wings.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

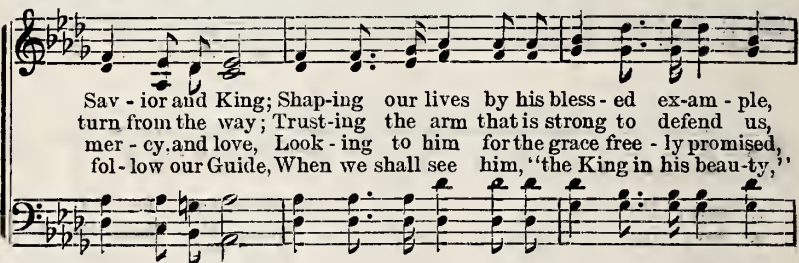
350 STEPPING IN THE LIGHT.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

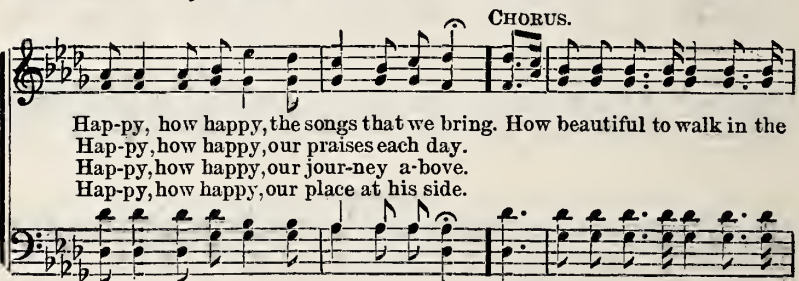


1. Try-ing to walk in the steps of the Sav-ior, Try-ing to fol-low our
2. Pressing more closely to him who is leading, When we are tempted to
3. Walking in footsteps of gen-tle forbearance, Footsteps of faithfulness,
4. Try-ing to walk in the steps of the Sav-ior, Upward, still upward we'll

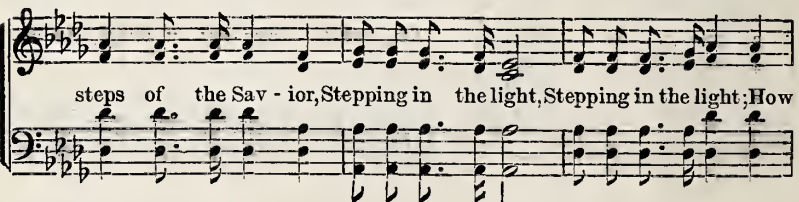


Sav-ior and King; Shap-ing our lives by his bless-ed ex-am-ple,
 turn from the way; Trust-ing the arm that is strong to defend us,
 mer-cy and love, Look-ing to him for the grace free-ly promised,
 fol-low our Guide, When we shall see him, "the King in his beau-ty,"

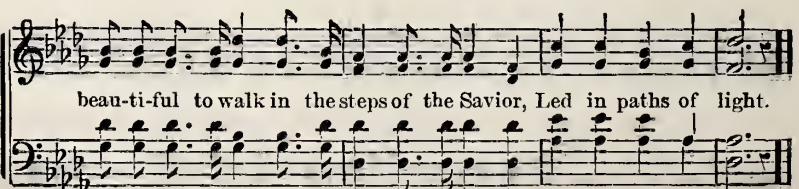
CHORUS.



Hap-py, how happy, the songs that we bring. How beautiful to walk in the
 Hap-py, how happy, our praises each day.
 Hap-py, how happy, our jour-ney a-bove.
 Hap-py, how happy, our place at his side.



steps of the Sav-ior, Stepping in the light, Stepping in the light; How



beau-ti-ful to walk in the steps of the Savior, Led in paths of light.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

351 WAIT, AND MURMUR NOT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. The home where changes never come, Nor pain nor sorrow, toil nor care;
 2. Yet when bow'd down beneath the load By heav'n allow'd, thine earthly lot;
 3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on his brow;
 4. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one pray'r forgot;

Yes! 'tis a bright and blessed home; Who would not fain be resting there?
 Thou yearn'st to reach that blest abode, Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.
 If grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a ho-li-er than thou.
 The day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not;

CHORUS.

O, wait, meek - ly wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not, O,

wait, meek - ly wait, meek - ly wait, and murmur not, O, wait, meek - ly wait,

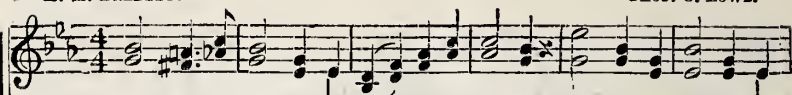
O, wait, meek - ly wait, O, wait, and murmur not, O, mur - mur not.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

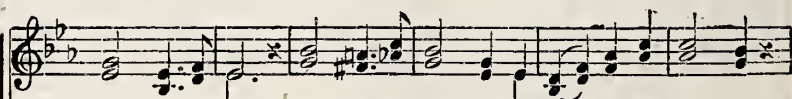
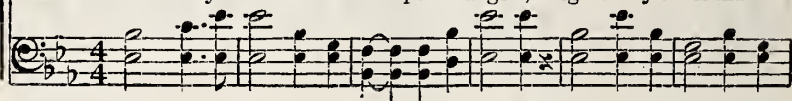
352 THE BELOVED.

H. M. BRADLEY.

THOS. O. LOWE.



1. Down in the val-ley, a-mong the sweet lilies, Walks my Be-lov-ed, his
2. Know'st thou I seek thee? oh, haste to dis-cov-er Where is the place of thy
3. Now I ap-proach thee, oh, fair-est Redeemer, Lured by thy beauty to
4. Gen-tler thy voice than the whisper of angels, Brighter thy smile than the



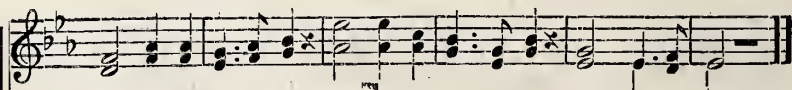
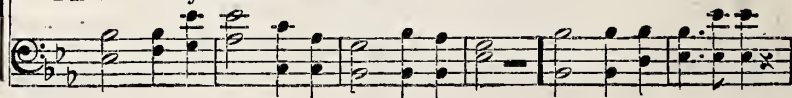
foot-prints I see; Haste I to fol-low thee, Sav-ior and Lov-er,
fra-grant re-treat—Where thou dost rest with thy flocks at the noon-tide,
dwell in thy love; Hide not thy face from the heart that a-dores thee,
sun in the sky; Gath-er me ten-der-ly, close to thy bos-om,



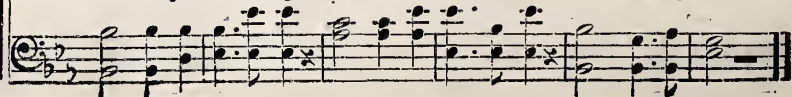
CHORUS.



How the winds whisper thy dear name to me! Oh, my be-loved Lord!
Shel-ter'd near foun-tains unsearch'd by the heat,
Hast thou not sought me and called me thy Dove?
Faint with thy lov-li-ness thus let me die.



For me thy life-blood pour'd, Thou blessed Son of God, Jesus my Lord.



By permission.


THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

353 DRAW ME NEARER.



"Let us draw near with a true heart."—HEBREWS x. 22.

F. J. CROSBY.


W. H. DOANE.



1. I am Thine, O Lord. I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy ser-vice, Lord, By the power of grace di-vine;

But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clo-ser drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.



REFRAIN.



Draw me near - er, near-er, bles-sed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died ;



near-er, near-er,



Draw me near-er, near-er, near-er, bles-sed Lord, To Thy precious, bleed-ing side.



3. Oh, the pure delight of a single hour
That before Thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God,
I commune as friend with friend.

4. There are depths of love that I cannot know
Till I cross the narrow sea ;
There are heights of joy that I may not reach
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

354 JESUS LOVES ME.

"God is love."—1 JOHN IV. 8.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

1. I am so glad that our Fa-ther in heaven Tells of His love in the
 2. Tho' I for-get Him, and wan-der a-way, Still He doth love me wher-
 3. Oh, if there's on-ly one song I can sing, When in His beau-ty I
 4. Je-sus loves me, and I know I love Him: Love brought Him down my poor

1. Book He has given: Won-der-ful things in the Bi-ble I see,
 2. ev-er I stray; Back to His dear lov-ing arms do I flee,
 3. see the great King, This shall my song in e-ter-ni-ty be,
 4. soul to re-deem; Yes, it was love made Him die on the tree:

CHORUS.

1. This is the dear-est, that Je-sus loves me.
 2. When I re-mem-ber that Je-sus loves me.
 3. "Oh, what a won-der that Je-sus loves me!" } I am so glad that
 4. Oh, I am cer-tain that Je-sus loves me!

Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me, e-ven me.

5.

If one should ask of me, how can I tell;
 Glory to Jesus, I know very well!
 God's Holy Spirit with mine doth agree,
 Constantly witnessing Jesus loves me.

6.

In this assurance I find sweetest rest,
 Trusting in Jesus, I know I am blest;
 Satan, dismayed, from my soul now doth flee,
 When I just tell him that Jesus loves me.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

ALL FOR JESUS.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP, by per.

1. All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All my be - ing's ransom'd pow'rs:

All my tho'ts and words and do - ings, All my days and all my hours.

REFRAIN.

All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours.

All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours.

355

- 2 Let my hands perform his bidding,
Let my feet run in his ways,
Let my eyes see Jesus only,
Let my lips speak forth his praise.

REFRAIN.

::: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Let my lips speak forth his praise. :::

- 3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside;
So enchained my spirit's vision
Looking at the crucified.

REFRAIN.

::: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Looking at the crucified. :::

- 4 O, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious king of kings,
Deigns to call me his beloved,
Lets me rest beneath his wings.

REFRAIN.

::: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath his wings. :::
Miss Mary D. James.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

NEARER THE CROSS.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP, by per.

I. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the

cross from day to day, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the cross 'where

Je-sus died, Near-er the fount-ain's crim-son tide, Near-er my Sav-iour's

wound-ed side, I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.

356

2 Nearer the Christian's mercy seat,
I am coming nearer;
Feasting my soul on manna sweet
I am coming nearer;
Stronger in faith, more clear I see
Jesus who gave himself for me;
Nearer to him I still would be:
Still I'm coming nearer,
Still I'm coming nearer,

3 Nearer in prayer my hope aspires
I am coming nearer;
Deeper the love my soul desires,
I am coming nearer;
Nearer the end of toil and care,
Nearer the joy I long to share,
Nearer the crown I soon shall wear:
I am coming nearer,
I am coming nearer.

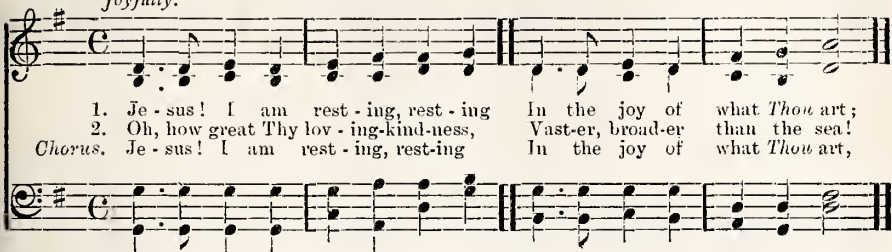
F. J. Crosby,

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

357 JESUS! I AM RESTING, RESTING.

J. MOUNTAIN. By per.

Joyfully.

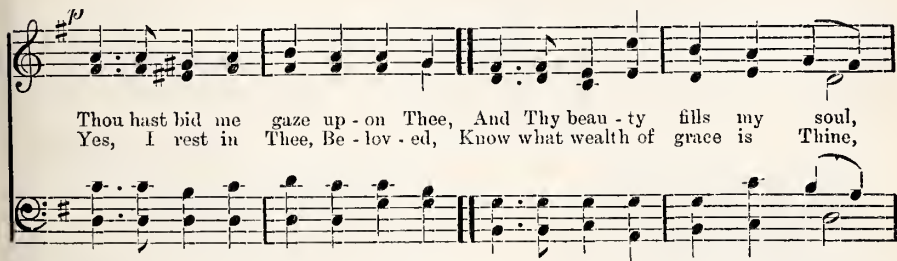


1. Je - sus! I am rest - ing, rest - ing In the joy of what *Thou* art;
 2. Oh, how great Thy lov - ing-kind-ness, Vast-er, broad-er than the sea!
Chorus. Je - sus! I am rest - ing, rest-ing In the joy of what *Thou* art,



I am find - ing out the great - ness Of Thy lov - ing heart.
 Oh, how mar - vel - lous Thy good - ness, La - vished all on me!
 I am find - ing out the great - ness Of Thy lov - ing heart.

FINE.



Thou hast bid me gaze up - on Thee, And Thy beau - ty fills my soul,
 Yes, I rest in Thee, Be - lov - ed, Know what wealth of grace is Thine,



cres. *p* D.C. CHORUS.
 For, by Thy trans - form - ing pow - er, Thou hast made me whole.
 Know Thy cer - tain - ty of prom - ise, And have made it mine.

3 Simply trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
 I behold Thee as Thou art,
 And Thy love so pure, so changeless,
 Satisfies my heart;
 Satisfies its deepest longings,
 Meets, supplies its every need,
 Compasseth me round with blessings;
 Thine is love indeed!

4 Ever lift Thy face upon me,
 As I work and wait for Thee;
 Resting 'neath Thy smile, Lord Jesus,
 Earth's dark shadows flee.
 Brightness of my Father's glory,
 Sunshine of my Father's face,
 Keep me ever trusting, resting,
 Fill me with Thy grace.

Jean Sophia Pigott.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

358 JESUS, THY LIFE IS MINE.

J. MOUNTAIN.

1. Je - sus, Thy life is mine! Dwell e - ver - more in me,
 2. Thy life in me be shown! Lord, I would hence - forth seek
 3. Thy love, Thy joy, Thy peace, Con - tin - uous - ly im - part
 4. The blest re - al - i - ty Of re - sur - rec - tion power,

cres. *dim.* *p*
 And let me see That no - thing can un - twine Thy life from mine.
 To think and speak Thy thoughts, Thy words a - lone, No more my own!
 Un - to my heart, Fresh springs that ne - ver cease, But still in - crease.
 Thy Church's dower, Life more a - bun - dant - ly, Lord, give to me!

By permission Hymns of C. & F.

5 Thy fullest gift, O Lord,
 Now at Thy word I claim,
 Through Thy dear name,
 And touch the rapturous chord
 Of praise forth-poured.

6 Jesus, my life is Thine,
 And evermore shall be
 Hidden in Thee!
 For nothing can untwine
 Thy life from mine.

Frances R. Havergal

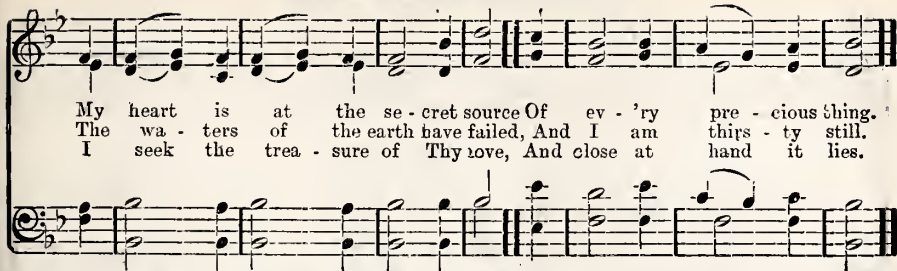
359 MY HEART IS RESTING.

SWISS MELODY.

p
 1. My heart is rest - ing, O my God, I will give thanks and sing:
 2. Now the frail ves - sel Thou hast made, No hand but Thine shall fill -
 3. I thirst for springs of heaven - ly life, And here all day they rise;

By permission Hymns of C. & F.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.



My heart is at the se-cret source Of ev-'ry pre-cious thing.
The wa-ters of the earth have failed, And I am thins-ty still.
I seek the trea-sure of Thy love, And close at hand it lies.

4 And a "new song" is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set—
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet.

5 I have a heritage of joy
That yet I must not see;
The hand that bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me.

6 There is a certainty of love
That sets my heart at rest;
A calm assurance for to-day
That to be poor is best!

7 A prayer reposing on His truth,
Who hath made all things mine;
That draws my captive will to Him,
And makes it one with Thine.

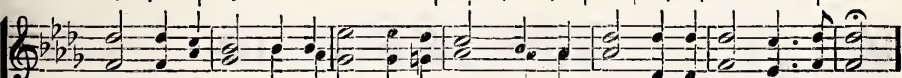
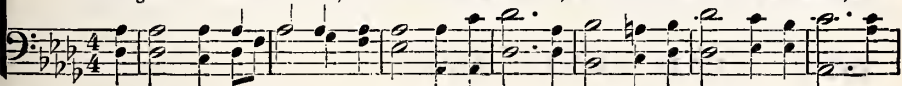
Anna L. Waring;

IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL.

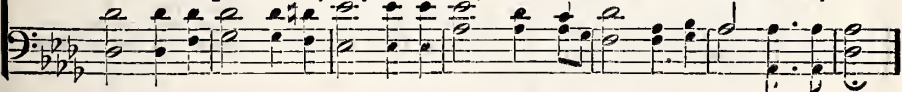
P. P. BLISS.



1. When peace, like a riv-er, at-tend-eth my way, When sorrows, like sea-bil-lows, roll; What-
2. Though Sa-tan should buf-fet, tho' tri-als should come, Let this blest as-sur-ance control, That

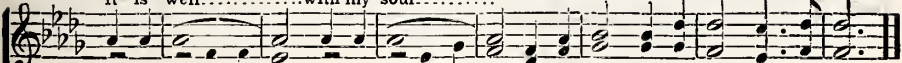


ev-er my lot, thou hast taught me to say, It is well, it is well with my soul.
Christ hath re-gard-ed my help-less es-tate, And hath shed his own blood for my soul.

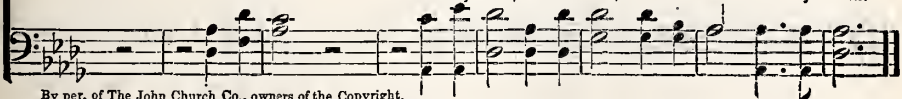


CHORUS.

It is well.....with my soul.



It is well with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.



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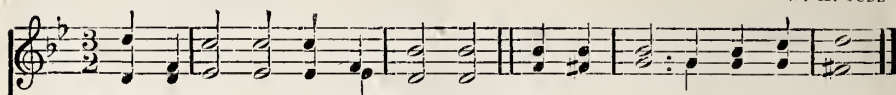
360 "He hath delivered my soul in peace."

3 My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—
My sin—not in part but the whole,
Is nailed to his cross and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!—CHO.
4 And Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,
"Even so"—it is well with my soul.—CHO.

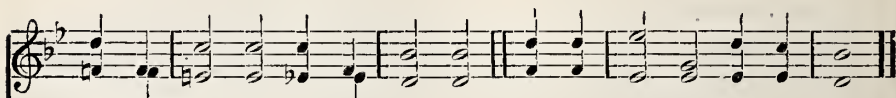
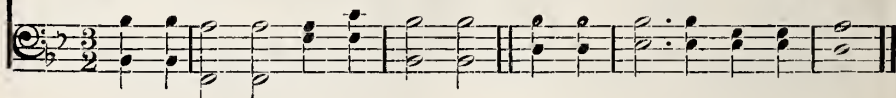
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

361 HE HAS ENTERED

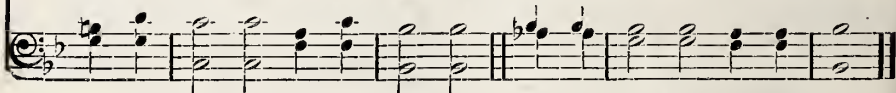
W. H. JUDE



1. He has en - tered! He has en - tered! Ev - 'ry guest may now de - part;
2. He has en - tered! He has en - tered! Van - ish ev - 'ry doubt and sin;
3. Long at My poor heart He tar - ried, Knocking with His wounded hand;
4. He has en - tered! He has en - tered! Ev - 'ry sor - row now must flee;

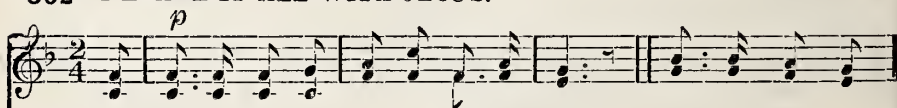


He has tak - en all the "cham - ber" Of my once di - vid - ed heart.
 He has tak - en full poss - es - sion, He is Lord of all with - in.
 Wide at last to Him I o - pened—Yield - ing all to His command.
 Where He reigns as King and Mas - ter, There no grief can e - ver be.

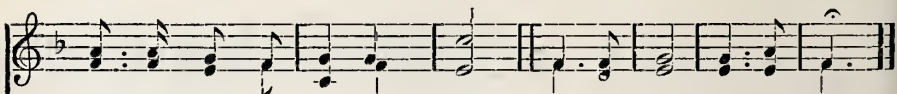
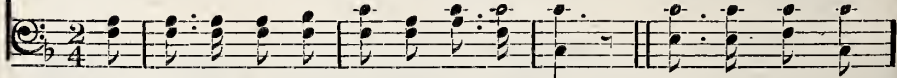


By permission Hymns of C. & F

362 I LEAVE IT ALL WITH JESUS.



1. I leave it all with Je - sus, For He knows, How, he - side me,
2. I leave it all with Je - sus, For He knows, Mak - ing du - ty
3. I leave it all with Je - sus, For He knows, What to make me,
4. I leave it all with Je - sus, For He knows, There I'll leave me;



safe to guide me Thro' my foes; Je - sus knows, yes, He knows.
 bright with beau - ty Like the rose; Je - sus knows, yes, He knows.
 where to take me At life's close; Je - sus knows, yes, He knows.
 He'll re - ceive me, For He knows; Je - sus knows, yes, He knows.



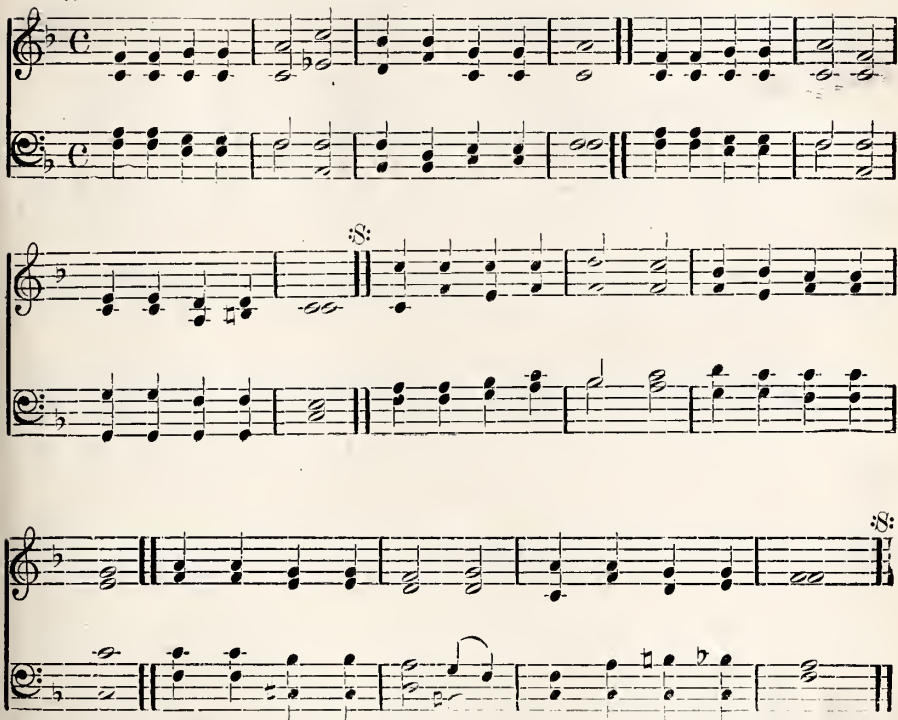
By permission Hymns of C. & F

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

LIKE A RIVER GLORIOUS.

J. MOUNTAIN.

Joyful.



363 *Perfect peace.*

1 LIKE a river glorious
Is God's perfect peace,
Over all victorious
In its bright increase;
Perfect, yet it floweth
Fuller ev'ry day,—
Perfect, yet it groweth
Deeper all the way.
Stayed upon Jehovah,
Hearts are fully blest;
Finding, as He promised,
Perfect peace and rest.

2 Hidden in the hollow
Of His blessed hand,
Never foe can follow,
Never traitor stand;
Not a surge of worry,
Not a shade of care,

Not a blast of hurry
Touch the spirit there.
Stayed upon Jehovah,
Hearts are fully blest;
Finding, as He promised,
Perfect peace and rest.

3 Ev'ry joy or trial
Falleth from above,
Traced upon the dial
By the Sun of Love.
We may trust Him fully,
All for us to do;
They who trust Him wholly
Find Him wholly true.
Stayed upon Jehovah,
Hearts are fully blest;
Finding, as He promised,
Perfect peace and rest.

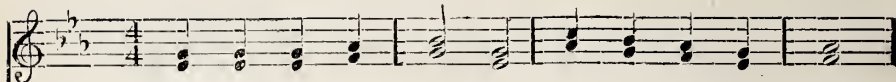
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F. R. Havergall.

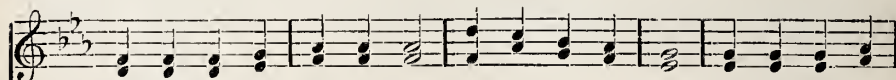
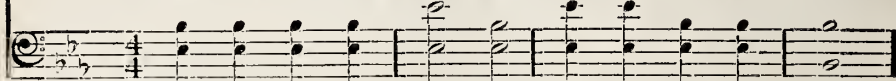
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

364 ANYWHERE WITH JESUS.

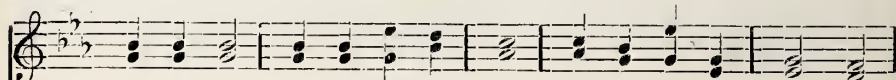
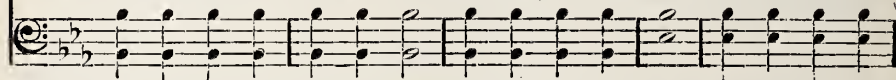
R. LOWRY.



1. A - ny - where with Je - sus, says the Chris - tian heart,
2. A - ny - where with Je - sus, though He lead - eth me
3. A - ny - where with Je - sus, though He please to bring
4. A - ny - where with Je - sus; for it can - not be



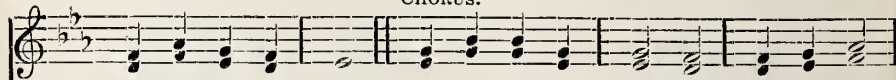
Let Him take me where He will, so we do not part; Al - ways sit - ting
Where the path is rough and long, where the dan - gers be; Though He tak - eth
In - to floods or fier - cest flames, in - to suf - fer - ing; Though He bid me
Drear - y, dark, or de - so - late, when He is with me; He will love me



at His feet, there's no cause for fears; A - ny - where with Je - sus
from my heart all I love be - low, A - ny - where with Je - sus
work or wait, on - ly bear for Him, A - ny - where with Je - sus
to the end, ev - 'ry need sup - ply; A - ny - where with Je - sus



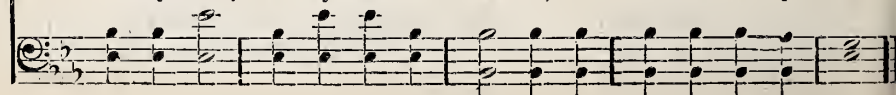
CHORUS.



in this vale of tears. }
will I glad - ly go. } A - ny - where with Je - sus, a - ny - where,
this shall be my hymn. }
should I live or die.



a - ny - where; A - ny - where with Je - sus, I'll fol - low a - ny - where.

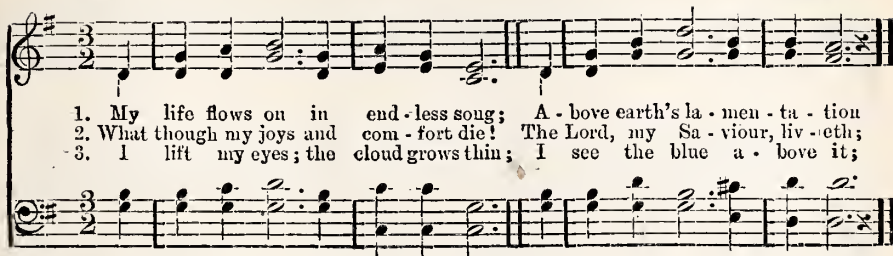


THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

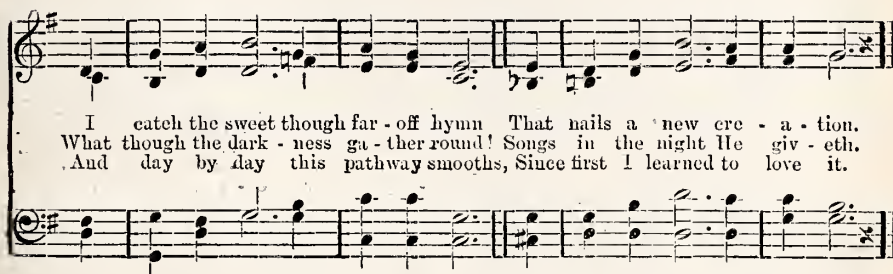
365 MY LIFE FLOWS ON IN ENDLESS SONG.

F. J. MARTLEY.

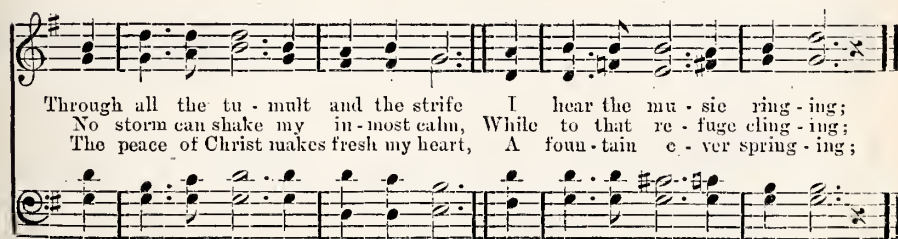
R. LOWRY.



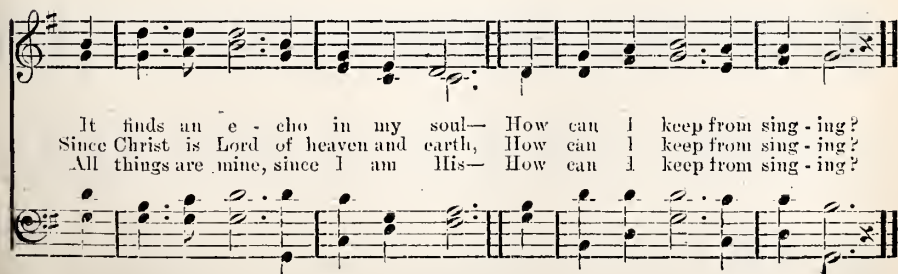
1. My life flows on in end-less song; A - bove earth's la - men - ta - tion
 2. What though my joys and com - fort die! The Lord, my Sa - viour, liv - eth;
 3. I lift my eyes; the cloud grows thin; I see the blue a - bove it;



I catch the sweet though far - off hymn That nails a new cre - a - tion.
 What though the dark - ness ga - ther round! Songs in the night He giv - eth.
 And day by day this pathway smooths, Since first I learned to love it.



Through all the tu - mult and the strife I hear the mu - sic ring - ing;
 No storm can shake my in - most calm, While to that re - fuge cling - ing;
 The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, A foun - tain e - ver spring - ing;



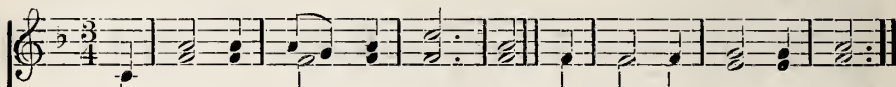
It finds an e - cho in my soul— How can I keep from sing - ing?
 Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth, How can I keep from sing - ing?
 All things are mine, since I am His— How can I keep from sing - ing?

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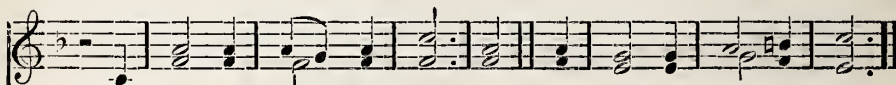
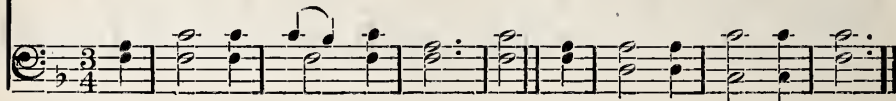
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

366 ON THEE MY HEART IS RESTING.

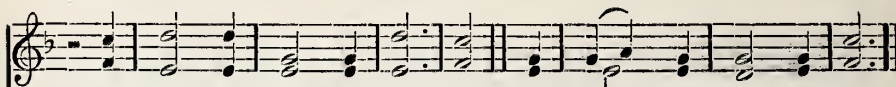
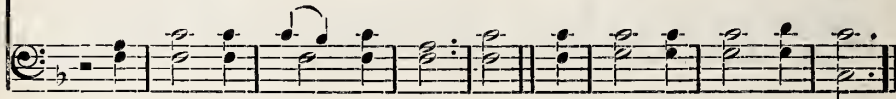
J. MOUNTAIN.



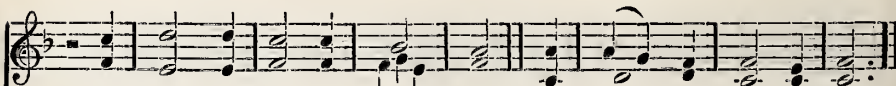
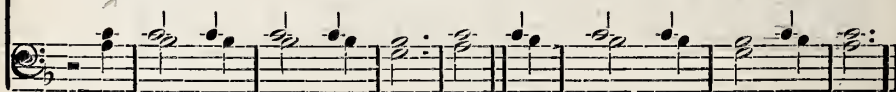
1. On Thee my heart is rest - ing! Ah, this is rest in - deed!
 2. My guilt is great, but great - er The mer - cy Thou dost give;
 3. Through me, Thou gen - tle Mas - ter, Thy pur - pos - es ful - fil!
 4. When clouds are dark - est round me, Thou, Lord, art then most near,
 5. 'Tis Thou hast made me hap - py, 'Tis Thou hast set me free,



What else, Al - migh - ty Sa - viour, Can a poor sin - ner need?
 Thy - self, a spot - less Of - f'ring, Hast died that I should live.
 I yield my - self for e - ver To Thy most ho - ly will.
 My droop - ing faith to quick - en, My wea - ry soul to cheer.
 To whom shall I give glo - ry For e - ver, but to Thee?



Thy light is all my wis - dom, Thy love is all my stay;
 With Thee, my soul un - fet - tered Has ris - en from the dust;
 What though I be but weak - ness? My strength is not in me;
 Safe nest - ling in Thy bo - som, I gaze up - on Thy face;
 Of earth - ly love and bless - ing Should ev - 'ry stream run dry,



Our Fa - ther's home in glo - ry Draws near - er ev - 'ry day.
 Thy blood is all my trea - sure, Thy word is all my trust.
 The poor - est of Thy peo - ple Has all things, hav - ing Thee.
 In vain my foes would drive me From Thee, my hid - ing - place.
 Thy grace shall still be with me, Thy grace, to live and die!

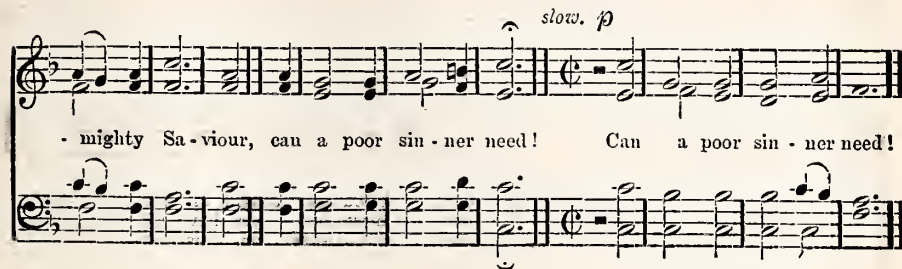
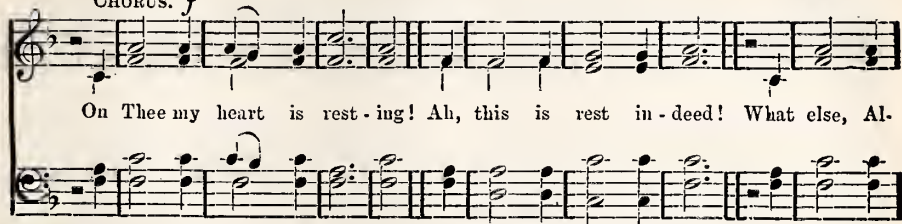


THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

ON THEE MY HEART IS RESTING.—*Concluded.*

J. MOUNTAIN.

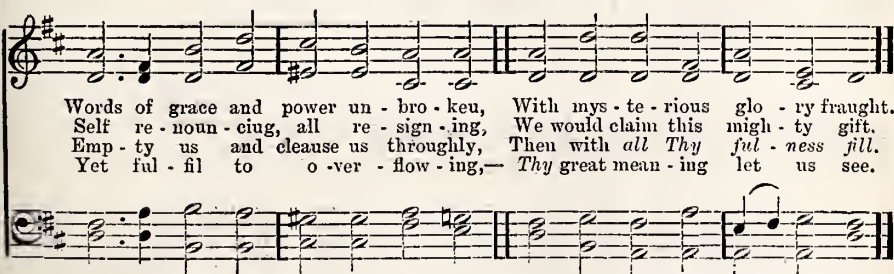
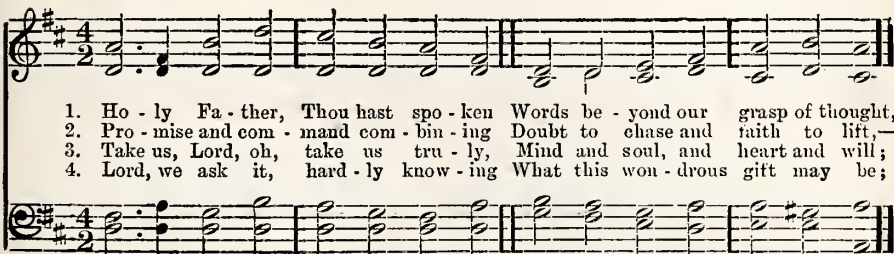
CHORUS. *f*



By permission Hymns of C. & F.

367 FILLED WITH THE FULNESS OF GOD.

REV. J. B. DYKES.



By permission Hymns of C. & F.

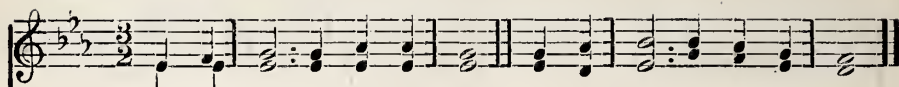
5 Make us in Thy royal palace,
Vessels worthy for the King;
From thy fulness fill our chalice,
From thy never-failing spring.

6 Father, by this blessed filling,
Dwell Thyself in us, we pray!
We are waiting, Thou art willing
Fill us with Thyself to-day!

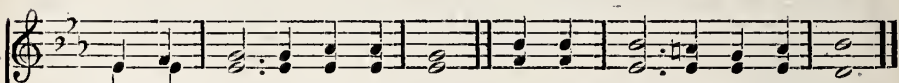
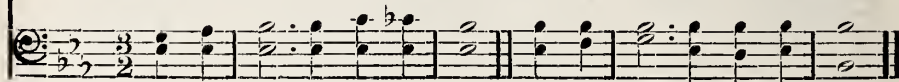
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

368 LOVED WITH EVERLASTING LOVE.

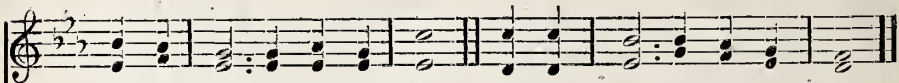
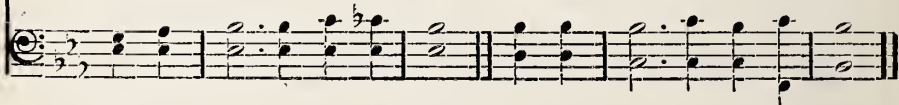
J. MOUNTAIN.



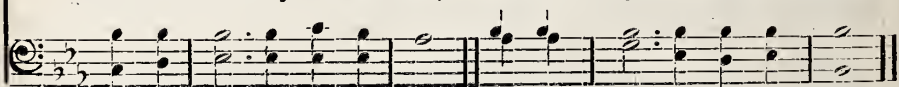
1. Loved with e - ver - last - ing love, Led by grace that love to ' know;
2. Heaven a - bove is soft - er blue, Earth a - round is sweet - er green!
3. Things that once were wild a - larms Can - not now dis - turb my rest;
4. His for e - ver, on - ly His; Who the Lord and me shall part?



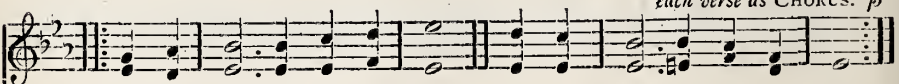
Spi - rit, breath - ing from a - bove, Thou hast taught me it is so!
Something lives in ev - 'ry hue Christ - less eyes have ne - ver seen;
Closed in e - ver - last - ing arms, Pil - lowed on the lov - ing breast.
Ah, with what a rest of bliss, Christ can fill the lov - ing heart!



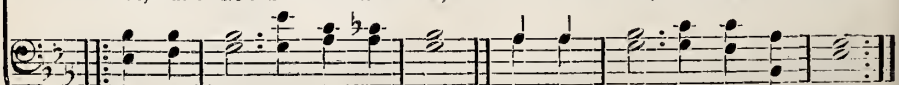
Oh this full and per - fect peace! Oh this trans - port all di - vine!
Birds with glad - der songs o'er - flow, Flowers with deep - er beau - ties shine,
Oh to lie for e - ver here, Doubt and care and self re - sign,
Heaven and earth may fade and flee, First - born light in gloom de - cline;



*Repeat last two lines of
each verse as CHORUS. p*



In a love, which can - not cease, I am His, and He is mine.
Since I know, as now I know, I am His, and He is mine.
While He whis - pers in my ear— I am His, and He is mine!
But, while God and I shall be, I am His, and He is mine.



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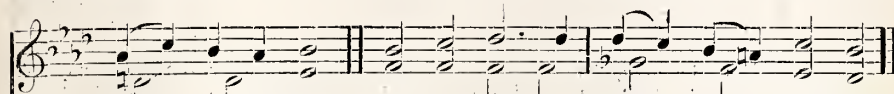
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

369 THOU WHOSE NAME IS CALLED JESUS.

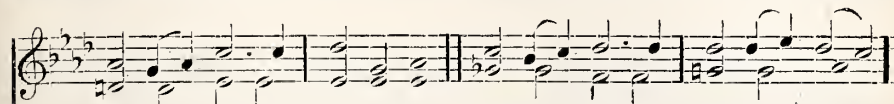
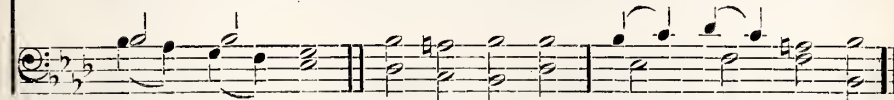
SCHULTER.



1. Thou whose name is call - ed Je - sus, Ri - sen Lord of
 2. Thou canst keep my feet from fall - ing, — E - ven my poor
 3. All the sin in me, my Sa - viour, Thou canst con - quer
 4. Thou canst keep me up - ward look - ing; E - ver up - ward



- life and power, Oh, it is so sweet to trust Thee!
 way - ward feet, — Thou who dost pre - sent me fault - less
 and sub - due; With Thy sanc - ti - fy - ing pow - er
 in Thy face, Thou canst make me stand, up - hold - en



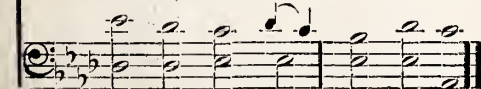
- Ev - 'ry day and ev - 'ry hour Of Thy won - drous grace I sing,
 In Thy right - eous - ness com - plete, Je - sus, Lord, in know - ing Thee,
 Per - me - ate my spi - rit through; Let Thy go - vern - ment in - crease,
 By the great - ness of Thy grace; Ev - 'ry pro - mise of Thy word



Org.



- Sa - viour, Coun - sel - lor and King.
 Oh, what strength and vic - to - ry!
 Ri - sen, crown - ed, Prince of Peace.
 Now I claim from Thee, dear Lord.



5. Oh! what joy to trust Thee, Jesus,
 Mighty victor o'er the grave,
 And to learn amid earth's shadows
 Thine unceasing power to save!
 Only those who prove Thee know
 What the grace Thou dost bestow.

6. Make my life a bright outshining
 Of Thy life, that all may see
 Thine own resurrection power
 Mightily put forth in me;
 Ever let my heart become
 Yet more consciously Thy home.

By permission Hymns of C. & F.

Jean Sophia Pigott.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

370 IF GOD HIMSELF BE FOR ME.

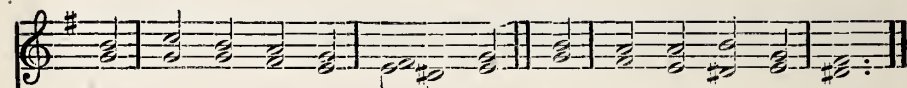
GERMAN CHORALE.




1. If God Him - self be - for me, I may a host de - fy;
2. And that, what - e'er be - tide me, My Sa - viour is at hand,



For, when I pray, be - fore me My foes con - found - ed fly.
Thro' storm - y seas to guide me, And bring me safe to land.



This I be - lieve, yea, ra - ther— Of this I make my boast—
I build on this foun - da - tion, That Je - sus and His blood



That God is my dear Fa - ther, The Friend who loves me most:
A - lone are my sal - va - tion, The true, e - ter - nal good.

By permission Hymns of C. & F.

3 His Holy Spirit dwelleth
Within my willing heart,
Tames it when it rebelleth,
And soothes the keenest smart;
And when my soul is lying
Weak, trembling, and oppressed,
He pleads with groans and sighing
That cannot be expressed.

4 To mine His Spirit speaketh
Sweet words of soothing power,
How God, for him that seeketh
For rest, hath rest in store.
There God Himself prepareth
My heritage and lot,
And though my body weareth,
My heaven shall fail me not.

Paul Gerhardt.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

FADE, FADE, EACH EARTHLY JOY. 6, 4, 6.

THEODORE E. PERKINS.

1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy; Je-sus is mine. Break every tender tie; Je-sus is mine.

Dark is the wilderness, Earth has no resting-place, Jesus a-lone can bless; Jesus is mine.

371 *Jesus is mine.*

1 FADE, fade, each earthly joy;

Jesus is mine.

Break every tender tie;

Jesus is mine.

Dark is the wilderness,

Earth has no resting-place,

Jesus alone can bless;

Jesus is mine.

2 Tempt not my soul away;

Jesus is mine.

Here would I ever stay;

Jesus is mine.

Perishing things of clay,

Born but for one brief day,

Pass from my heart away;

Jesus is mine.

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night;

Jesus is mine.

Lost in this dawning bright,

Jesus is mine.

All that my soul has tried

Left but a dismal void;

Jesus has satisfied;

Jesus is mine.

4 Farewell, mortality;

Jesus is mine.

Welcome, eternity;

Jesus is mine.

Welcome, O loved and blest,

Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,

Welcome, my Saviour's breast;

Jesus is mine.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar.

372 *I give myself to Thee.*

1 SAVIOUR, who died for me,

I give myself to thee;

Thy love, so full, so free,

Claims all my powers.

Be this my purpose high,

To serve thee till I die,

Whether my path shall lie

'Mid thorns or flowers.

2 But, Lord, the flesh is weak;

Thy gracious aid I seek,

For thou the word must speak,

That makes me strong.

Then let me hear thy voice,

Thou art my only choice;

O bid my heart rejoice,

Be thou my song.

3 May it be joy to me

To follow only thee;

Thy faithful servant be,

Thine to the end.

For thee, I'll do and dare,

For thee, the cross I'll bear,

To thee direct my prayer,

On thee depend.

4 Saviour, with me abide;

Be ever near my side;

Support, defend, and guide;

I look to thee.

I lay my hand in thine,

And fleeting joys resign,

If I may call thee mine

Eternally.

Miss Mary J. Mason.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE. BLESSED ASSURANCE.

MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. Blessed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! O, what a fore - taste of glo - ry di -

vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God, Born of his Spir - it, washed in his blood.

CHORUS.

This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day

long: This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long.

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Blessed assurance.

2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture burst on my sight,
Angels descending, bring from above,
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blest,
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with his goodness, lost in his love.
Fanny J. Crosby.

THE SOLID ROCK.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and right - eous - ness;

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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.
THE SOLID ROCK. *Concluded.*

CHORUS.

I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name. On Christ, the Sol-id

Rock I stand; All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

374 *The sure foundation.*

- 2 When darkness veils his lovely face
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.
- 3 His oath, his covenant, his blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;

When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

- 4 When he shall come with trumpet sound,
O, may I then in him be found;
Drest in his righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne!

Edward Mote.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11, 10.

SAMUEL WEBBE.

1. Come, ye discon- so-late, where'er ye languish; Come to the mercy-seat, fer- vently kneel;

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

375 *Come, ye desolate.*

- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that Heaven can-
not cure."

- 3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from
above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can re-
move.

Thomas Moore

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

HE LEADETH ME. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. He leaeth me! O blessed thought! O words with heavenly comfort fraught! Whate'er I do, wher-

CHORUS.
e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leaeth me. He leaeth me, he leaeth me, By

his own hand he leaeth me: His faithful follower I would be, For by his hand he leaeth me.

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He leaeth me.

- 2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis his hand that leaeth me!
- 3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,

Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leaeth me!

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leaeth me.

J. H. Gilmore.

SEYMOUR. 7.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre-pare, Je-sus loves to answer prayer; He him-self in-rites thee near, Bids thee ask him, waits to hear.

377 *Encouragements to pray.*

- 2 Lord, I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 3 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;

As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

4 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith.
Let me die thy people's death.

John Newton.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gen - tle breast. There by his love o'er -
 2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care, Safe from the world's temp -

CHO.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gen - tle breast, There by his love o'er -

rit. *FINE.*
 shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest. Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels,
 - ta - tions, Sin can - not harm me there. Free from the blight of sor - row,
 shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.

D. C. for CHORUS.
 Borne in a song to me, O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.
 Free from my doubts and fears; On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears!

Copyright, 1870, in Song of Devotion, by W. H. Doane.

378 *Sweetly resting.*

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
 Jesus has died for me;
 Firm on the Rock of Ages,
 Ever my trust shall be.

Here let me wait with patience,
 Wait till the night is o'er;
 Wait till I see the morning
 Break on the golden shore. CHO.

Fanny J. Crosby.

SAVIOUR, TEACH ME.

ANON.

1. Saviour, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet lesson to o - bey; Sweeter lesson cannot be—Loving him who first loved me.

379 *Love's sweet lesson.*

2 With a childlike heart of love,
 At thy bidding may I move;
 Prompt to serve and follow thee,
 Loving him who first loved me.
 3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
 Strong to follow in thy grace.

Learning how to love from thee,
 Loving him who first loved me.

4 Thus may I rejoice to show
 That I feel the love I owe;
 Singing, till Thy face I see,
 Of his love who first loved me.

Jane E. Leeson.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

RETREAT. L. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



380

The mercy-seat.

1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes.
There is a calm, a sure retreat:
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet:
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend:

Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed;
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

Hugh Stowell.

3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,
Though thought be broken, language lame;
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak:
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

4 Depend on him; thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known:
Fear not; his merits must prevail:
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

Joseph Hart

382

Blessings of prayer.

1 WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud with-
draw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw:
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to
fight;
Prayer keeps the Christian's armor
bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Were half the breath that's vainly
spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

William Cowper.

381

Design of prayer.

1 PRAYER is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians
pray;
They learn to pray when first they live.

2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject, if sin distress;
In every case, still watch and pray.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

DULCETTA. S, 7.

FROM LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN.

1. Sweet the moments, rich in bless - ing, Which be - fore the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace pos - sess-ing, From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend.

383

Before His cross.

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.
- 3 Here it is I find my heaven
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.
- 4 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
- 5 Here in tender, grateful sorrow
With my Saviour will I stay;
Here new hope and strength will borrow;
Here will love my fears away.

James Allen, alt. by Walter Shirley.

384

Lo, I am with you always.

- 1 ALWAYS with us, always with us;—
Words of cheer and words of love;
Thus the risen Saviour whispers,
From his dwelling-place above.
With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much, and reaping none;
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.
- 2 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stillling every anxious fear,

With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream;
Lighting up the steps to glory
With salvation's radiant beam.

Edwin H. Nevins.

385

Life of life.

- 1 LABORING and heavy laden,
Wanting help in time of need,
Fainting by the way from hunger,
"Bread of life!" on thee we feed.
- 2 Thirsting for the springs of waters
That, by love's eternal law,
From the stricken Rock are flowing,
"Well of life!" from thee we draw.
- 3 In the land of cloud and shadow,
Where no human eye can see,
Light to those who sit in darkness,
"Light of life!" we walk in thee.
- 4 Thou the grace of life supplying,
Thou the crown of life wilt give;
Dead to sin, and daily dying,
"Life of life!" in thee we live.

John B. B. Monsell.

Doxology.

PRaise the God of our salvation;
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation;
Praise the Spirit from above,
Author of the new creation,
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give!

Joshiah Conder, alt.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

SPANISH HYMN. 7. D.

SPANISH MELODY.

1. { Saviour, when, in dust, to thee Low we bend the adoring knee:
When, repentant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weeping eyes; } O by all the pains and woe Suffered once for man below,
D. C. Bending from thy throne on high, Hear our solemn litany!

FINE.

D. C.

386

The Litany.

1 SAVIOUR, when, in dust, to thee
Low we bend the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
O by all the pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany!

2 By thy helpless infant years;
By thy life of want and tears;
By thy days of sore distress,
In the savage wilderness;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power;
Turn, O turn a favoring eye,
Hear our solemn litany!

3 By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;

By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within thy fold;
From thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn litany!

4 By thine hour of dire despair;
By thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany!

5 By thy deep, expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God;
O from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany!

Sir Robert Grant.

BLUMENTHAL. 7. D.

JACOB BLUMENTHAL.

1st. 2d.

1. { Saviour, when, in dust, to thee Low we bend the adoring knee:
When, repentant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weeping eyes; } O by all the
pains and woe Suffered once for man below, Bending from thy throne on high, Hear our solemn litany!

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

BETHANY. 6, 4, 6.

LOWELL MASON.

1. { Nearer, my God, to thee! Nearer to thee, }
 { 'E'en though it be a cross [Omit] That raiseth me; Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee,
 D. C. Nearer, my God, to thee, [Omit Near-er to thee!

387 *Nearer, my God, to thee.*

2 Though like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear,
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that thou sendest me,
 In mercy given;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
 Bright with thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.

MORE LOVE TO THEE. 6, 4, 6.

WILLIAM HOWARD DOANE.

1. More love to thee, O Christ, More love to thee! Hear thou the prayer I make, On bended knee;

This is my earnest plea, More love, O Christ, to thee, More love to thee! More love to thee!

388 *More love to Thee.*

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
 Sought peace and rest;
 Now thee alone I seek,
 Give what is best:
 This all my prayer shall be,
 More love, O Christ, to thee.
 More love to thee!

3 Then shall my latest breath
 Whisper thy praise;
 This be the parting cry
 My heart shall raise,
 This still its prayer shall be,
 More love, O Christ, to thee,
 More love to thee!

Mrs. Elizabeth P. Prentiss

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M. D.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1st. 2d. FINE.

1. { Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my want and (Omit.) wishes known! }
D. O. And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet (Omit.) hour of prayer.

D. C.

In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,

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389 Sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer.

Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless :
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,

May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise,
To seize the everlasting prize:
And shout, while passing through the air,

Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

William W. Walford.

HENDON. 7.

ABRAHAM HENRI CESAR MALAN.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

390 *God every-where.*

1 THEY who seek the throne of grace,
Find that throne in every place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present every-where.

2 In our sickness or our health,
In our want or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present every-where.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer;
God is present every-where.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait
To thy Father come and wait;
He will answer every prayer;
God is present every-where.

Oliver Holden, Alt.

Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are traveling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banished seed, be glad;
Christ our Advocate is made:
Us to save our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light;
Zion's city is in sight;
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

5 Feart not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

6 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

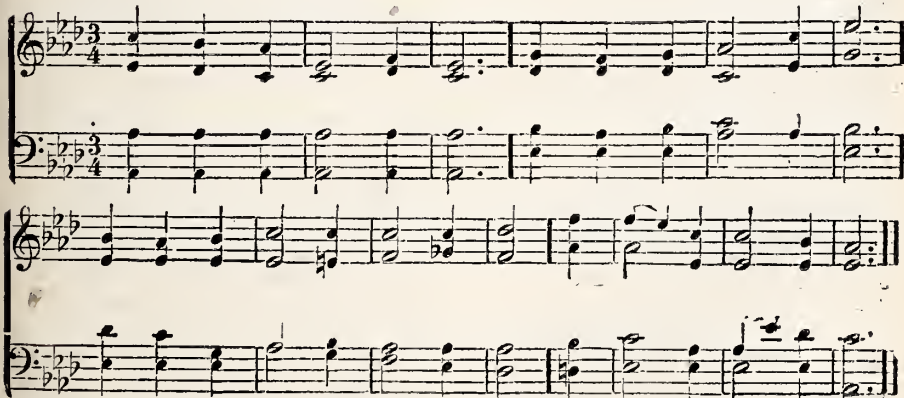
John Cennick.

391 *The pilgrim's song.*

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing;

GREENWOOD. S. M.

JOS. E. SWEETSER.



392 *The throne of grace.*

1 BEHOLD the throne of grace;
The promise calls us near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold?

3 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love,
That we may serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

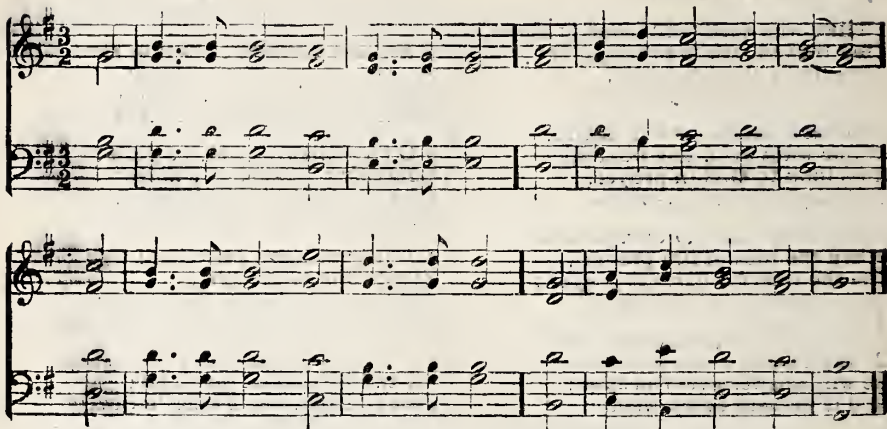
4 Teach us to live by faith,
Conform our wills to thine;
Let us victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

John Newton.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE.



393 *Evening—solitude.*

- 1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

Mrs. Phœbe H. Brown.

394 *What is prayer?*

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

- 4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"
- 5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 6 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray!

James Montgomery.

395 *Talking with God.*

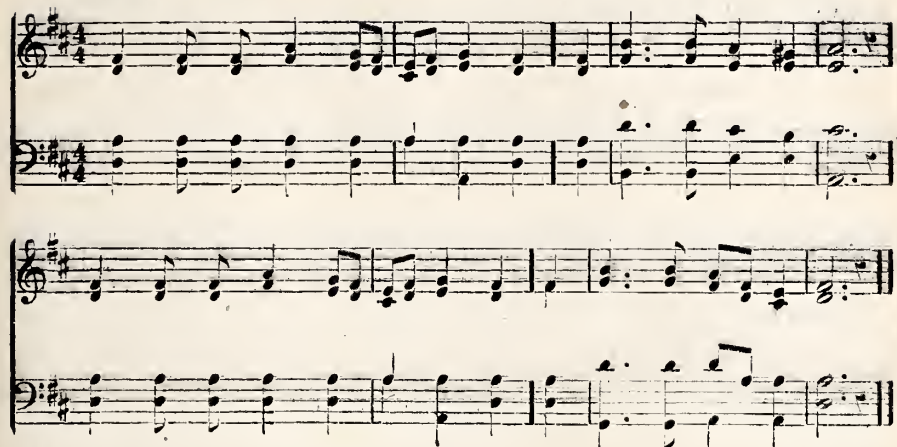
- 1 TALK with us, Lord, thyself reveal.
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.
- 2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.
- 3 Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to
stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.
- 4 Thou callest me to seek thy face,—
'Tis all I wish to seek;
To attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.
- 5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.

Charles Wesley.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

NAOMI. C. M.

HANS GEORGE NÄGELI, ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.



396

Prayer.

1 PRAYER is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came :
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.

2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast :
Yields comfort to the mourners here,
And to the weary rest.

3 When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear ;
To him there's music in a groan,
And beauty in a tear.

4 The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since He for sinners intercedes,
Who once for sinners died.

Benjamin Beddome.

397

Triumphant joy.

1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights !

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun ;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,

If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe ;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqueror through.

Isaac Watts.

398

Praise delightful.

1 My Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace ?

2 I trust in thy eternal word :
Thy goodness I adore :
Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord,
That I may love thee more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length,
Of the celestial road ;
And march with courage in thy strength
To see the Lord my God.

4 Awake ! awake ! my tuneful powers,
With this delightful song ;
And entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

Isaac Watts, alt.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

ST. CATHERINE. L. M. 61.

ADAPTED BY J. G. WALTON.

1. O wondrous power of faith - ful prayer ! What tongue can tell the al-might - y grace ?

God's hands or bound or o - pen are, As Mo - ses or E - li - jah prays :

Let Mo - ses in the Spir - it groan, And God cries out, "Let me a - lone !

399 *The power of prayer.*

1 O WONDROUS power of faithful prayer !
What tongue can tell the almighty grace ?
God's hands or bound or open are,
As Moses or Elijah prays ;
Let Moses in the Spirit groan,
And God cries out, "Let me alone !

2 "Let me alone, that all my wrath
May rise the wicked to consume ;
While justice hears thy praying faith,
It cannot seal the sinner's doom :
My Son is in my servant's prayer,
And Jesus forces me to spare."

3 Father, we ask in Jesus' name,
In Jesus' power and spirit pray,
Divert thy vengeful thunder's aim,
O turn thy threatening wrath away !
Our guilt and punishment remove,
And magnify thy pardoning love.

4 Father, regard thy pleading Son !
Accept his all-availing prayer,
And send a peaceful answer down,
In honor of our Spokesman there,
Whose blood proclaims our sins forgiven,
And speaks thy rebels up to heaven.

Charles Wesley.

400 *Jesus all, and in all.*

1 THOU hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am while thou art mine : -
And lo ! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.

2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above :
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love :
To me, with thy great name, are given
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

3 Jesus, my all in all thou art ;
My rest in toil, my ease in pain ;
The medicine of my broken heart ;
In war, my peace ; in loss, my gain ;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown ;
In shame, my glory and my crown :

4 In want, my plentiful supply ;
In weakness, my almighty power ;
In bonds, my perfect liberty ;
My light, in Satan's darkest hour ;
In grief, my joy unspeakable ;
My life in death, my all in all.

Charles Wesley.

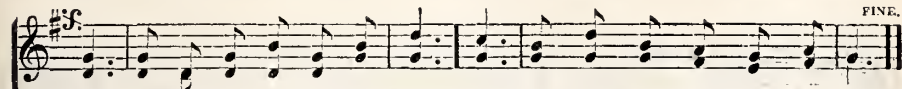
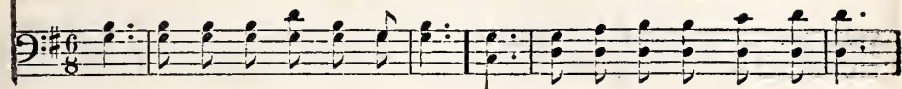
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

CONTRAST. 8.

LEWIS EDSON.



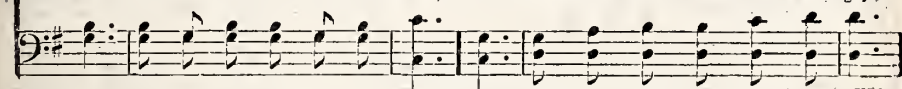
1. How te - dious and taste - less the hours When Je - sus no long - er I see!



Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers, Have all lost their sweetness to me;
D. S. But when I am hap - py in him, De - cem - ber's as pleas - ant as May.



The mid-sum - mer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;



401 *Preciousness of Jesus.*

1 How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet
flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me;
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 My Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.
John Newton.

402 *Longing for closer communion.*

1 THOU Shepherd of Israel, and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine,
I long to reside where thou art;
The pasture I languish to find,
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy bosom reclined,
And screened from the heat of the day.

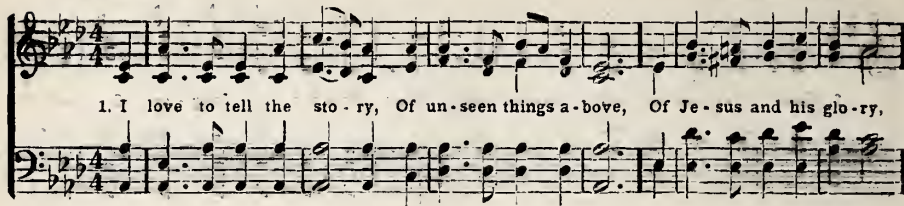
2 'Tis there, with the lambs of thy flock,
There only, I covet to rest;
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast:
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart,
Concealed in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thy heart.

Charles Wesley.

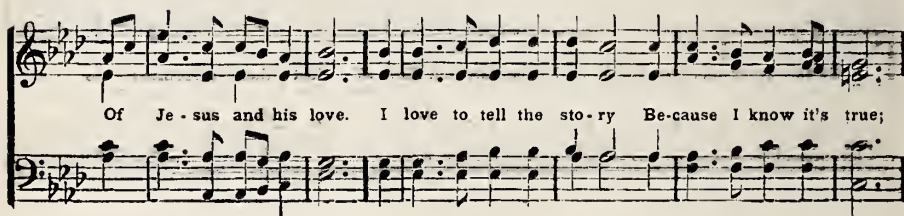
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

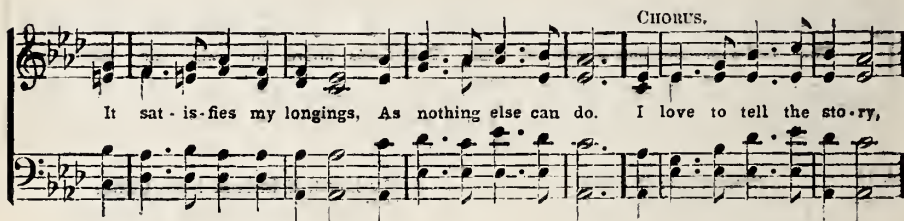
WILLIAM G. FISCHER.



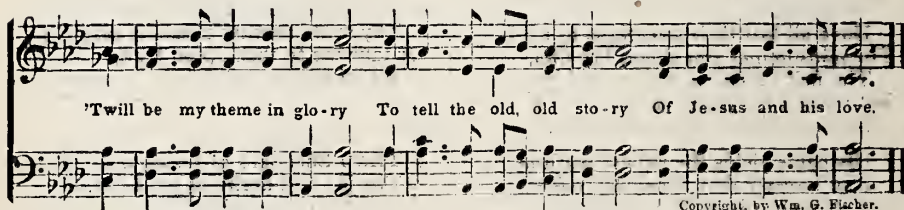
1. I love to tell the sto-ry, Of un-seen things a-bove, Of Je-sus and his glo-ry,



Of Je-sus and his love. I love to tell the sto-ry Be-cause I know it's true;



CHORUS.
It sat-is-fies my longings, As nothing else can do. I love to tell the sto-ry,



'Twill be my theme in glo-ry To tell the old, old sto-ry Of Je-sus and his love.

Copyright, by Wm. G. Fischer.

403 *I love to tell the story.*

2 I love to tell the story ;
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.

I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me ;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story ;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.

I love to tell the story ;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.

4 I love to tell the story ;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.

Catharine Hankey.

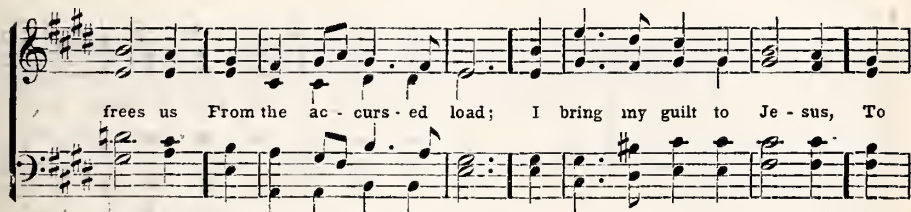
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

ST. HILDA. 7, 6.

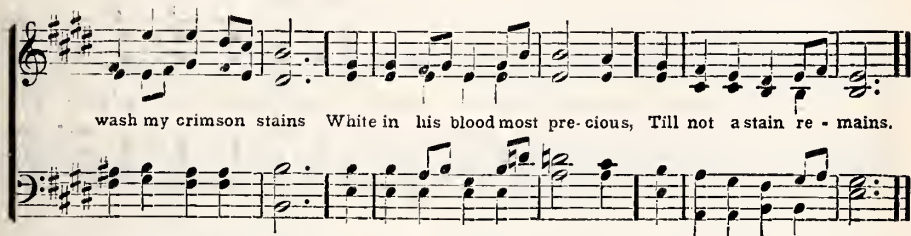
J. HL KNECHT. and REV. EDWARD HUSBAND.



1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God; He bears them all, and



frees us From the ac - curs - ed load; I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To



wash my crimson stains White in his blood most pre - cious, Till not a stain re - mains.

404 I lay my sins on Jesus.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus:
All fullness dwells in him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on his breast recline:
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild:
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child:
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
And learn the angels' song.

Horatius Bonar.

405 Never separated from Christ.

1 I KNOW no life divided,
O Lord of life, from thee;
In thee is life provided
For all mankind and me:
I know no death, O Jesus,
Because I live in thee;
Thy death it is which frees us
From death eternally.

2 I fear no tribulation,
Since, whatsoe'er it be,
It makes no separation
Between my Lord and me.
If thou, my God and Teacher,
Vouchsafe to be my own,
Though poor, I shall be richer
Than monarch on his throne.

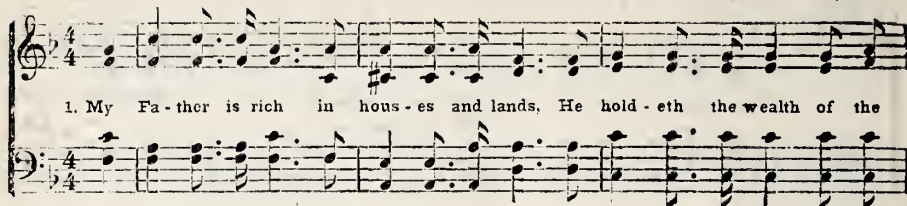
3 If, while on earth I wander,
My heart is light and blest,
Ah, what shall I be yonder,
In perfect peace and rest?
O blessed thought! in dying
We go to meet the Lord,
Where there shall be no sighing,
A kingdom our reward.

Carl J. P. Spitta. Tr. by R. Massie.

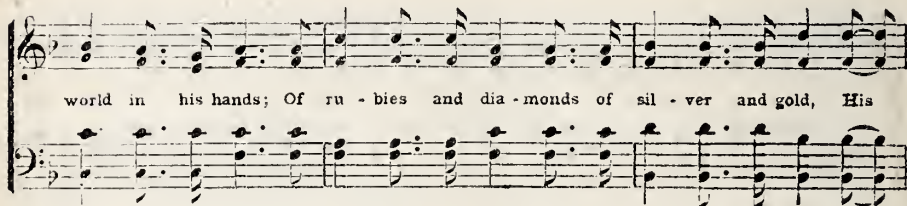
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CHILD OF A KING.

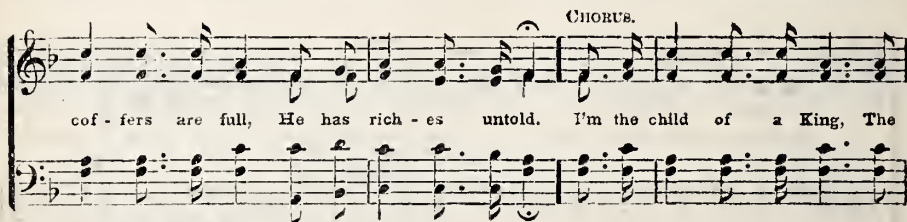
REV. JOHN B. SUMNER, ARR.



1. My Fa-ther is rich in hous-es and lands, He hold-eth the wealth of the



world in his hands; Of ru-bies and dia-monds of sil-ver and gold, His



CHORUS.
cof-fers are full, He has rich-es untold. I'm the child of a King, The



child of a King; With Je-sus my Sav-iour, I'm the child of a King.

Copyright, 1882, by Biglow & Main.

406

Joint heirs with Christ.

2 My Father's own Son, who saves us from sin,
Once wandered on earth as the poorest of men;
But now he is reigning forever on high,
And will give me a home with himself by-and-by.—CHO.

3 I once was an outcast stranger on earth,
A sinner by choice, and an "alien" by birth;
But I've been "adopted," my name's written down,
An heir to a mansion, a robe and a crown.—CHO.

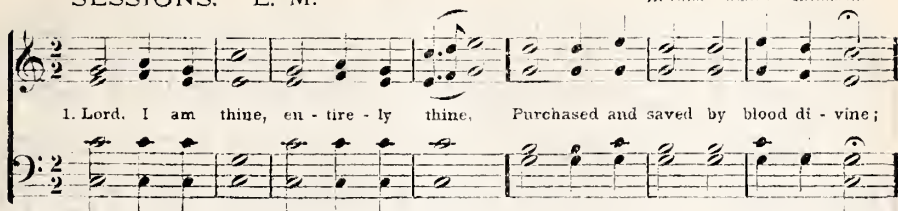
4 A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
They're building a palace for me over there;
Though exiled from home, yet my heart still may sing:
All glory to God, I'm the child of a King.—CHO.

Hattie E. Buell, arr.

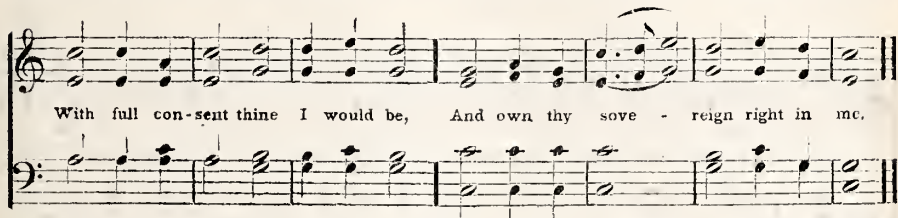
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

SESSIONS. L. M.

LUTHER ORLANDO EMERSON.



1. Lord. I am thine, en - tire - ly thine, Purchased and saved by blood di - vine;



With full con - sent thine I would be, And own thy sove - reign right in me.

407 *The vow sealed at the cross.*

1 LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

4 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

5 Do thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform:
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

Samuel Davies.

408 *Thirsting for perfect love.*

1 I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee:
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quickening Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move;
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?

6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

Nicolaus L. Zinzendorf. Tr. by J. Wesley.

409 *The Lord is my portion.*—Iam. 3: 24.

1 O LOVE, thy sovereign aid impart,
And guard the gift thyself hast given:
My portion thou, my treasure art,
My life, and happiness, and heaven.

2 Would aught on earth my wishes share?
Though dear as life the idol be,
The idol from my breast I'd tear,
Resolved to seek my all in thee.

3 Whate'er I fondly counted mine,
To thee, my Lord, I here restore;
Gladly I all for thee resign;
Give me thyself, I ask no more.

Charles Wesley.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

PRECIOUS PROMISE.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Precious promise God hath given To the weary pass-er by, On the way from earth to

REFRAIN.
hea-ven, "I will guide thee with Mine eye." I will guide thee, I will guide thee, I will

guide thee with Mine eye; On the way from earth to hea-ven, I will guide thee with Mine eye.

By per. of The John Church Co., owners of the Copyright.

410 *Exceeding great promises.*

- 2 When temptations almost win thee,
And thy trusted watchers fly,
Let this promise ring within thee,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."—REF.
- 3 When thy secret hopes have perished,
In the grave of years gone by,

- Let this promise still be cherished.
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."—REF.
- 4 When the shades of life are falling,
And the hour has come to die,
Hear thy trusty Pilot calling,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."—REF.

Nathaniel Niles.

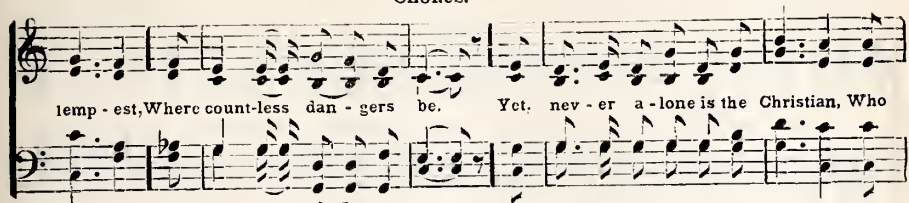
NEVER ALONE.

FERD. SUCHER.

1 Far out on the desolate bil-low, The sai-lor sails the sea. A-lone with the night and the

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

CHORUS.



temp - est, Where count-less dan - gers be. Yet, nev - er a - lone is the Christian, Who



lives by faith and prayer; For God is a friend un - fail - ing, And God is ev - ery - where.

411 *Always with us.*

- 2 Far down in the earth's dark bosom,
The miner mines the ore;
Death lurks in the dark behind him,
And hides in the rock before. CHO.
- 3 Forth into the dreadful battle
The steadfast soldier goes,

No friend, when he lies a dying
His eyes to tenderly close. CHO.

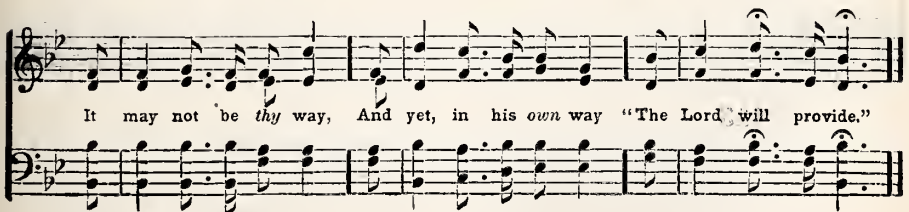
- 4 Lord, grant as we sail life's ocean,
Or delve in its mines of woe;
Or fight in its terrible conflict,
This comfort all to know. That never, &c.
Rossiter W. Raymond.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

C. S. HARRINGTON, by per. E. TOURJEE.



1. In some way or oth - er The Lord will provide; It may not be *my* way,



It may not be *thy* way, And yet, in his *own* way "The Lord will provide."

412 *Thy way not mine.*

- 2 At some time or other
The Lord will provide;
It may not be *my* time,
It may not be *thy* time,
And yet, in his *own* time,
"The Lord will provide."
- 3 Despond then no longer;
The Lord will provide;
And this be the token—

No word he hath spoken
Was ever yet broken,—
"The Lord will provide."

- 4 March on, then, right boldly;
The sea shall divide;
The pathway made glorious,
With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus,
"The Lord will provide."

Mrs. M. A. W. Cooke.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

WHITER THAN SNOW.

WM. G. FISCHER, 1872.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want thee for - ev - er, to

live in my soul; Break down ev - ery i - dol, cast out ev - ery foe; Now

CHORUS.

wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whit - er than snow, yes,

whit - er than snow; Now wash me. and I shall be whit - er than snow.

Copyright, 1871, by Wm. G. Fischer.

413 *Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.*

2 Lord Jesus, look down from thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself, and whatever I know—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. CHO.

3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;
I wait, blessed Lord, at thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. CHO.

4 Lord Jesus, thou seest I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought thee, thou never said'st No—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. CHO.

James Nicholson.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Nei - ther sil - ver nor gold; I would make sure of

heav - en, I would en - ter the fold. In the book of thy king - dom, With its pa - ges so

CHORUS.
fair, Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Is my name writ - ten there? Is my name written

there, On the page white and fair? In the book of thy kingdom, Is my name written there?

414 "Your names are written in heaven."

2 Lord, my sins they are many,
Like the sands of the sea,
But thy blood, oh, my Saviour!
Is sufficient for me;
For thy promise is written,
In bright letters that glow,
"Though your sins be as scarlet,
I will make them like snow."
CHO.—Yes, my name's written there,
On the page white and fair;
In the book of thy kingdom.
Yes, my name's written there.

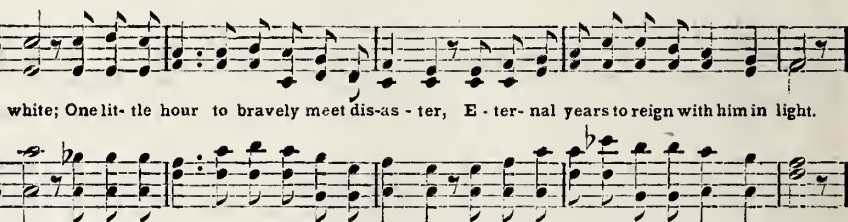
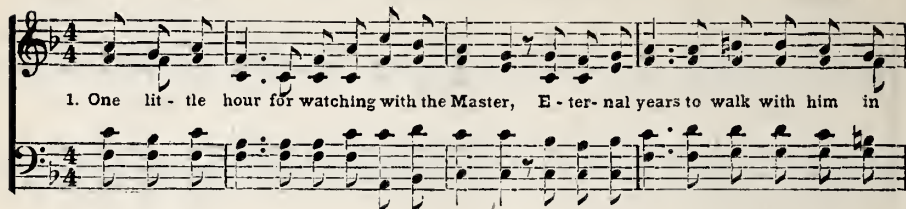
3 Oh! that beautiful city,
With its mansions of light,
With its glorified beings,
In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh,
To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching,
Yes, my name's written there.
CHO.—Yes, my name's written there,
On the page white and fair;
In the book of thy kingdom,
Yes, my name's written there.

Mrs. Mary A. Kidder.

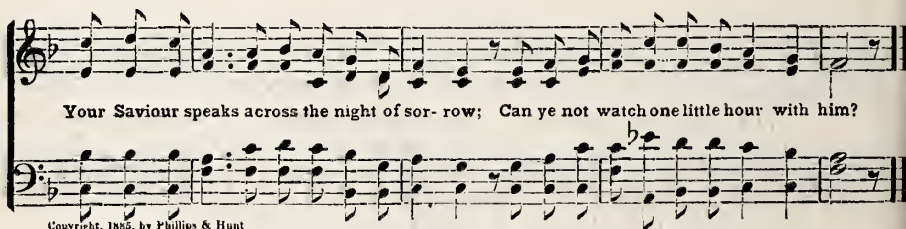
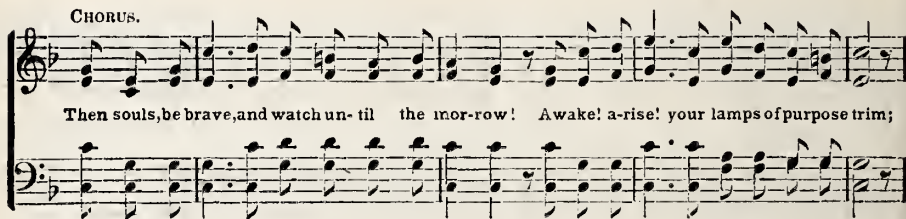
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

CAN YE NOT WATCH ONE LITTLE HOUR?

GEO. C. STEBBINS



CHORUS.



Copyright, 1885, by Phillips & Hunt

415

Watching with Jesus.

2 One little hour to suffer scorn and losses,
Eternal years beyond earth's cruel frowns;
One little hour to carry heavy crosses,
Eternal years to wear unfading crowns.

CHO.—Then souls, be brave, and watch until the morrow! &c.

3 One little hour for weary toils and trials,
Eternal years for calm and peaceful rest;
One little hour for patient self-denials,
Eternal years of life where life is blest.

CHO.—Then souls, be brave, and watch until the morrow! &c.

Jessie H. Brown.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin. Each vic-t'ry will help you

Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward. Dark pas-sions sub-due,

CHORUS.
Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through. Ask the Saviour to help you.

Comfort, strengthen, and keep you: He is will-ing to aid you. He will car-ry you through.

Copyright, 1868, by H. R. Palmer.

416 *Resisting evil.*

2 Shun evil companions,
Bad language disdain,
God's name hold in reverence,
Nor take it in vain;
Be thoughtful and earnest,
Kindhearted and true.
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

CHO.-Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you,
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

3 To him that o'ercometh
God giveth a crown,
Through faith we shall conquer,
Though often cast down;
He who is our Saviour,
Our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

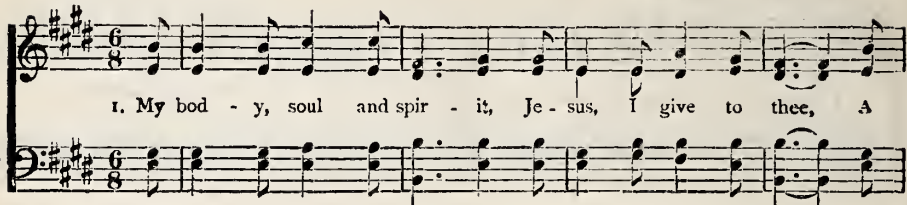
CHO.-Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you,
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

H. R. Palmer.

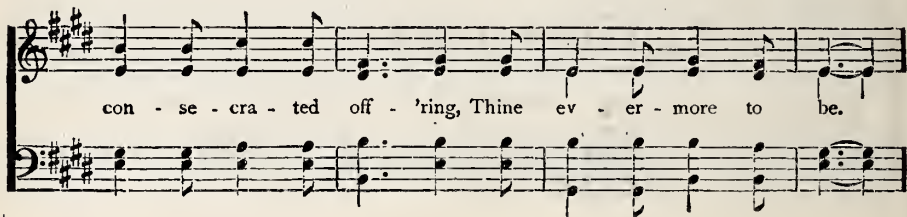
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CONSECRATION.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

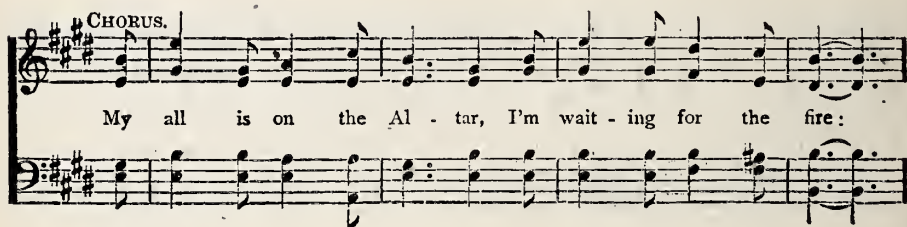


1. My bod - y, soul and spir - it, Je - sus, I give to thee, A



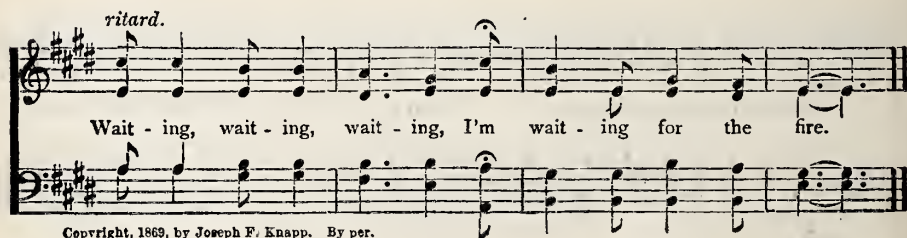
con - se - cra - ted off - 'ring, Thine ev - er - more to be.

CHORUS.



My all is on the Al - tar, I'm wait - ing for the fire:

ritard.



Wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing, I'm wait - ing for the fire.

Copyright, 1869, by Joseph F. Knapp. By per.

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- 1 My body, soul and spirit,
Jesus, I give to thee,
A consecrated offering,
Thine evermore to be.—CHO.
- 2 O, Jesus, mighty Saviour,
I trust in thy great name,
I look for thy salvation,
Thy promise now I claim.—CHO.

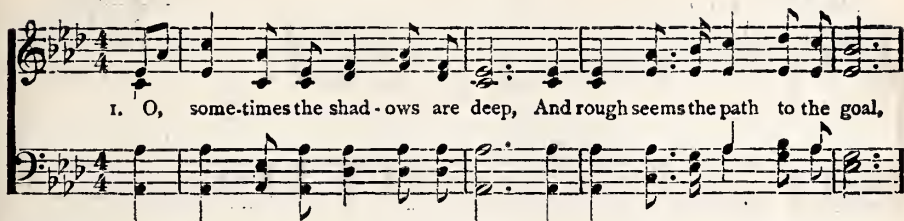
- 3 O, let the fire descending
Just now upon my soul,
Consume my humble offering,
And cleanse and make me whole.—CHO.
- 4 I am thine, O blessed Jesus,
Washed by thy cleansing blood;
Now seal me by thy Spirit
A sacrifice to God.—CHO.

Mary D. James.

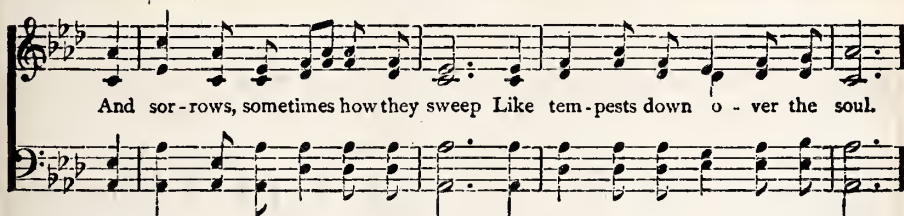
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THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I.

WM. G. FISCHER.

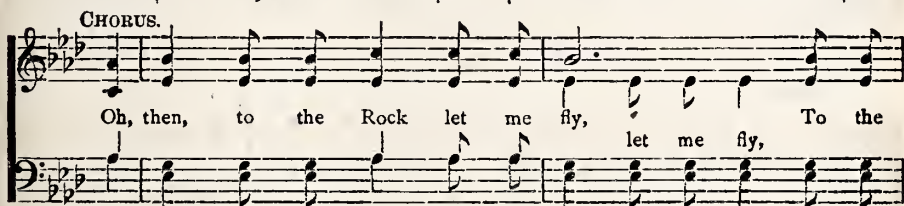


1. O, some-times the shad - ows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,

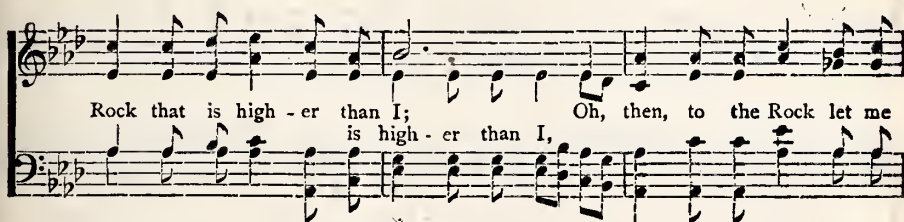


And sor - rows, sometimes how they sweep Like tem - pests down o - ver the soul.

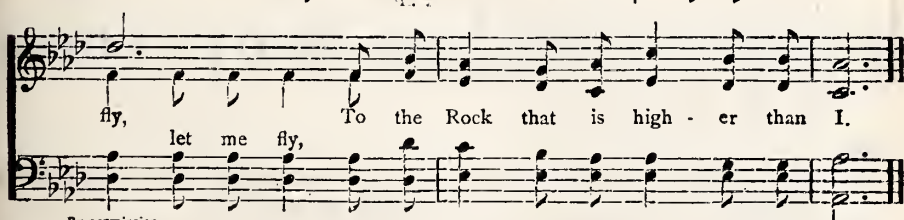
CHORUS.



Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the



Rock that is high - er than I; Oh, then, to the Rock let me
is high - er than I,



fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than I.

By permission.

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2 Oh, sometimes how long seems the day,
And sometimes how weary my feet;
But toiling in life's dusty way,
The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!

3 Oh, near to the Rock let me keep,
Or blessings, or sorrows prevail;
Or climbing the mountain-way steep,
Or walking the shadowy vale.

E. Johnson.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

TELL IT TO JESUS ALONE. P. M.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Are you wea-ry, are you heav-y - heart-ed? Tell it to Je - sus, tell it to Je - sus.

Are you grieving o - ver joys de - part - ed? Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

CHORUS.

Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus, He is a Friend that's well-known:

You have no oth - er such a friend or broth - er, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

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419

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Do the tears flow down your cheeks
unbidden?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus.
Have you sins that to man's eye are hidden?
Tell it to Jesus alone.</p> <p>3 Do you fear the gathering clouds of
sorrow?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus.</p> | <p>Are you anxious what shall be to-morrow?
Tell it to Jesus alone.</p> <p>4 Are you troubled at the thought of dy-
ing?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus.
For Christ's coming kingdom are you
sighing?
Tell it to Jesus alone.</p> |
|--|---|

J. E. Rankin, D.D.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

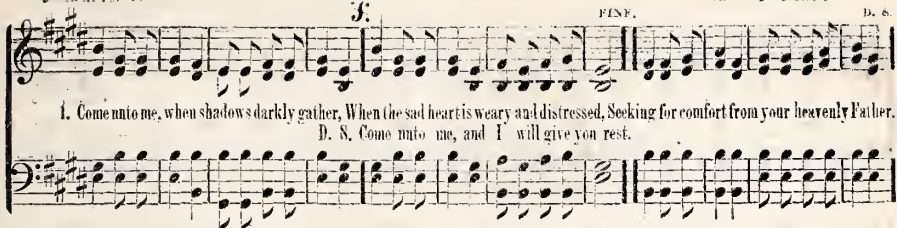
HENLEY. 11, 10.

LOWELL MASON.

3.

FINE.

D. 8.



1. Come unto me, when shadows darkly gather, When the sad heart is weary and distressed, Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father.
D. 8. Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

420

Rest for the weary.

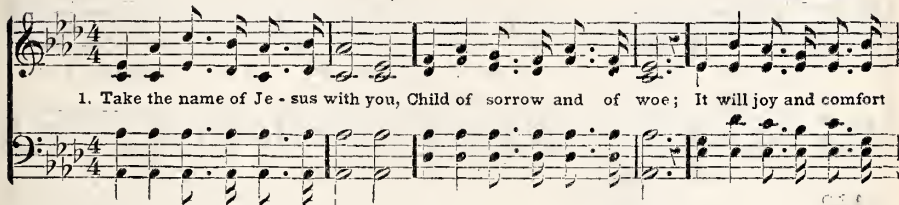
2 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,

Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

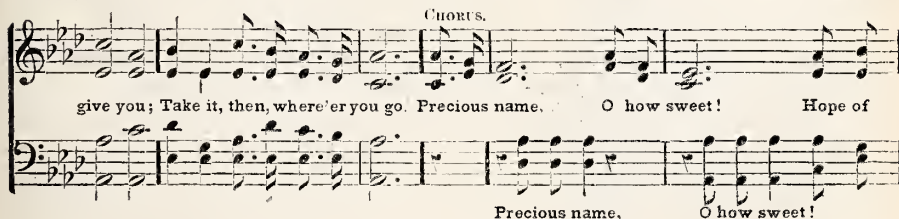
3 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed;
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.
Unknown.

PRECIOUS NAME. 8, 7.

WILLIAM HOWARD DOANE.

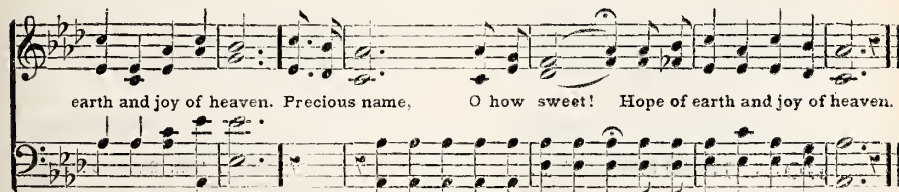


1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sorrow and of woe; It will joy and comfort



give you; Take it, then, where'er you go. Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of

Precious name, O how sweet!



earth and joy of heaven. Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

421

The precious name.

2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.
3 O the precious name of Jesus!
How it thrills our souls with joy.

When his loving arms receive us,
And his songs our tongues employ!

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at his feet;
King of kings in heaven we'll crown him,
When our journey is complete.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

REFUGE. 7. D.

JOSEPH F. HOLMOOK.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, While the
near - er waters roll, While the tem - pest still is high! Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the haven guide, O receive my soul at last!

422

The only refuge.

1 JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!
2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing!

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound:
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

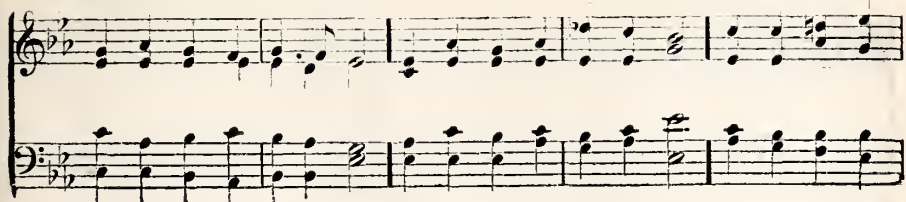
Charles Wesley.

HOLLINGSIDE. 7. D.

REV. JOHN BACCHUS DYKE.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

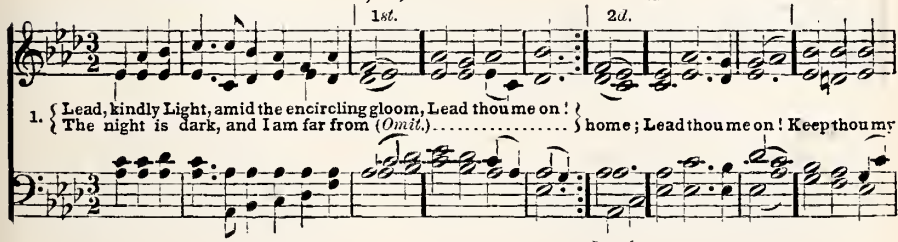
HOLLINGSIDE. —Concluded.



By permission Hymns H. & M.

LUX BENIGNA. 10, 4, 10.

REV. JOHN BACCHUS DYER.



1. { Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom, Lead thou me on! }
 { The night is dark, and I am far from (Omit.)..... } home; Lead thou me on! Keep thou my



feet; I do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me.

423

Lead, kindly Light.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
 Shouldst lead me on;
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now
 Lead thou me on!
 I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will. Remember not past
 years!

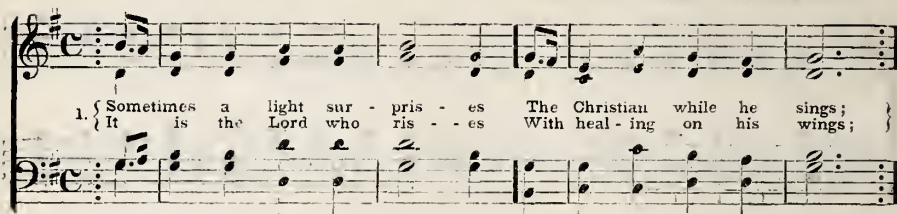
3 So long thy power hath blest me, sure it
 still
 Will lead me on
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone,
 And with the morn those angel faces smile
 Which I have loved long since, and lost
 awhile!

John H. Newman.
 By permission Hymns H. & M.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

ENDSLEIGH. 7, 6.

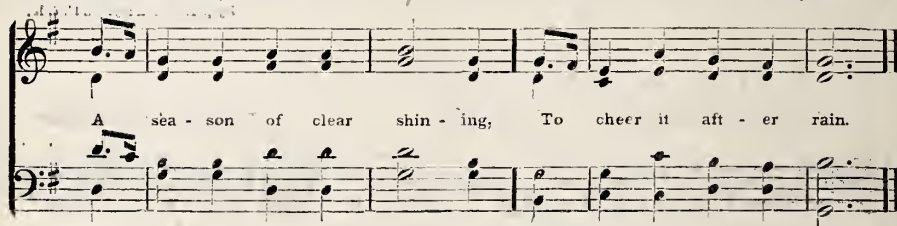
S. SALVATORE.



1. { Sometimes a light sur - pris - es The Christian while he sings ; }
It is the Lord who ris - es With heal - ing on his wings ; }



When com - forts are de - clin - - ing, He grants the soul a - gain



A sea - son of clear shin - ing, To cheer it aft - er rain.

424 *Peace and joy.*

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new :
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through ;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too :
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed ;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there ;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice ;
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

William Cowper.

425 *I will fear no change.*

1 In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear ;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed ?

2 Wherever he may guide me,
No want shall turn me back ;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.

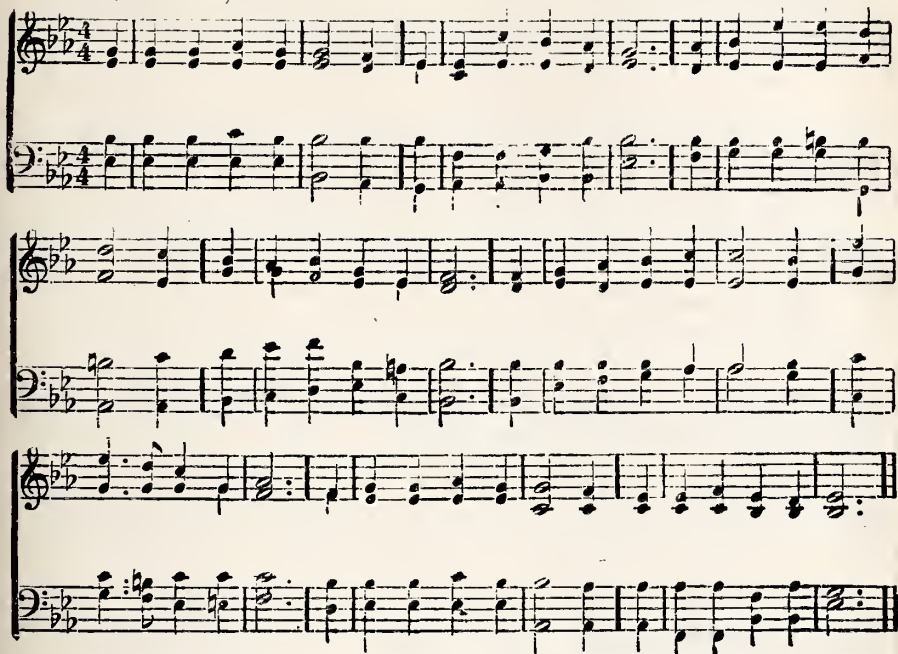
3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen ;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Saviour has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

Anna L. Waring.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

AURELIA. 7, 6.

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY.



426 *No cause for fear.*

1 GOD is my strong salvation,
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help, is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm in the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait:
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate;
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

James Montgomery.

427 *The pilgrims of Jesus.*

1 O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread,
With Jesus as your Fellow,
To Jesus as your Head!
O happy, if ye labor
As Jesus did for men;

O happy, if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then!

2 The cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due:
The crown that Jesus weareth
He weareth it for you.
The faith by which ye see him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all trouble
To him alone will turn,—

3 What are they but forerunners
To lead you to his sight?
What are they save the effluence
Of uncreated Light?
The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,—

4 What are they but his jewels
Of right celestial worth:
What are they but the ladder,
Set up to heaven on earth?
O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize.

Joseph of the Studium. Tr. By J. M. Neale

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

ELLESDIE. 8, 7. D.

ARR. FROM JOHANN C. W. A. MOZART.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low thee;

Nak - ed, poor, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be;
D.S. Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heaven are still my own!

Per - ish ev - ery fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
D.S.

428

The cross accepted.

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And, while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In thy service, pain is pleasure;
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee, "Abba, Father;"
I have stayed my heart on thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

- 4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast:
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee,
- 5 Know, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee:
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?
- 6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by
prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Henry F. Lyte

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

429

Only waiting.

[ONLY waiting, till the shadows
Are a little longer grown :
Only waiting, till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown :
Till the light of earth is faded
From the hearts once full of day :
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

2 Only waiting, till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home :
For the summer-time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.

Quickly, reapers, gather quickly
These last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

3 Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown ;
Only waiting, till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown.
Then, from out the gathered darkness,
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

Frances L. Macé.

LOVE DIVINE. 8, 7. D.

JOHN ZUNDEL

1. Love divine, all love ex-celling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down ! Fix in us thy humble dwelling ;

All thy faithful mer - cies crown. Jesus, thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure un - bounded

love thou art ; Vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion ; Enter every trembling heart.

430

The new creation.

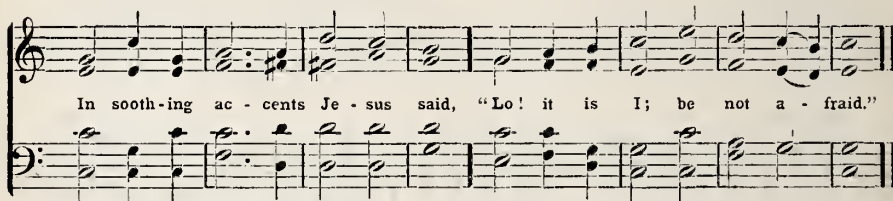
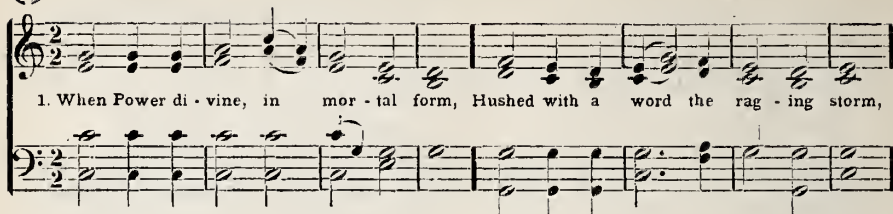
2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast !
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning ;
Alpha and Omega be ;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive ;
Suddenly return and never,
Never more thy temples leave :

Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish then thy new creation :
Pure and spotless let us be :
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee :
Change from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Charles Wesley.



431 *It is I; be not afraid.*—Matt. 14: 27.

1 WHEN Power divine, in mortal form,
Hushed with a word the raging storm,
In soothing accents Jesus said,
"Lo! it is I; be not afraid."

2 So when in silence nature sleeps,
And lonely watch the mourner keeps,
One thought shall every pang remove,—
Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.

3 God calms the tumult and the storm;
He rules the seraph and the worm:
No creature is by him forgot
Of those who know, or know him not.

4 And when the last dread hour is come,
And shuddering nature waits her doom,
This voice shall wake the pious dead,
"Lo! it is I; be not afraid."

Sir J. E. Smith.

432 *Meekness and patience.*

1 THOU Lamb of God, thou Prince of peace,
For thee my thirsty soul doth pine;
My longing heart implores thy grace;
O make me in thy likeness shine.

2 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast;
When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest.

3 Close by thy side still may I keep,
How'er life's various currents flow;
With steadfast eye mark every step,
And follow thee where'er thou go.

4 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won;
Alone thou hast the wine-press trod;
In me thy strengthening grace be shown:
O may I conquer through thy blood.

5 So, when on Zion thou shalt stand,
And all heaven's host adore their King,
Shall I be found at thy right hand,
And, free from pain, thy glories sing.

C. F. Richter. Tr. by J. Wesley.

433 *Comfort in the promises.*

1 O GOD, to thee we raise our eyes;
Calm resignation we implore;
O let no murmuring thought arise,
But humbly let us still adore.

2 With meek submission may we bear
Each needful cross thou shalt ordain;
Nor think our trials too severe,
Nor dare thy justice to arraign.

3 For though mysterious now thy ways
To erring mortals may appear,
Hereafter we thy name shall praise,
For all our keenest sufferings here.

4 Thy needful help, O God, afford,
Nor let us sink in deep despair;
Aid us to trust thy sacred word,
And find our sweetest comfort there.

Charlotte Richardson.

Doxology.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

SELVIN. S. M.

GERMAN, ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.



434 *Walking by faith.*

1 IF, on a quiet sea,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the tempest, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control;
Thy tender mercies shall illumine
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

Augustus M. Toplady.

435 *My times are in Thy hand.*—Ps. 31: 15.

1 "My times are in thy hand:"
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul, I leave
Entirely to thy care.

2 "My times are in thy hand,"
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

3 "My times are in thy hand;"
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 "My times are in thy hand,"
Jesus, the crucified!
The hand my cruel sins had pierced
Is now my guard and guide.

5 "My times are in thy hand;"
I'll always trust in thee;
And, after death, at thy right hand
I shall forever be.

William F. Lloyd.

436 *Through death to life.*

1 O WHAT, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be,
When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,
May be our portion here.

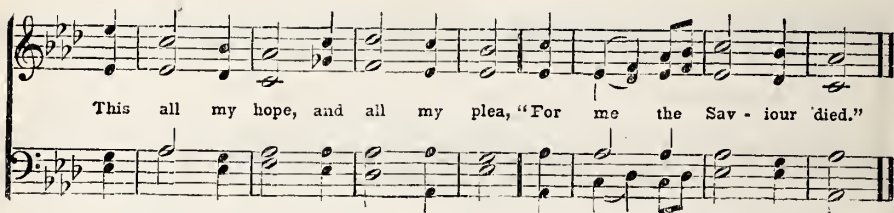
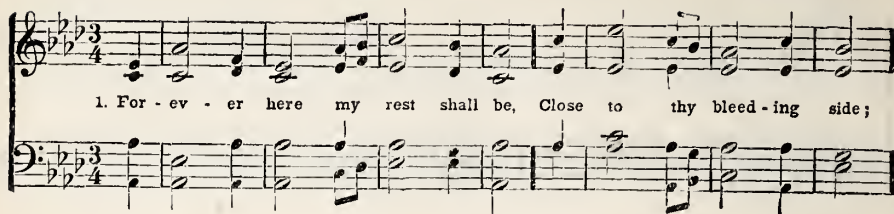
5 Enough, if thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest before thy throne,
Where saints and angels live.

Sir Henry W. Baker.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

AVON. C. M.

HUGH WILSON.



437 *Entire purification.*

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine
Wash me, and mine thou art: [own:]

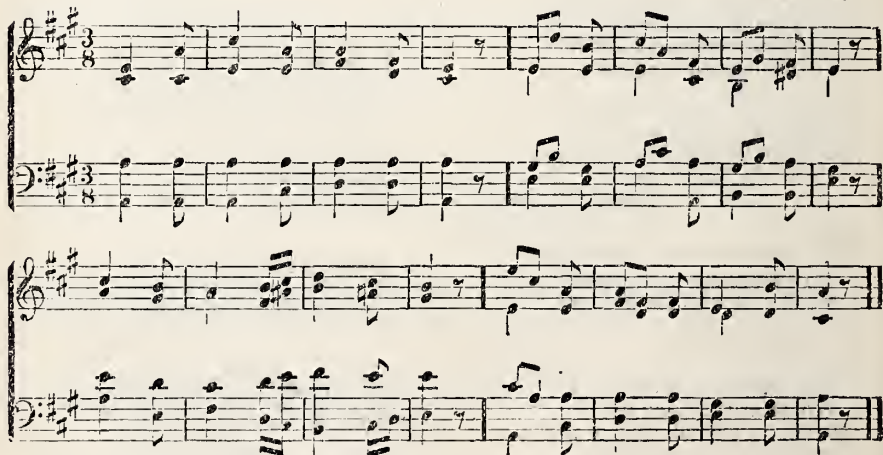
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve:
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

Charles Wesley.

HORTON. 7.

XAVIER SCHNYDER.



438 *Loyalty to Christ.*

1 KING of kings, and wilt thou deign
O'er this wayward heart to reign?
Henceforth take it for thy throne,
Rule here, Lord, and rule alone.

2 Then, like heaven's angelic bands,
Waiting for thine high commands,
All my powers shall wait on thee,
Captive, yet divinely free.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

3 At thy word my will shall bow,
Judgment, reason, bending low;
Hope, desire, and every thought,
Into glad obedience brought.

4 Zeal shall haste on eager wing,
Hourly some new gift to bring;

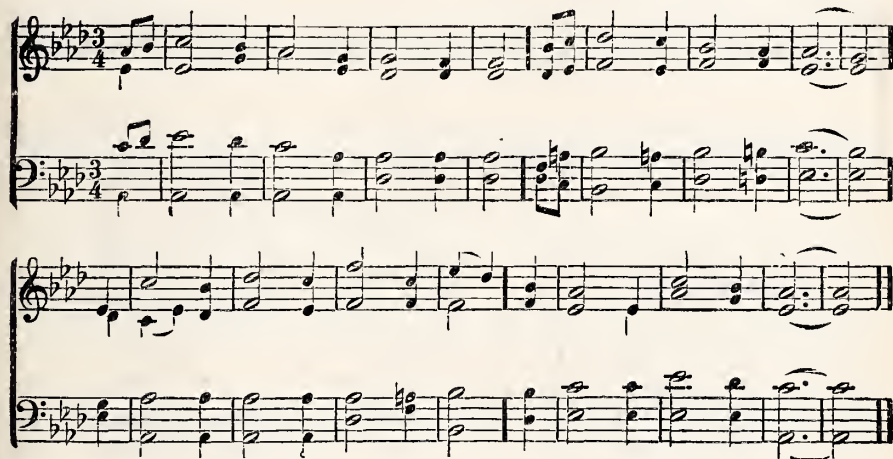
Wisdom, humbly casting down
At thy feet her golden crown.

5 Tuned by thee in sweet accord,
All shall sing their gracious Lord:
Love, the leader of the choir,
Breathing round her seraph fire.

William A. Muhlenberg.

MANOAH C. M.

FROM MEHUL AND HAYDN.



439 *Walk in the light.*

1 WALK in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt
own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone,
In which is perfect day

4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear:
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

5 Walk in the light! thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene, and bright:
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

Bernard Barton.

440 *The fulness of God.*

1 BEING of beings, God of love,
To thee our hearts we raise:
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Thine, wholly thine, we pant to be;
Our sacrifice receive:
Made, and preserved, and saved by
thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

3 Heavenward our every wish aspires,
For all thy mercy's store;
The sole return thy love requires,
Is that we ask for more.

4 For more we ask; we open then
Our hearts to embrace thy will;
Turn, and revive us, Lord, again;
With all thy fulness fill.

5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's
love
Shed in our hearts abroad:
So shall we ever live, and move,
And be, with Christ in God.

Charles Wesley.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

ST. BEES. 7s.

REV. J. B. DYKES.



441 *Love to the Saviour.*

I HARK, my soul ! It is the Lord ;
'Tis thy Saviour, —hear his word :
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee :
" Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?

2 " I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound ;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 " Can a mother's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare ?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 " Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above ;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

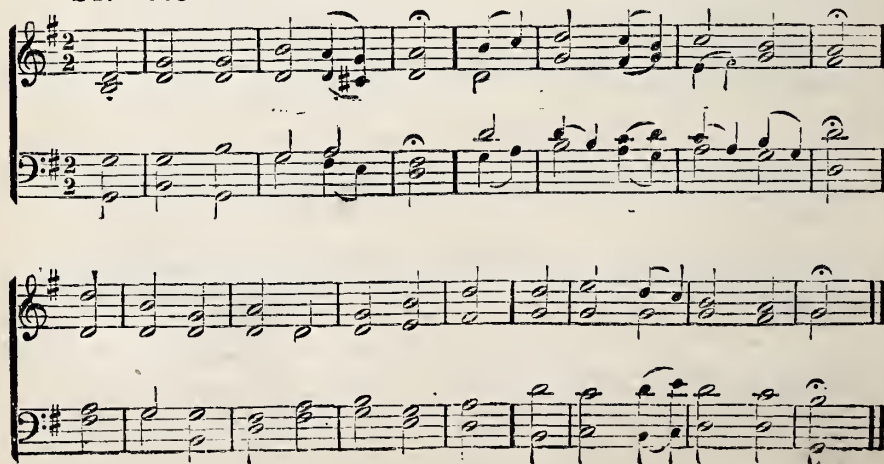
5 " Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done ;
Partner of my throne shalt be ;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ? "

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint,
Yet I love thee and adore :
O for grace to love thee more !

William Cowper.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.



THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

442 *Glorious liberty.*

1 O COME, and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within,
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin !

2 The seed of sin's disease,
Spirit of health, remove,
Spirit of finished holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.

3 Hasten the joyful day
Which shall my sins consume :

When old things shall be done away,
And all things new become.

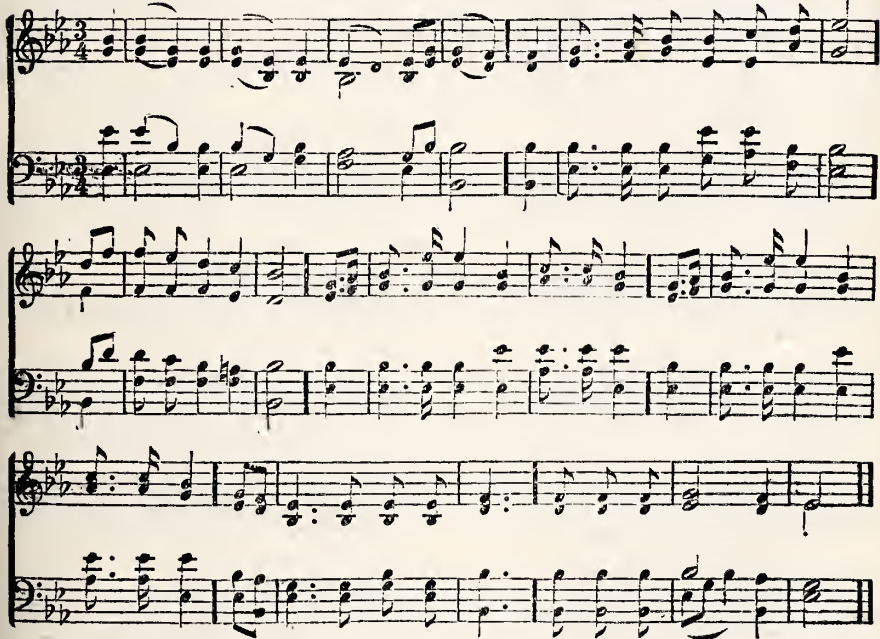
4 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,
According to thy will and word,
Well pleasing in thy sight.

5 I ask no higher state ;
Indulge me but in this,
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bless

Charles Wesley.

ARIEL. C. P. M.

ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.



443 *The glorious hope.*

1 O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love !
It lifts me up to things above :
It bears on eagles' wings :
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below :
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest ;
There dwells the Lord our Righteous-
ness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up ;
No more on this side Jordan stop.
But now the land possess ;
This moment end my legal years.
Sorrows and sins, and doubts and
A howling wilderness ! [fears.

Charles Wesley.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

GREGORIAN CHANT, ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.

1. Your harps, ye trem-b ling saints, Down from the wil - lows take;

Loud to the praise of love di - vine Bid ev - ery string a - wake.

444 *Believers encouraged.*

- 1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints.
Down from the willows take:
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home:
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.
- 3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine:
Nor present things, nor things to come.
Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.
- 5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control:
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee:
Who wait for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.
Augustus M. Toplady. Alt. by B W Noel

445 *In the Saviour's care.*

- 1 My spirit, on thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline:
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For thou art Love divine.
- 2 In thee I place my trust,
On thee I calmly rest:
I know thee good, I know thee just,
And count thy choice the best.
- 3 What-e'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform:
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.
- 4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me:
Secure of having thee in all,
Of having all in thee.

Henry F. Lyte

FEAR NOT!

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

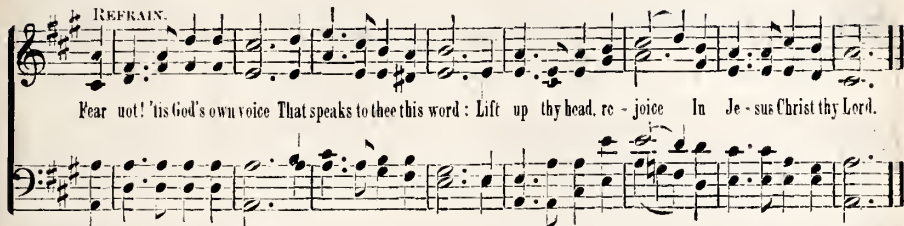
1. Fear not! God is thy shield, And he thy great re-ward: His might has won the field — Thy strength is in the Lord.

Copyright, 1882, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

FEAR NOT. *Concluded.*

REFRAIN.



446 *Fear not little flock.*

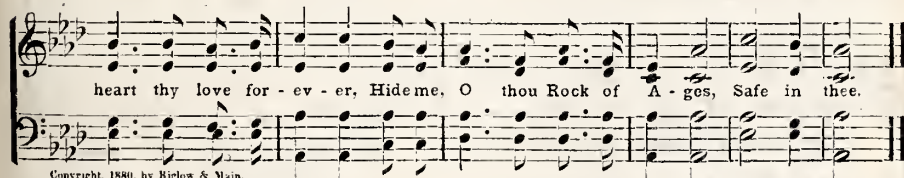
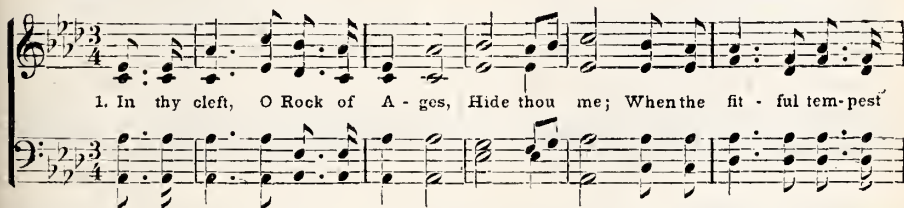
- 2 Fear not! for God has heard
The cry of thy distress;
The water of his Word
Thy fainting soul shall bless. REF.
- 3 Fear not! be not dismayed,
He, evermore, will be

- With thee, to give his aid.
And he will strengthen thee. REF.
- 4 Fear not! ye little flock,
Your Saviour soon will come,
The Glory to unlock,
And bring you to his home. REF.

Rev. Edward G. Taylor.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

HIDE THOU ME.



Copyright, 1880, by Biglow & Main.

447 *Thou art my hiding place.*

- 2 From the snare of sinful pleasure
Hide thou me;
Thou, my soul's eternal treasure,
Hide thou me;
When the world its power is wielding,
And my heart is almost yielding,
Hide me, O thou Rock of Ages,
Safe in thee.

- 3 In the lonely night of sorrow,
Hide thou me;
Till in glory dawns the morrow,
Hide thou me;
In the sight of Jordan's billow,
Let thy bosom be my pillow;
Hide me, O thou Rock of Ages,
Safe in thee.

Fanny J. Crosby.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb,

And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?

448 *Faith sees the final triumph.*

2 Are there no foes for me to face?

Must I not stem the flood?

Is this vile world a friend to grace,

To help me on to God?

3 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;

Increase my courage, Lord;

I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,

Supported by thy word.

4 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die:

They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

5 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine

In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

Isaac Watts.

MAITLAND. C. M.

GEORGE N. ALLEN.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?

No, there's a cross for ev - ery one, And there's a cross for me.

449 *No cross, no crown.*

2 How happy are the saints above,

Who once went sorrowing here!

But now they taste unmingled love,

And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;

And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

Thomas Shepherd, alt.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

450 *For victorious faith.*

- 1 O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe !
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God ;
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and
clear
When tempests rage without :
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt ;
- 4 That bears, unmoved, the world's
dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile ;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile ;
- 5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed
Of an eternal home. [bliss
William H. Bathurst.

451 *Waiting upon the Lord.*

- 1 LORD, I believe thy every word,
Thy every promise true:
And lo ! I wait on thee, my Lord,
Till I my strength renew.
- 2 If in this feeble flesh I may
Awhile show forth thy praise,
Jesus, support the tottering clay,
And lengthen out my days.
- 3 If such a worm as I can spread
The common Saviour's name,
Let him who raised thee from the dead,
Quicken my mortal frame.
- 4 Still let me live thy blood to show,
Which purges every stain ;
And gladly linger out below
A few more years in pain.

Charles Wesley.

COOLING. C. M.

ALONZO J. ABBEY. FROM THE TRIAD.

1. Lord, it be-longs not to my care Wheth-er I die or live ;

To love and serve thee is my share, And this thy grace must give.

452 *To live is Christ, to die is gain.*

- 2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey :
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day ? [rooms
- 3 Christ leads me through no darker
Than he went through before :
He that unto God's kingdom comes
Must enter by his door.
- 4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made
Thy blessed face to see ; [me meet

- For, if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be ?
- 5 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
Who sing Jehovah's praise.
- 6 My knowledge of that life is small ;
The eye of faith is dim ;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

Richard Baxter.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

SCHUMANN. S. M.

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

1. Com - mit thou all thy griefs And ways in - to His hands,
To his sure trust and ten - der care Who earth and heaven commands;

FIRST PART.

453 *Whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe.*

- 1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To his sure trust and tender care
Who earth and heaven commands.
- 2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.
- 3 Thou on the Lord rely,
So, safe, shalt thou go on;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.
- 4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To him commend thy cause; his ear
Attends the softest prayer.
- 5 Thy everlasting truth,
Father, thy ceaseless love,
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.
- 6 Thou every-where hast sway,
And all things serve thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.

Paul Gerhardt. Tr. by J. Wesley.

SECOND PART.

454 *He ruleth all things well.*

- 1 GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 Still heavy is thy heart?

Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone.

1 What though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, "God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well."

5 Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command:
So shalt thou, wondering, own his way,
How wise, how strong his hand!

6 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully be the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

Paul Gerhardt. Tr. by J. Wesley.

455 *The soul's only refuge.*

1 THOU Refuge of my soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell my grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But O when doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, Lord, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

Anne Steele, alt.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

PENITENCE. 7, 6, 8.

WILLIAM HENRY OAKLEY.

1 Je - sus, let thy pity - ing eye Call back a wan - dering sheep;

False to thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain, like Pe - ter, weep,
D. S. Turn, and look up - on me, Lord. And break my heart of stone.

Let me be by grace re - stored; On me be all long - suffering shown;

456 *Humility and contrition.*

- 2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart;
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.
- 3 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
Life, and happiness, and love
Drop from thy gracious eye:
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.
- 4 Look, as when thy languid eye
Was closed that we might live;
"Father," at the point to die
My Saviour prayed, "forgive!"
Surely, with that dying word,
He turns, and looks, and cries, "'Tis
done!"
O my bleeding, loving Lord,
Thou break'st my heart of stone!

Charles Wesley.

457 *The deceitfulness of sin.*

- 1 JESUS, Friend of sinners, hear
Yet once again, I pray;
From my debt of sin set clear,
For I have naught to pay:
Speak, O speak the kind release;
A poor backsliding soul restore;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.
- 2 For my selfishness and pride
Thou hast withdrawn thy grace;
Left me long to wander wide,
An outcast from thy face;
But I now my sins confess,
And mercy, mercy, I implore;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.
- 3 Sin's deceitfulness hath spread
A hardness o'er my heart;
But if thou thy Spirit shed,
The stony shall depart:
Shed thy love, thy tenderness,
And let me feel thy softening power;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

Charles Wesley.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

JESUS, MY PORTION.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I've found a joy in sor-row, A se-cret balm for pain, A beau-ti-ful to -

CHORUS.

mor-row Of sun-shine af-ter rain. 'Tis Je-sus, my por-tion for-ev-er, 'Tis Je-sus, the

First and the Last; A help ver-y present in trou-ble, A shel-ter from ev'-ry blast.

Copyrighted, 1875, by W. J. Kirkpatrick

458 *Jesus all in all.*

- 2 I've found a branch for healing,
Near every bitter spring,
A whispered promise stealing
O'er ev'ry broken string. CHO.
- 3 I've found a glad hosanna
For ev'ry woe and wail,
A handful of sweet manna,
When grapes of Eschol fail. CHO.

- 4 An Elim with its coolness,
Its fountains and its shade:
A blessing in its fulness,
When buds of promise fade. CHO.

- 5 O'er tears of soft contrition
I've seen a rainbow light;
A glory and fruition,
So near!—yet out of sight. CHO.

J. F. Crewdson.

JUST A WORD FOR JESUS.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Now just a word for Je - sus. Your dearest friend so true, Come, cheer our hearts and tell us What he has done for you.

Copyright, 1875, by Biglow & Main.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

REFRAIN.



Now just a word for Je-sus—'Twill help us on our way; One little word for Jesus, O speak, or sing, or pray.

459 "Will thou not tell."

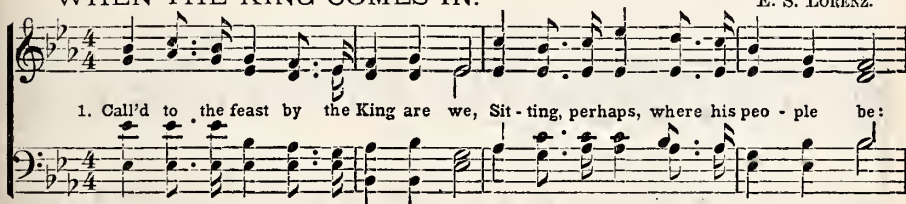
- 2 Now just a word for Jesus;
You feel your sins forgiven,
And by his grace are striving
To reach a home in heaven.—REF.
- 3 Now just a word for Jesus;
A cross it cannot be
To say, I love my Saviour
Who gave his life for me.—REF.

- 4 Now just a word for Jesus;
Let not the time be lost;
The heart's neglected duty
Brings sorrow to its cost.—REF.
- 5 Now just a word for Jesus;
And if your faith be dim,
Arise in all your weakness,
And leave the rest to him.—REF.

Fanny J. Crosby.

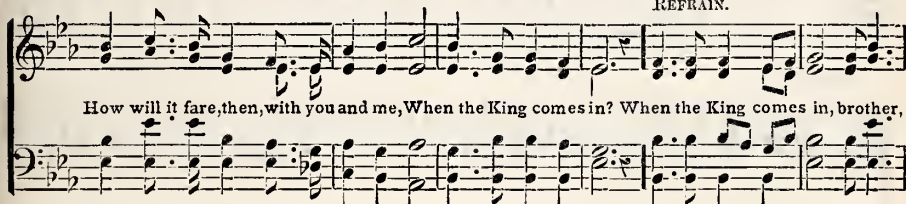
WHEN THE KING COMES IN.

E. S. LORENZ.

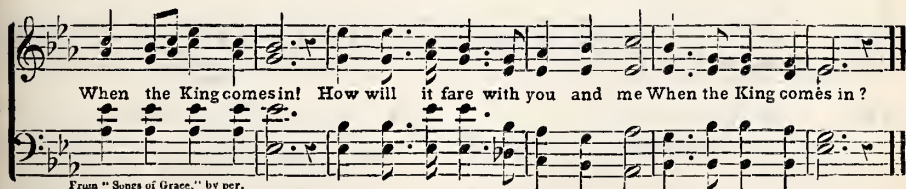


1. Call'd to the feast by the King are we, Sit-ting, perhaps, where his peo-ple be:

REFRAIN.



How will it fare, then, with you and me, When the King comes in? When the King comes in, brother,



When the King comes in! How will it fare with you and me When the King comes in?

From "Songs of Grace," by per.

460 The wedding garment.

- 2 Crowns on the head where the thorns
have been,
Glorified he who once died for men;
Splendid the vision before us then,
When the King comes in.—REF.
- 3 Like lightning's flash will that instant
show
Things hidden long from both friend

Just what we are, every one will know,
When the King comes in.—REF.

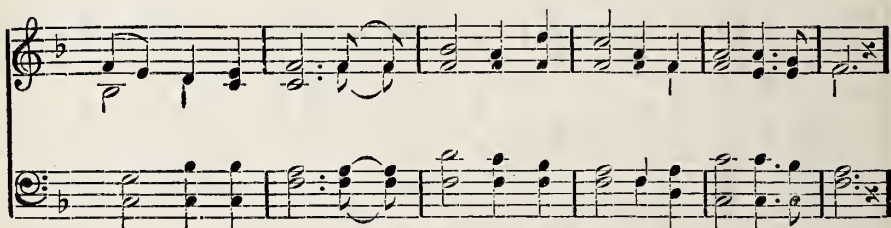
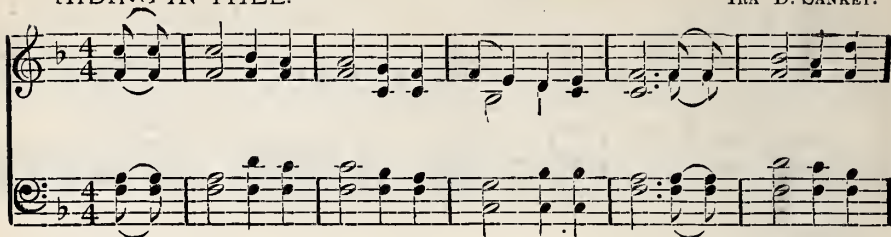
- 4 Joyful his eyes on each one shall rest
Who is in white wedding garments dressed—
Ah! well for us if we stand the test,
When the King comes in.—REF.

J. E. Landor.

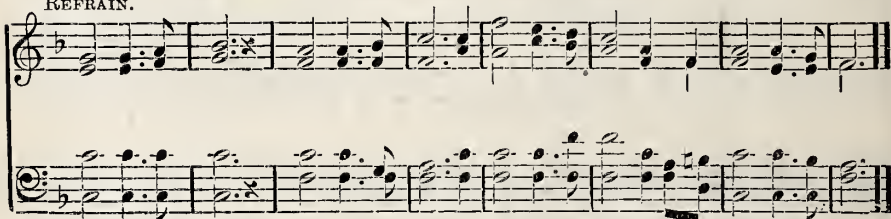
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

HIDING IN THEE.

IRA D. SANKEY.



REFRAIN.



461 *Hiding in Christ.*

I Oh, safe to the Rock that is higher
than I,
My soul in its conflicts and sorrows
would fly;
So sinful, so weary, thine, thine would
I be;
Thou blest Rock of Ages, I'm hiding in
thee.

CHORUS:

Hiding in thee, hiding in thee.
Thou blest Rock of Ages, I'm hiding
in thee.

2 In the calm of the noontide, in sor-
row's lone hour, [its power:
In times when temptation casts o'er me
In the tempests of life, on its wide heav-
ing sea. [in thee.
Thou blest Rock of Ages, I'm hiding

3 How oft in the conflict, when pressed
by the foe, [out my woe;
I have fled to my Refuge and breathed
How often when trials like sea billows
roll. [my soul.
Have I hidden in thee, O thou Rock of
W. O. Cushing.

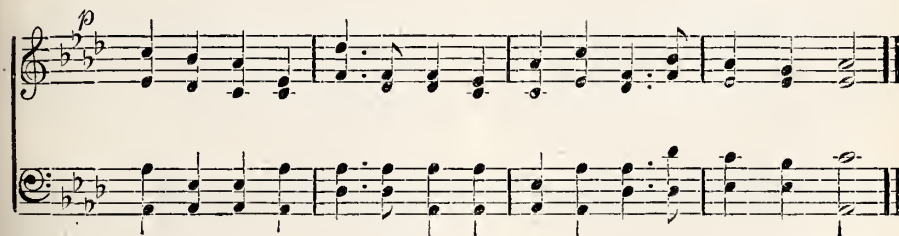
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

'TIS SO SWEET.

FINEST OF THE WHEAT.



REFRAIN.



462

Trust in Jesus.

1 'TIS so sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just to take him at his word,
Just to rest upon the promise,
Just to know, thus saith the Lord.

CHORUS:

Jesus, Jesus, how I trust him,
How I've proved him o'er and o'er ;
Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus,
Oh for grace to trust him more !

2 Oh how sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just to trust his cleansing blood,

Just in simple faith to plunge me
'Neath the healing, cleansing flood,

3 Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just from sin and self to cease ;
Just from Jesus simply taking
Life, and rest, and joy and peace.

4 I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee,
Precious Jesus, Saviour, Friend ;
And I know that Thou art with me,
Will be with me to the end.

Louisa Stead.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

REGENT SQUARE. 8, 7, 4, or 8, 7, n.

HENRY SMART.

1. O thou God of my sal - va - tion, My Re - deem - er from all sin;

Moved by thy di - vine com - pas - sion, Who hast died my heart to win,

I will praise thee; I will praise thee; Where shall I thy praise be - gin?

463 *Hallelujah.*

- 1 O THOU God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise thee;
Where shall I thy praise begin?
- 2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests his pardoning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.
- 3 While the angel choirs are crying,
"Glory to the great I AM,"
I with them will still be vying—
Glory! glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!
- 4 Angels now are hovering round us,
Unperceived amid the throng;
Wondering at the love that crowned us,
Glad to join the holy song:
Hallelujah,
Love and praise to Christ belong!

Thomas Olivers.

464 *King of heaven, God of grace.*

- 1 PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven;
To his feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore his praises sing:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Praise the everlasting King.
- 2 Praise him for his grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him, still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Glorious in his faithfulness.
- 3 Father-like, he tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Praise with us the God of grace.

Henry F. Lyte and Sir Henry W. Baker.

Doxology.

- GREAT Jehovah! we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One!

William Good.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

PAX TECUM.

G. T. CALBECK.

1. Peace, per - feet peace, in this dark world of sin?

The blood of Je - sus whis - pers peace with - - in.

By permission from The Hymnal Companion.

465

Perfect peace.

2 Peace! perfect peace! by thronging duties
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest. [prest?
3 Peace! perfect peace! with sorrows surging
round?
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.
4 Peace! perfect peace! with loved ones far
away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

5 Peace! perfect peace! the future all un-
known?
Jesus I know, and He is on the throne.
6 Peace! perfect peace! death shadowing us
and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its
powers.
7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall
cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.
Bishop of Exeter.

HEAR MY PRAYER.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Hear thou my pray'r in heav'n thy dwelling place O Lord of hosts; I humbly seek thy face;

For peace I cry, for sov'reign mer-cy plead, And grace to help in ev'ry time of need.

Copyright, 1891, by Hunt & Eaton.

466

2 O hide thy face forever from my sin:
Cleanse me from guilt and make me pure
within;
All pride destroy, all vanity remove
And make my heart the temple of thy
love.

3 When dangers fierce beset my trembling
soul
Be my defence, the tempters pow'r control;
When tempests rage my heart shall fear no
ill,
If I but hear thee whisper, "Peace, be still!"

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

MARCHING TO ZION.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known, Join in a song with sweet accord, Join

in a song with sweet accord, And thus sur - round the throne, And thus surround the throne.
thus surround the throne, And thus surround the throne,

CHORUS.

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
We're march - ing on to Zi - on,

marching up - ward to Zi - - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
Zi - on, Zi - on,

Copyright, 1867, by Rev. Robert Lowry.

467 The heavenly road.

- 1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne,
And thus surround the throne. CHO.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly king,
But children of the heavenly king,
May speak their joys abroad,
May speak their joys abroad. CHO.

- 3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets,
Or walk the golden streets. CHO.
- 4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high,
To fairer worlds on high. CHO.

1862, 2 Watts.

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

AWAKE, MY SOUL. C. M.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.

1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - ery nerve, And press with vig - or on; A

heavenly race demands thy zeal, And an immortal crown, And an immortal crown.

468 *The race for glory.*

- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;

'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:—

- 4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

Philip Doddridge.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

HEINRICH CHRISTOPHER ZEUNER.

469 *The Christian warrior.*

- 1 BEHOLD the Christian warrior stand
In all the armor of his God;
The Spirit's sword is in his hand,
His feet are with the gospel shod;
- 2 In panoply of truth complete,
Salvation's helmet on his head;
With righteousness a breast-plate meet,
And faith's broad shield before him
spread.

- 3 Undaunted to the field he goes;
Yet vain were skill and valor there,
Unless, to foil his legion foes,
He takes the trustiest weapon, prayer.

- 4 Thus, strong in the Redeemer's
strength, [down;
Sin, death, and hell, he tramples
Fights the good fight, and wins at
length,
Through mercy, an immortal crown.

James Montgomery.

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

ILLINOIS. L. M.

REV. JONATHAN SPILMAN. ARR. BY THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. "Take up thy cross," the Sav - iour said, "If thou wouldst my dis - ci - ple be;

De - ny thy - self, the world for - sake, And hum - bly fol - low aft - er me."

470 *Take up thy cross.*

- 1 "TAKE up thy cross," the Saviour said,
"If thou wouldst my disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after me."
- 2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart and nerve thine arm.
- 3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame;
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.
- 4 Take up thy cross, then, in his strength,
And calmly every danger brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
And lead to victory o'er the grave.
- 5 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ;
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.
Charles W. Everest.

The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain, and the noonday shade.

4 And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dream and slothful ease.

5 But life, though falling like our grain,
Like that that revives and springs again;
And, early called, how blest are they
Who wait in heaven, their harvest day!

John G. Whittier.

472 *Zeal in labor.*

- 1 Go, labor on; spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?
- 2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises,—what are men?
- 3 Go, labor on; your hands are weak;
Your knees are faint, your soul cast
down;
Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown!
- 4 Toil on, faint not; keep watch, and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in.
- 5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's
voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"
Horatius Bonar.

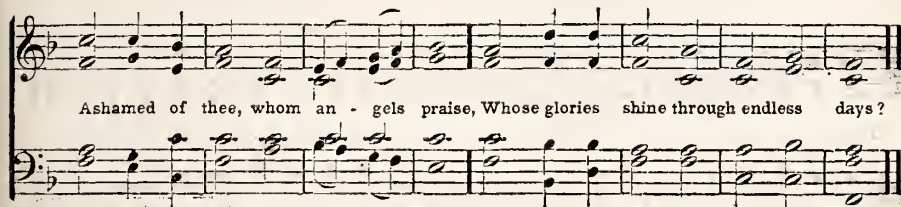
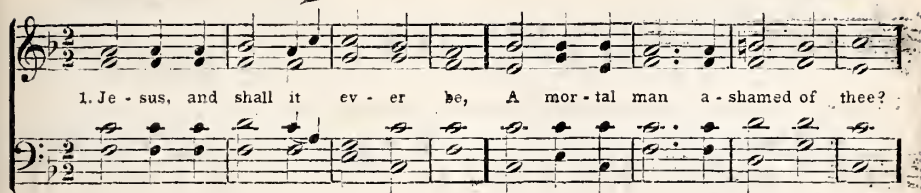
471 *The sure reward.*

- 1 IT may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves.
- 2 Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoe'er is willed, is done.
- 3 And ours the grateful service whence
Comes, day by day, the recompense;

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

HENRY KEMBLE OTTVER.



473 *Not ashamed of Jesus.*

1 JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

Joseph Grigg, alt. by B. Francis.

474 *Living to Christ.*

1 My gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates, and obey.

2 What is my being but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?

'Tis my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless.
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His dying love, his saving power.

Philip Doddridge.

475 *Beginning the labors of the day.*

1 FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labors to pursue;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 Thee will I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see;
And labor on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

3 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to thine eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day.

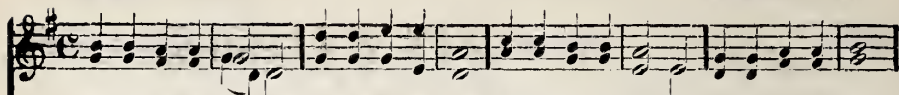
4 For thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath
given;
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

Charles Wesley.

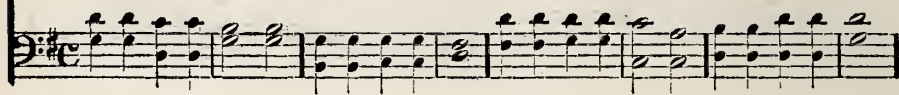
CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

ELAH. 6, 8.

FROM FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.



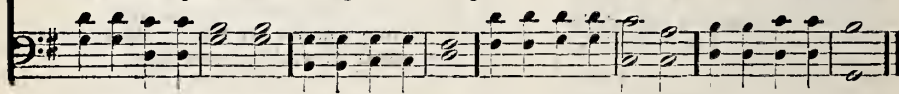
1. Forward! be our watchword, Steps and voices joined; Seek the things before us, Not a look be - hind:



Burns the fier-y pil-lar At our army's head; Who shall dream of shrinking, By our Captain led?



Forward through the desert, Through the toil and fight: Jordan flows before us, Zi-on beams with light!



476 *Forward into light.*

2 Forward! flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth,
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth:
Sick, they ask for healing;
Blind, they grope for day;
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.
Forward, out of error.
Leave behind the night;
Forward through the darkness.
Forward into light!

3 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love him
One day to be shared:
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard:
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word:
Forward, marching eastward,
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight!

4 For o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladdening river
Shedding joys untold;
Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might:
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light!

Henry Alford.

477 *Onward, Christian soldiers.*

1 ONWARD, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, his banners go!
Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Sabine Baring-Gould.

STRIKE FOR VICTORY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Strike! O strike for vic-t'ry Soldiers of the Lord, Hoping in his mer-cy, Trusting in his word;
2. Strike! O strike for vic-t'ry He-roes of the cross, Sac-ri-fic-ing pleasure, Glo-ry-ing in loss;

Lift the gos-pel ban-ner High above the world; Let its folds of beauty Ev - er be un - fur'l'd.
Ev - er pressing onward, Onward to the light, Till we reach the Jordan, With our home in sight.

CHORUS.

Strike! strike for Vict'ry, Heroes bold; Strike! till the Vict'ry You behold; Strike! strike for Vict'ry, Ne'er give

o'er; Rest then in glo - ry Ev - er - more.

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478 Unfurling the gospel banner.

3 Hand to hand united,
Heart to heart as one,
Let us still keep marching
Till our journey's done,
Till we see the angels
Come in glory down,
With the shining garments
And the victor's crown.

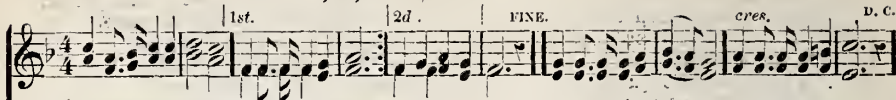
Mrs. Mary A. Kiddle.

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

WORK SONG. 7, 6, 5.

LOWELL MASON.

D. C.



1. { Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; } [the glowing sun;
 { Work, while the dew is sparkling, [Omit . . . } Work 'mid springing flowers; Work, when the day grows brighter, Work in
 D. C. Work, for the night is coming, [Omit . . . When man's work is done.



479

Work, while it is day.

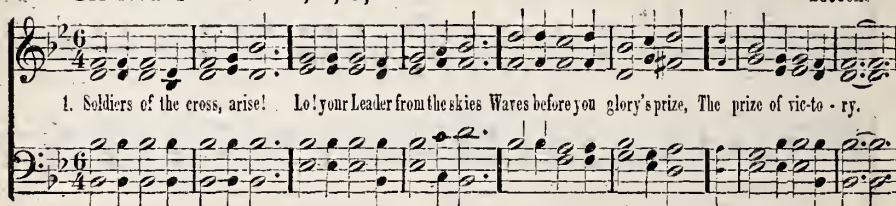
- 2 Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the sunny noon;
 Fill brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon.
 Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store:
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

- 3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies.
 Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more;
 Work while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

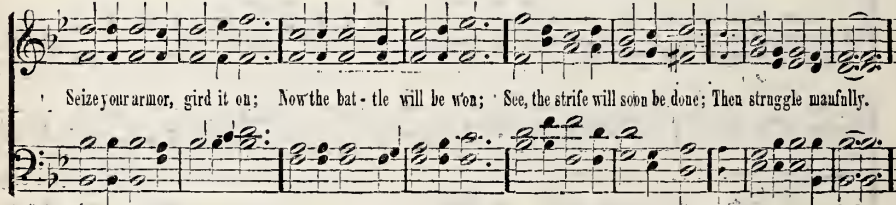
Sidney Dyer.

CALEDONIA. 7, 7, 7, 6.

SCOTCH.



1. Soldiers of the cross, arise! Lo! your Leader from the skies Waves before you glory's prize, The prize of vic-tory.



- Seize your armor, gird it on; Now the bat-tle will be won; See, the strife will soon be done; Then struggle manfully.

480

The spiritual warfare.

- 2 Now the fight of faith begin,
 Be no more the slaves of sin,
 Strive the victor's palm to win,
 Trusting in the Lord:
 Gird ye on the armor bright,
 Warriors of the King of light,
 Never yield, nor lose by flight
 Your divine reward.
 3 Jesus conquered when he fell,
 Met and vanquished earth and hell;
 Now, he leads you on to swell
 The triumphs of his cross.

- Though all earth and hell appear,
 Who will doubt, or who can fear?
 God, our strength and shield, is near;
 We cannot lose our cause.

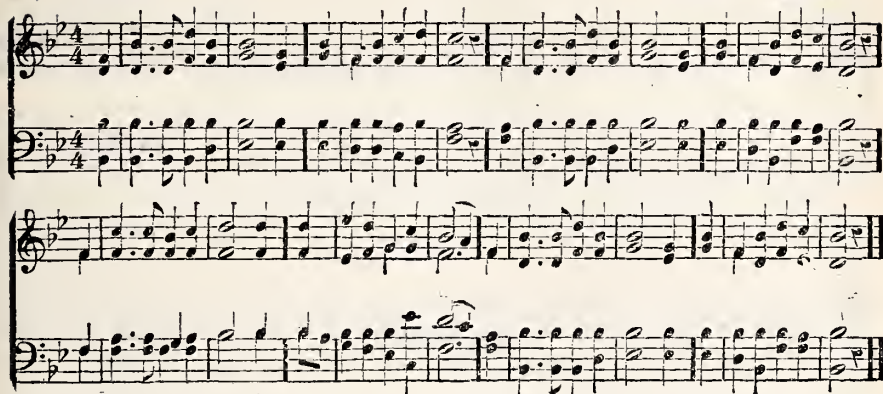
- 4 Onward, then, ye hosts of God!
 Jesus points the victor's rod;
 Follow where your Leader trod;
 You soon shall see his face.
 Soon, your enemies all slain,
 Crowns of glory you shall gain,
 Soon you'll join that glorious train
 Who shout their Saviour's praise.

Jared B. Waterbury.

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

WEBB. 7, 8.

GEORGE JAMES WEBB.



481 *Stand up for Jesus.*

- 1 STAND up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross ;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss :
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey ;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day :
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes ;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.
- 3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone ;
The arm of flesh will fail you ;
Ye dare not trust your own :
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer ;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.
- 4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long ;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song :
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be :

He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

George Duffield, Jr.

482 *Enduring hardness as good soldiers.*

- 1 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Beneath His banner true ;
The Lord himself, thy Leader,
Shall all thy foes subdue.
His love foretells thy trials,
He knows thine hourly need :
He can, with bread of heaven,
Thy fainting spirit feed.
- 2 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Fear not the secret foe ;
Far more are o'er thee watching
Than human eyes can know.
Trust only Christ, thy Captain,
Cease not to watch and pray ;
Heed not the treacherous voices,
That lure thy soul astray.
- 3 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished,
And heaven is all possessed ;
Till Christ himself shall call thee
To lay thine armor by,
And wear, in endless glory,
The crown of victory.

Laurence Tuttle.

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

RESCUE THE PERISHING.

W. H. DOANE.

1 Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pi - ty from

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,

CHORUS.

Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save. Res - cue the per - ish - ing,

Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

Copyright, 1870, by W H Doane, in Songs of Devotion

483 "Compel them to come in."

2 Though they are slighting him,
Still he is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive,
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently:
He will forgive if they only believe.

3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore:

Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once
more.

4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide:
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

Fanny J. Crosby.

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

TO THE WORK.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. To the work! to the work! we are servants of God, Let us fol- low the path that our Master has trod;

With the balm of his coun- sel our strength to renew, Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.

CHORUS.

Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on, Toil - ing

on, Let us hope, Let us watch, And la- bor till the Mas- ter comes, Toil - ing on, and trust, and pray,

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Work for all.

2 To the work! to the work! let the hungry be fed;
To the fountain of Life let the weary be led;
In the cross and its banner our glory shall be
While we herald the tidings, "*Salvation is free!*"—CHO.

3 To the work! to the work! there is labor for all,
For the kingdom of darkness and error shall fall;
And the name of Jehovah exalted shall be
In the loud swelling chorus, "*Salvation is free!*"—CHO.

4 To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord,
And a robe and a crown shall our labor reward;
When the home of the faithful our dwelling shall be,
And we shout with the ransomed "*Salvation is free!*"—CHO.
Fanny J. Crosby.

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

THE CALL FOR REAPERS.

J. B. O. CLERM.

Spirited.

1. Far and near the fields are teem - ing, With the waves of rip - ened grain;

Far and near their gold is gleam - ing, O'er the sun - ny slope and plain.

CHORUS.

Lord of Har - vest, send forth reap - ers! Hear us, Lord, to thee we cry;

Send them now the sheaves to gath - er, Ere the har - vest time pass by.

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485

"The harvest is great."

2 Send them forth with morn's first beaming,
Send them in the noontide's glare;
When the sun's last rays are gleaming,
Bid them gather everywhere.
CHO.—Lord of Harvest, &c.

3 O thou, whom thy Lord is sending,
Gather now the sheaves of gold,
Heavenward then at evening wending
Thou shalt come with joy untold.

CHO.—Lord of Harvest, &c. J. O. Thompson.

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

ARISE, GO FORTH TO CONQUER.

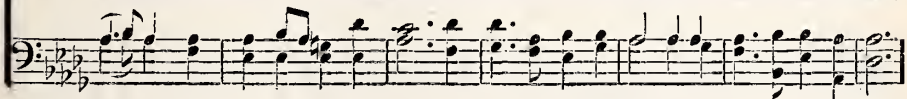
HUBERT P. MAIN.



1. A - rise, go forth to con - quer, Young champions for the Lord; Fling out the roy - al



standard, Unsheathe the mighty sword; The church that sword has wielded in many a dreadful fray,



CHORUS.

Till Satan's ar-my trembled, And, vanquished, fled a-way. A-rise, go forth to con-quer, Young



maestoso.

champions for the Lord; Fling out the roy - al stan-dard, Unsheathe the might - y sword.



Copyright, 1878, by Biglow & Main.

486 *Young recruits.*

2 Go forth, go forth, young soldiers,
The grand old cause defend;
Take up the cross and bear it,
Be faithful to the end;
Go forth to fill their places,
Whose work is almost done,
Whose course is well-nigh finished,
Whose crowns are nearly won.
Arise, go forth, &c.

3 O swell our ranks, young soldiers,
And, by our Captain led,
From conquering still to conquer,
March on with fearless tread;
Fight manfully and bravely,
We'll die with sword in hand,
And leave, for those who follow,
Our foot-prints in the sand.
Arise, go forth, &c.

Grace J. Frances.

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

EDINBURGH. 7, 6, 5, 4.

REV. ROBERT LOWEY.

1. One more day's work for Jesus, One less of life for me! But heaven is nearer, And Christ is dearer

CHORUS.

Than yester-day, to me; His love and light Fill all my soul to - night. One more day's work for

Jesus, One more day's work for Jesus, One more day's work for Jesus, One less of life for me!

487 *One more day's work for Jesus.*

- 1 ONE more day's work for Jesus,
One less of life for me!
But heaven is nearer,
And Christ is dearer
Than yesterday, to me;
His love and light
Fill all my soul to-night.
One more day's work for Jesus, etc.
- 2 One more day's work for Jesus!
How sweet the work has been,
To tell the story,
To show the glory,
Where Christ's flock enter in!
How it did shine
In this poor heart of mine!
- 3 One more day's work for Jesus!
O yes, a weary day;
But heaven shines clearer
And rest comes nearer,
At each step of the way;
And Christ in all,
Before his face I fall.
- 4 O blessed work for Jesus!
O rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure,
My wants are treasure,
And pain for him is sweet.
Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day!

Anna B. Warner.

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

GO TELL THE WORLD OF HIS LOVE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Heirs to the kingdom of Jesus, the Lord, Go tell the world of his love; Publish the blessings that

flow from his word, Go tell the world of his love: Love that has purchas'd redemption from sin, [Love that makes

hap- py the spir - it with - in, Love that will help us our conquest to win, Go tell the

D.S. CRO.—Heirs to the kingdom of Je - sus, the Lord, Go tell the

FINE. CHORUS. D.S.
world of his love. Go tell the world, Go tell the world, Go tell the world of his love;
world of his love. of his love;

Copyright, 1885, by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

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- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Think how he labor'd that we might have rest,
Go tell the world of his love; [bless'd,
Think how he suffered that we might be
Go tell the world of his love:
Saved by his mercy, upheld by his care,
Tell of the goodness we constantly share;
Filled with his fulness, no longer forbear,
Go tell the world of his love.—CHO.</p> | <p>3 Plead with the lost ones to come while they may,
Go tell the world of his love;
Jesus is waiting, he'll save them to-day,
Go tell the world of his love: [past,
Love that is nearest when earth-joys are
Lighting our pathway by clouds over-cast;
Love that will bring us to glory at last,
Go tell the world of his love.—CHO.</p> |
|---|---|

Abbie Mills,

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



489 *For watchfulness.*

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify:
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
O may it all my powers engage.
To do my Master's will.

2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live:
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely.
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

Charles Wesley

490 *Sow beside all waters.*

1 Sow in the morn thy seed:
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown:

3 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,

The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

4 Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garnerers in the sky.

5 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven shout, "Harvest home!"

James Montgomery.

491 *Make haste to live.*

1 MAKE haste, O man, to live.
For thou so soon must die;
Time hurries past thee like the breeze:
How swift its moments fly!

2 Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done:
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
Thy day will soon be gone.

3 Up, then, with speed, and work:
Fling ease and self away:
This is no time for thee to sleep,
Up, watch, and work, and pray!

4 Make haste, O man, to live,
Thy time is almost o'er;
O sleep not, dream not, but arise,
The Judge is at the door.

Horatius Bonar.

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

LEIGHTON. S. M.

HENRY WELLINGTON GREATORREX.



492 *Victory on the Lord's side.*

- 1 ARISE, ye saints, arise!
The Lord our Leader is;
The foe before his banner flies,
And victory is his.
- 2 We follow thee, our Guide,
Our Saviour, and our King;
We follow thee, through grace supplied
From heaven's eternal spring.
- 3 We soon shall see the day
When all our toils shall cease;
When we shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.
- 4 This hope supports us here;
It makes our burdens light;
'Twill serve our drooping hearts to cheer,
Till faith shall end in sight:
- 5 Till, of the prize possessed,
We hear of war no more;
And ever with our Leader rest,
On yonder peaceful shore.

Thomas Kelly.

493 *Recompense of toil.*

- 1 LABORERS of Christ, arise,
And gird you for the toil!
The dew of promise from the skies
Already cheers the soil.
- 2 Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore;
And where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallowed store.
- 3 Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest;
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love
A mantle round your breast,

- 4 So shall you share the wealth
That earth may ne'er despoil,
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney.

494 *Sowing in tears, reaping in joy.*

- 1 THE harvest dawn is near,
The year delays not long;
And he who sows with many a tear,
Shall reap with many a song.
- 2 Sad to his toil he goes,
His seed with weeping leaves;
But he shall come at twilight's close,
And bring his golden sheaves.

George Burgess.

495 *On guard.*

- 1 LET us keep steadfast guard
With lighted hearts all night,
That when Christ comes, we stand pre-
pared,
And meet him with delight.
- 2 At midnight's season chill
Lay Paul and Silas bound, —
Bound, and in prison sang they still,
And singing, freedom found.
- 3 Our prison is this earth,
And yet we sing to thee:
Break sin's strong fetters, lead us forth,
Set us, believing, free!
- 4 Meet for thy realm in heaven,
Make us, O holy King!
That through the ages it be given
To us thy praise to sing.

Breviary.

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

LABAN. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes a - rise;

The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.

496

Perseverance.

- 1 My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

George Heath.

- 3 Go up with Christ your Head;
Your Captain's footsteps see;
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.
All power to him is given;
He ever reigns the same;
Salvation, happiness, and heaven,
Are all in Jesus' name.

Charles Wesley.

498

Courage—victory.

- 1 URGE on your rapid course,
Ye blood-besprinkled bands;
The heavenly kingdom suffers force;
'Tis seized by violent hands:
See there the starry crown
That glitters through the skies;
Satan, the world, and sin, tread down,
And take the glorious prize.
- 2 Through much distress and pain,
Through many a conflict here,
Through blood, ye must the entrance gain,
Yet, O disdain to fear:
"Courage!" your Captain cries,
Who all your toil foreknew;
"Toil ye shall have, yet all despise;
I have o'ercome for you."
- 3 The world cannot withstand
Its ancient Conqueror;
The world must sink beneath the hand
Which arms us for the war:
This is the victory,—
Before our faith they fall;
Jesus hath died for you and me;
Believe, and conquer all.

Charles Wesley.

497

The standard of the cross.

- 1 HARK, how the watchmen cry!
Attend the trumpet's sound;
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,
The powers of hell surround.
Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand—
Go forth to glorious war.
- 2 See on the mountain-top
The standard of your God;
In Jesus' name I lift it up,
All stained with hallowed blood.
His standard-bearer, I
To all the nations call:
Let all to Jesus' cross draw nigh;
He bore the cross for all.

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

BENJAMIN. S. M.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.

1. { Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your armor on, Strong in the strength which
Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in his mighty power, Who in the strength of
God sup - plies Through his e - ter - nal Son; Through his e - ter - nal Son;
Je - sus trusts Is more than con - quer - or, Is more than con - quer - or. }

FIRST PART.

499 *The whole armor of God.*

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.
- 2 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:
That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.
- 3 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole:
Indissolubly joined,
To battle all proceed;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ, your Head.

Charles Wesley.

SECOND PART.

500 *The shield of faith.*

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, lay hold
On faith's victorious shield;
Armed with that adamant and gold,
Be sure to win the field:
If faith surround your heart,
Satan shall be subdued;
Repelled his every fiery dart,
And quenched with Jesus' blood.

2 Jesus hath died for you!

- What can his love withstand?
Believe, hold fast your shield, and who
Shall pluck you from his hand?
Believe that Jesus reigns;
All power to him is given:
Believe, till freed from sin's remains;
Believe yourselves to heaven.

Charles Wesley.

THIRD PART.

501 *The well-fought day.*

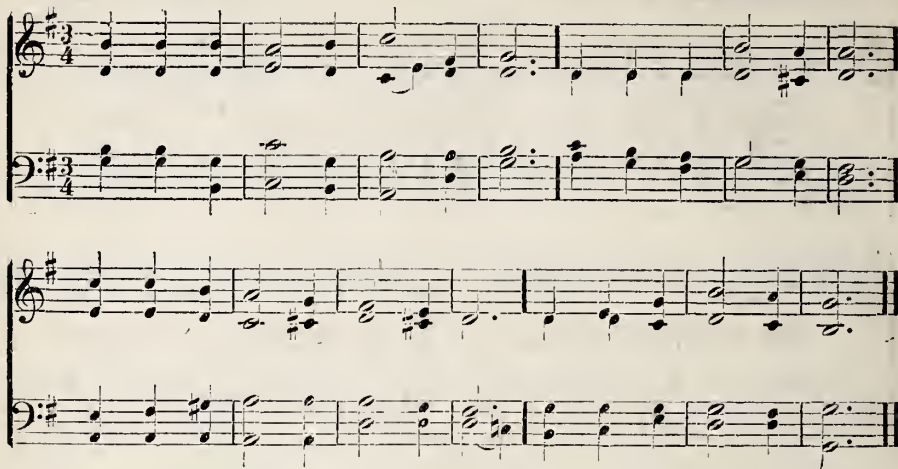
- 1 PRAY, without ceasing pray,
Your Captain gives the word;
His summons cheerfully obey,
And call upon the Lord:
To God your every want
In instant prayer display;
Pray always; pray, and never faint;
Pray, without ceasing pray.
- 2 In fellowship, alone,
To God with faith draw near;
Approach his courts, besiege his throne
With all the power of prayer:
His mercy now implore,
And now show forth his praise;
In shouts, or silent awe, adore
His miracles of grace.
- 3 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day:
Still let the Spirit cry
In all his soldiers, "Come!"
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
And take the conquerors home.

Charles Wesley.

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

ST. AGNES. C. M.

REV. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES.



502 *Bearing the cross.*

1 LORD, as to thy dear cross we flee,
And pray to be forgiven,
So let thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brother's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;

And kindness in our bosoms dwell
As free and true as thine.

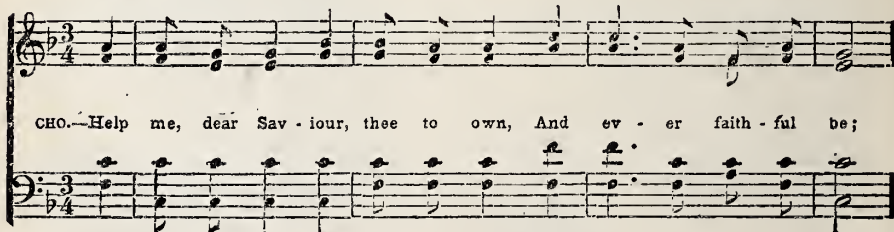
4 If joy shall at thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
"Father, thy will be done!"

5 Keep peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow thee to heaven!

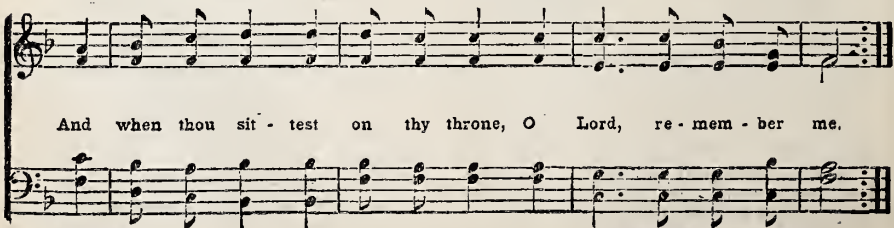
John H. Gurney.

REMEMBER ME.

ASA HULL.



CHO.—Help me, dear Sav-iour, thee to own, And ev-er faith-ful be;



And when thou sit-test on thy throne, O Lord, re-mem-ber me.

By permission.

Copyright 1867, by ASA HULL.

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

503 *Not ashamed of the Gospel.*

1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God! I know his name:
His name is all my trust:
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

Isaac Watts.

SOUND THE BATTLE-CRY!

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Sound the battle-cry! See! the foe is nigh;
Raise the standard high For the Lord;
Gird your armor on,
Stand firm

CHORUS. *ff*
every one; Rest your cause upon His holy word. Rouse, then soldiers, rally round the banner. Ready, steady,

pass the word along: Onward, forward, shout aloud Hosanna! Christ is Captain of the mighty throng.

Copyright, 1869, by Biglow & Main.

504 *Fight the good fight.*

1 SOUND the battle-cry!
See! the foe is nigh;
Raise the standard high
For the Lord;
Gird your armor on,
Stand firm every one;
Rest your cause upon
His holy word. CHO.

2 Strong to meet the foe,
Marching on we go,
While our cause we know,
Must prevail;

Shield and banner bright
Gleaming in the light;
Battling for the right
We ne'er can fail. CHO.

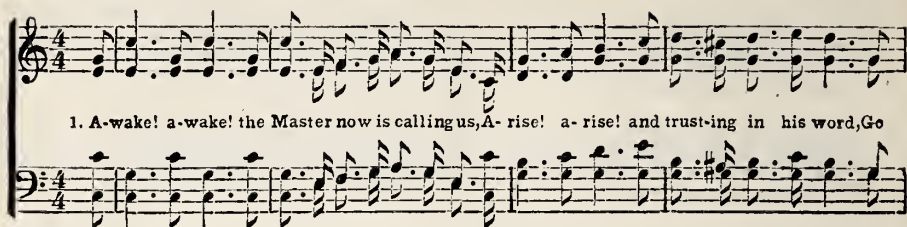
3 Oh! thou God of all,
Hear us when we call,
Help us one and all
By thy grace;
When the battle's done,
And the vict'ry won,
May we wear the crown
Before thy face. CHO.

Wm. F. Sherwin.

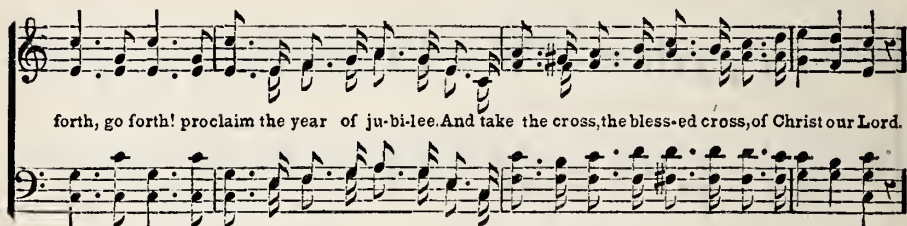
CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

CHURCH RALLYING SONG.

JNO. R. SWENEY

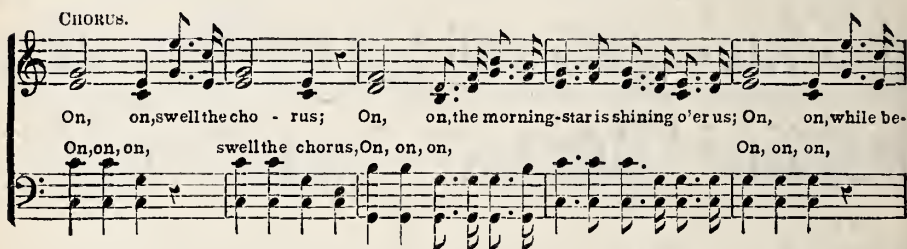


1. A-wake! a-wake! the Master now is calling us, A- rise! a- rise! and trust-ing in his word, Go

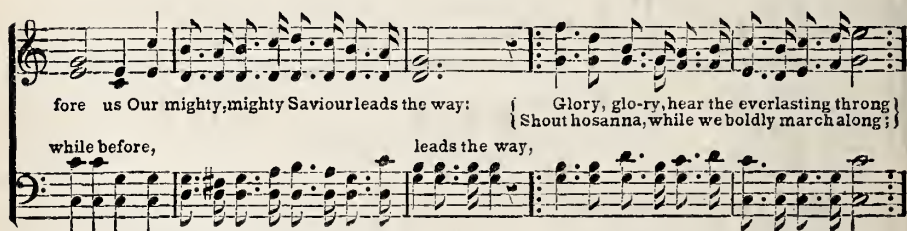


forth, go forth! proclaim the year of ju-bi-lee. And take the cross, the bless-ed cross, of Christ our Lord.

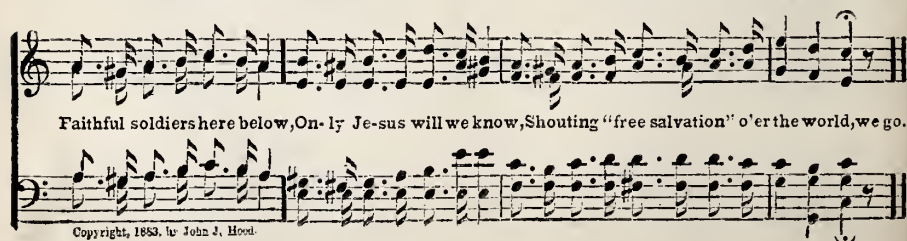
CHORUS.



On, on, swell the cho - rus; On, on, the morning-star is shining o'er us; On, on, while be-
On, on, on, swell the chorus, On, on, on, On, on, on,



fore us Our mighty, mighty Saviour leads the way: { Glory, glo-ry, hear the everlasting throng! }
while before, leads the way, { Shout hosanna, while we boldly march along! }



Faithful soldiers here below, On- ly Je-sus will we know, Shouting "free salvation" o'er the world, we go.

Copyright, 1883. by John J. Hood.

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

CHURCH RALLYING SONG.—Concluded.

505

Soldiers of the cross.

- 2 A cry for light from dying ones in heathen lands:
It comes, it comes across the ocean's foam;
Then haste, oh, haste to spread the words of truth abroad,
Forgetting not the starving poor at home, dear home.—CHO.
- 3 O church of God, extend thy kind maternal arms
To save the lost on mountains dark and cold,
Reach out thy hand with loving smile to rescue them,
And bring them to the shelter of the Saviour's fold.—CHO.
- 4 Look up! look up! the promised day is drawing near,
When all shall hail, shall hail the Saviour King,
When peace and joy shall fold their wings in every clime,
And "Glory, hallelujah," o'er the earth shall ring.—CHO.

Family J. Crosby.

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

ASA HULL, by per.

1. Stand up for Je - sus, Christian stand! Firm as a rock on o - cean's strand!

Beat back the waves of sin that roll, Like rag - ing floods, a - round thy soul

CHORUS.

Stand up for Je - sus, no - bly stand! Firm as a rock on o - cean's strand!

Stand up, his righteous cause de - fend; Stand up for Je - sus your best friend.

Copyright 1864, by ASA HULL.

506

Work and warfare.

- 2 Stand up for Jesus, Christian stand!
Sound forth his name o'er sea and land!
Spread ye his glorious word abroad,
Till all the world shall own him Lord!

- 3 Stand up for Jesus, Christian stand!
Soon with the blest immortal band
We'll dwell for aye, life's journey o'er
In realms of light on heaven's bright shore.

R. Torrey, Jr.

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

GEORGE A. MINOR, by per.

1. Sow - ing in the morning, sow - ing seeds of kind - ness, Sow - ing in the noon - tide

This system contains the first two staves of the song. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The time signature is 4/4. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

and the dew - y eve; Waiting for the har - vest, and the time of reap - ing,

This system contains the next two staves of the song. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The time signature is 4/4. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

CHORUS
We shall come, re - joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves. Bring - ing in the sheaves,

This system contains the third and fourth staves of the song. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The time signature is 4/4. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

bring - ing in the sheaves, We shall come re - joic - ing, Bring - ing in the sheaves,

This system contains the fifth and sixth staves of the song. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The time signature is 4/4. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

Bring - ing in the sheaves, Bring - ing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, Bring - ing in the sheaves.

This system contains the seventh and eighth staves of the song. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The time signature is 4/4. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

507

Bringing in the sheaves.

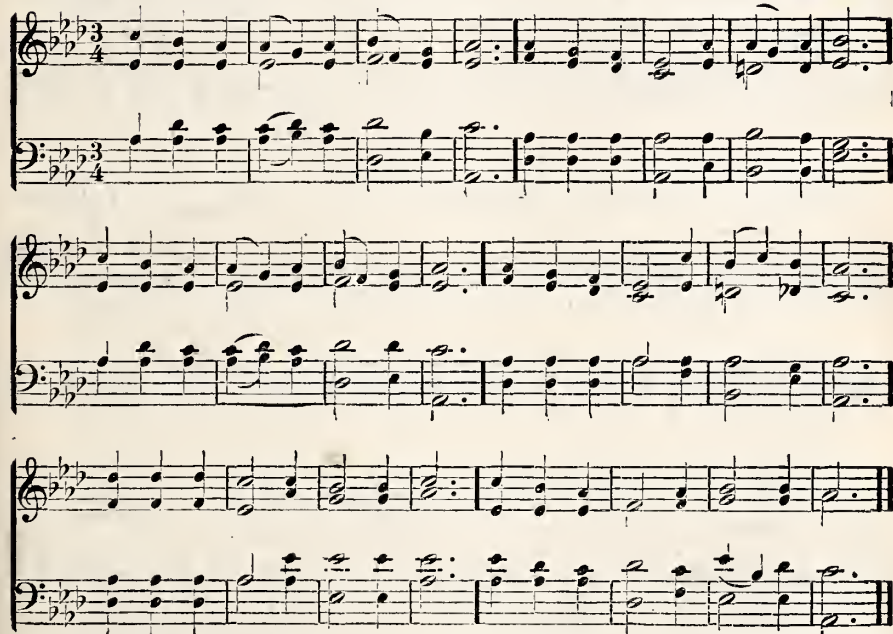
2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze :
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Going forth with weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves :
When our weeping's over he will bid us welcome,
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Knowles Shaw.

ST. CATHERINE. L. M. 61.

ADAPTED BY J. G. WALTON.



508

Faith of our fathers.

1 FAITH of our fathers ! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword :
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word :
Faith of our fathers ! holy faith !
We will be true to thee till death !

2 Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience
free ;

How sweet would be their children's fate
If they, like them, could die for thee :
Faith of our fathers ! holy faith !
We will be true to thee till death !

3 Faith of our fathers ! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife :
And preach thee, too, as love knows
how,
By kindly words and virtuous life :
Faith of our fathers ! holy faith !
We will be true to thee till death !

Frederick W. Faber.

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

SEEDS OF PROMISE.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Oh scat-ter seeds of lov-ing deeds, A - long the fer - tile field, For grain will grow from

CHORUS.
Then day by day..... a-long your

what you sow, And fruitful har-vest yield. Then day by day

way..... The seeds of prom - - - ise cast..... That ripened

a-long your way, The seeds of promise cast, the seeds of promise cast,

grain..... from hill and plain,..... Be gathered home..... at last.....

That ripened grain from hill and plain, Be gathered home at last, be gathered home at last.

Be gathered home at last.....

509 "In the morning sow thy seed."

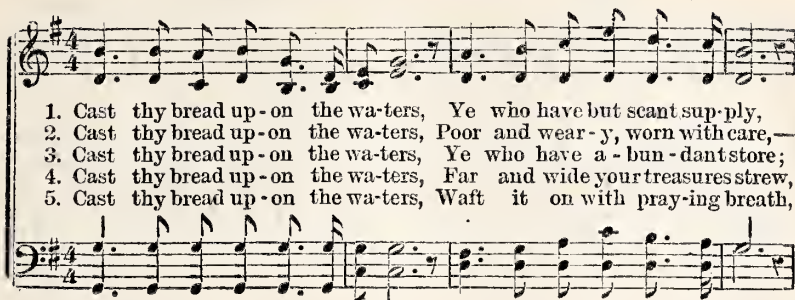
2 Tho' sown in tears thro' weary years,
The seed will surely live;
Though great the cost it is not lost,
For God will fruitage give. CHO.

3 The harvest-home of God will come,
And after toil and care;
With joy untold your sheaves of gold,
Will all be garnered there. CHO.

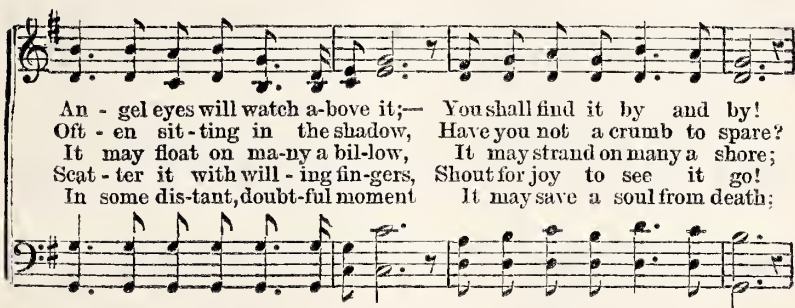
Jessie H. Brown,

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

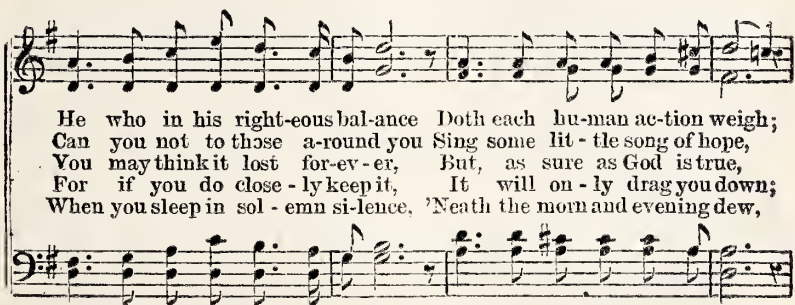
510 CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS.



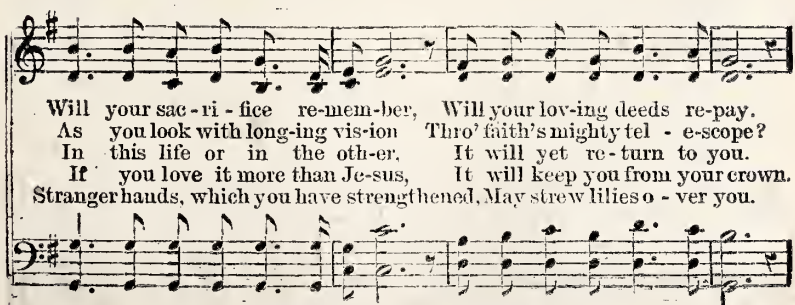
1. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Ye who have but scant sup-ply,
 2. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Poor and wear-y, worn with care,—
 3. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Ye who have a - bun - dant store;
 4. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Far and wide your treasures strew,
 5. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Waft it on with pray-ing breath,



An - gel eyes will watch a-bove it;— You shall find it by and by!
 Oft - en sit-ting in the shadow, Have you not a crumb to spare?
 It may float on ma-ny a bil-low, It may strand on many a shore;
 Scat - ter it with will - ing fin-gers, Shout for joy to see it go!
 In some dis-tant, doubt-ful moment It may save a soul from death;



He who in his right-eous bal-ance Doth each hu-man ac-tion weigh;
 Can you not to those a-round you Sing some lit - tle song of hope,
 You may think it lost for-ev-er, But, as sure as God is true,
 For if you do close - ly keep it, It will on - ly drag you down;
 When you sleep in sol - emn si-lence, 'Neath the morn and evening dew,



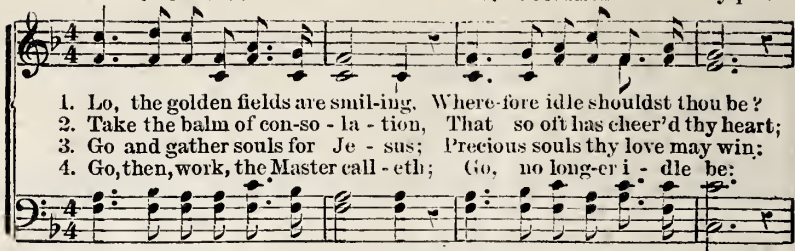
Will your sac - ri - fice re-mem-ber, Will your lov-ing deeds re-pay.
 As you look with long-ing vis-ion Thro' faith's mighty tel - e-scope?
 In this life or in the oth-er. It will yet re - turn to you.
 If you love it more than Je-sus, It will keep you from your crown.
 Stranger hands, which you have strengthened, May strew lilies o - ver you.

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

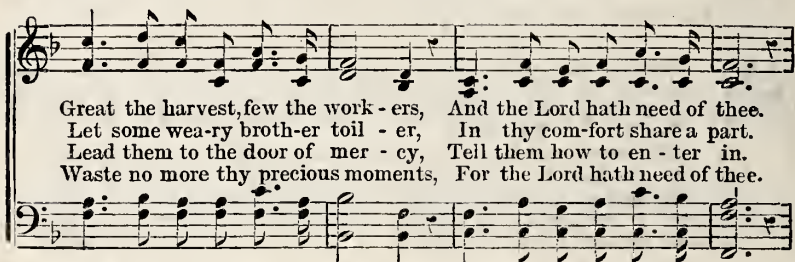
511 LO, THE GOLDEN FIELDS ARE SMILING.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

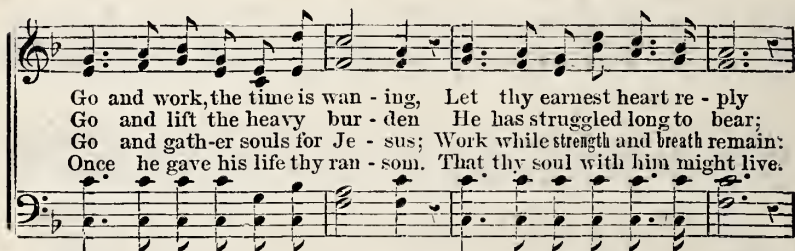
W. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.



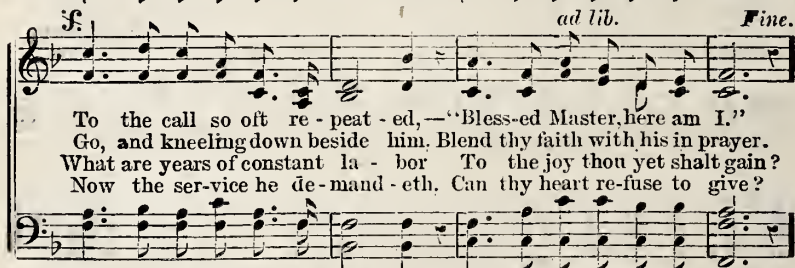
1. Lo, the golden fields are smil-ing. Where-fore idle shouldst thou be?
 2. Take the balm of con-so - la - tion, That so oft has cheer'd thy heart;
 3. Go and gather souls for Je - sus; Precious souls thy love may win;
 4. Go, then, work, the Master call - eth; Go, no long-er i - dle be;



Great the harvest, few the work - ers, And the Lord hath need of thee.
 Let some wea-ry broth-er toil - er, In thy com-fort share a part.
 Lead them to the door of mer - cy, Tell them how to en - ter in.
 Waste no more thy precious moments, For the Lord hath need of thee.



Go and work, the time is wan - ing, Let thy earnest heart re - ply
 Go and lift the heavy bur - den He has struggled long to bear;
 Go and gath-er souls for Je - sus; Work while strength and breath remain;
 Once he gave his life thy ran - som. That thy soul with him might live.

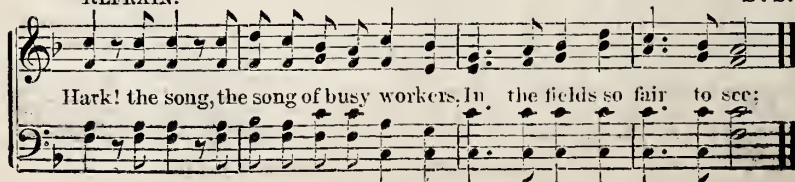


ad lib. *Fine.*
 To the call so oft re - peat - ed,—"Bless-ed Master, here am I."
 Go, and kneeling down beside him, Blend thy faith with his in prayer.
 What are years of constant la - bor To the joy thou yet shalt gain?
 Now the ser-vice he de-mand - eth. Can thy heart re-fuse to give?

D. S. Go and fill thy place a - mong them, For the Lord hath need of thee.

REFRAIN.

D. S.



Hark! the song, the song of busy workers, In the fields so fair to see;

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY. --THE CHURCH.

[S. 7. Tune, Ellesdie, Page 266.]

512 The Master calling.

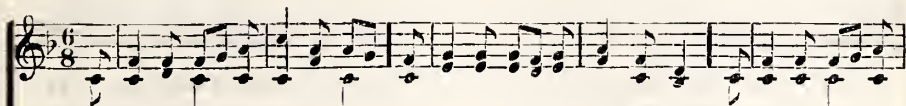
1 HARK, the voice of Jesus calling,
 "Who will go and work to-day?
 Fields are white, and harvests waiting,
 Who will bear the sheaves away?"
 Loud and long the Master calleth,
 Rich reward he offers free:
 Who will answer, gladly saying,
 "Here am I, send me, send me?"

2 Let none hear you idly saying,
 "There is nothing I can do,"
 While the souls of men are dying,
 And the Master calls for you:
 Take the task he gives you gladly:
 Let his work your pleasure be:
 Answer quickly when he calleth,
 "Here am I, send me, send me."

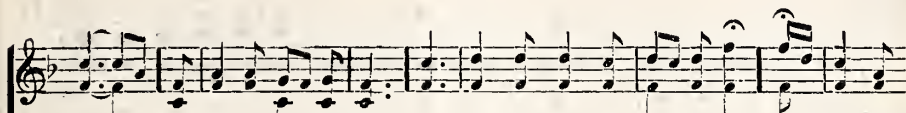
Daniel March.

GARDEN.

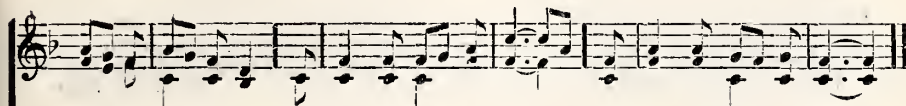
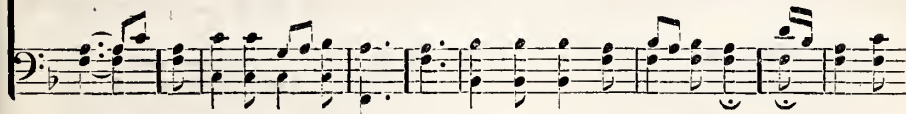
PER INGALLS.



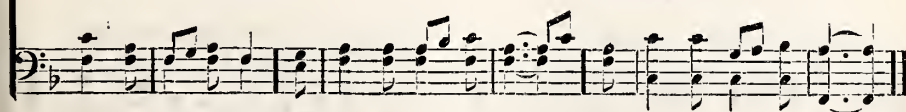
1. The Lord in - to his garden comes, The spi - ces yield their rich perfumes, The lil - ies grow and



thrive; The lil - ies grow and thrive; Re - fresh - ing show'rs of grace di - vine, From Je - sus



flow to ev - 'ry vine, And make the dead re - vive, And make the dead re - vive.



513 The Lord's garden.

2 O that this dry and barren ground,
 In springs of water may abound,—
 A fruitful soil become;
 The desert blossoms like the rose,
 When Jesus conquers all his foes,
 And makes his people one.

3 Come, brethren, you that love the Lord,
 Who taste the sweetness of his word,
 In Jesus' ways go on;
 Our troubles and our trials here,
 Will only make us richer there,
 When we arrive at home.

Anon.

THE CHURCH.

AURELIA. 7, G, D.

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY.

1. The Church's one foun-da-tion Is Je-sus Christ her Lord; She is his new cre-

a-tion By wa-ter and the word: From heav'n he came and sought her To

be his ho-ly bride; With his own blood he bought her, And for her life he died.

514 *The Church his Bride.*

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One Holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with thee.

Samuel John Stone.

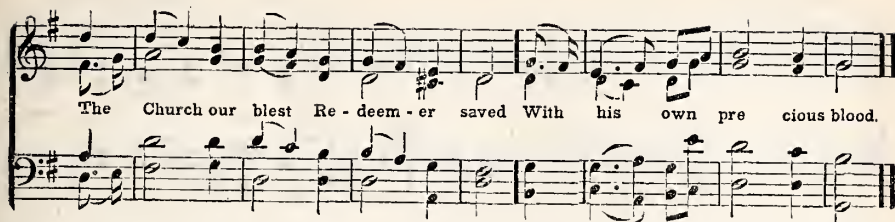
AMANTUS. S. M.

REV. WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLBERG, D. D.

1. I love thy king-dom, Lord, The house of thine a-bode,

THE CHURCH.

AMANTUS. - *Concluded.*



515 *Love for Zion.*

1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer save!
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye.
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;

To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

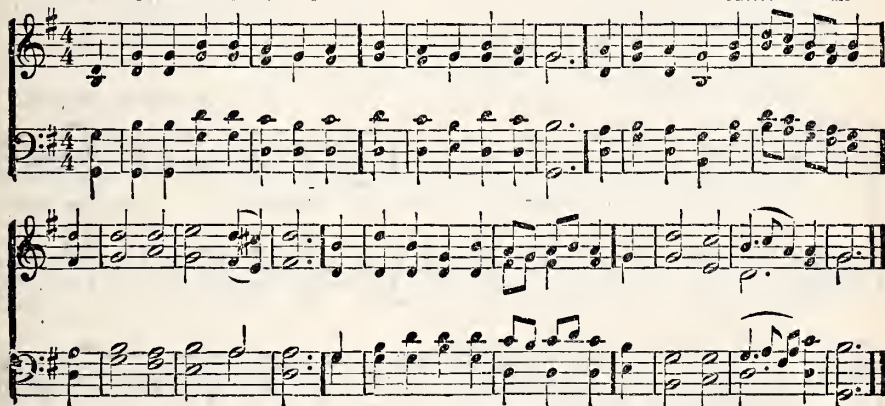
4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven

Timothy Dwight,

CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN



516 *The minister's only business.*

1 JESUS! the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus! the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear:
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks.
And bruises Satan's head:
Power into strengthless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name:
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

Charles Wesley.

THE CHURCH.

DENNIS. S. M.

HANS GEORG NAGEL.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.

517 *Sympathy and mutual love.*

- 2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;

And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

John Fawcett.

NUREMBERG. 7.

JOHANN RUDOLF AHLE.

1. Glo - ry be to God a - bove, God, from whom all bless - ings flow;

Make we mention of his love, Pub - lish we his praise be - low:

518 *Sweet counsel.*

- 2 Called together by his grace,
We are met in Jesus' name;
See with joy each other's face,
Foll'wers of the bleeding Lamb.
- 3 Build we each the other up;
Pray we for our faith's increase;

Solid comfort, settled hope.
Constant joy, and lasting peace.

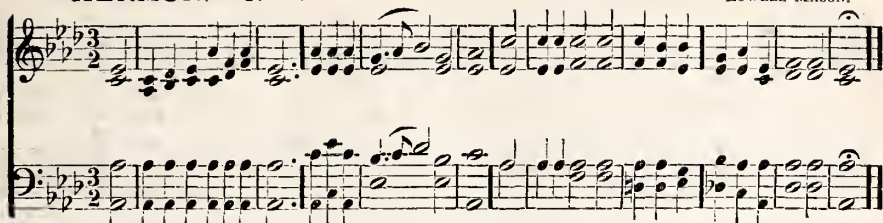
- 4 More and more let love abound;
Let us never, never rest,
Till we are in Jesus found,
Of our paradise possessed.

Charles Wesley,

THE CHURCH.

HERMON. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.



519 *The golden chain.*

1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word !

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part !
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart !

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love !

4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow,
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above ;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

Joseph Swain.

520 *The law of Christ.*

1 TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart ;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O-bid it all depart.

2 If to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless ;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear ;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve ;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below,

6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride :
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

Charles Wesley.

521 *Love, the test of discipleship.*

1 OUR God is love, and all his saints
His image bear below :
The heart with love to God inspired,
With love to man will glow.

2 Teach us to love each other, Lord,
As we are loved by thee ;
None who are truly born of God
Can live in enmity.

3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same,
With bonds of love our hearts unite,
With mutual love inflame.

4 So may the unbelieving world
See how true Christians love ;
And glorify our Saviour's grace,
And seek that grace to prove.

Thomas Cottterill.

522 *The loadstone of His love.*

1 JESUS, united by thy grace,
And each to each endeared,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke ;
A band of love, a threefold cord,
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one spirit drink ;
Baptize into thy name ;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak, the same.

4 Touched by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree,
And ever toward each other move,
And ever move toward thee.

Charles Wesley.

THE CHURCH.

AUSTRIA. 8, 7, D.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.

1. {Glo - rious things of thee are spok - en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God; }
 {He, whose word can - not be bro - ken, Formed thee for his own a - bode; }

On the Rock of a - ges founded, What can shake thy sure re - pose?

With sal - va - tion's walls sur - rounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

523 *God in the midst of her.*

2 See, the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Still supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove:
 Who can faint while such a river
 Ever flows our thirst to assuage?
 Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
 Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
 See the cloud and fire appear,
 For a glory and a covering,
 Showing that the Lord is near
 He who gives us daily manna,
 He who listens when we cry,
 Let him hear the loud hosanna
 Rising to his throne on high.

John Newton.

ZION. 8, 7, 4.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

THE CHURCH.

524 *Good news for Zion.*

- 1 ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo ! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion, long in hostile lands :
Mourning captive !
God himself shall loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful ?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved ?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful.
By the sighs and tears unmoved ?
Cease thy mourning :
Zion still is well beloved.
- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee :
He himself appears thy Friend :
All thy foes shall flee before thee :
Here thy boasts and triumphs end :
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.
- 4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee :
All thy warfare now is past ;
God thy Saviour will defend thee ;
Victory is thine at last :

All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.
Thomas Kelly.

525 *Jehovah, the defence of Zion.*

- 1 ZION stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by power divine :
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine :
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine !
- 2 Every human tie may perish :
Friend to friend unfaithful prove ;
Mothers cease their own to cherish :
Heaven and earth at last remove :
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.
- 3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more
bright,
But can never cease to love thee ;
Thou art precious in his sight :
God is with thee,
God, thine everlasting light.

Thomas Kelly.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

GREGORIAN CHANT, ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.



526 *The joyful sound.*

- 1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal !
- 2 How charming is their voice,
How sweet the tidings are !
" Zion, behold thy Saviour King ;
He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light !

- Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
- 4 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 5 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad ;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

Isaac Watts.

MISSIONS.

JESUS SHALL REIGN. L. M.

KARL WILHELM, arr.

1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc-ces-sive jour-neys run;

His king - dom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

From north to south the prin - ces meet, To pay their hom - age at his feet;

While western em - pires own their Lord, And sav-age tribes at-tend his word.

527 *Christ's all-embracing empire.*

2 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

Isaac Watts.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

HEINRICH CHRISTOPHER ZEUNER.

1. Jesus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his successive journeys run; His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no

[more.]

MISSIONS.

MIGDOL. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Go forth, ye her - alds, in My name, Sweet - ly the gos - pel trumpet sound;

The glorious ju - bi - lee pro - claim, Where'er the hu - man race is found.

528 *Heralds of the cross.*

- 1 Go forth, ye heralds, in My name,
Sweetly the gospel trumpet sound;
The glorious jubilee proclaim,
Where'er the human race is found.
- 2 The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies;
With care bind up the broken heart,
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.
- 3 Be wise as serpents, where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove;
And let your heaven-taught conduct
show
Ye are commissioned from above.
- 4 Freely from me ye have received,
Freely, in love, to others give;
Thus shall your doctrines be believed,
And, by your labors, sinners live.

John Logan.

529 *That glorious anthem.*

- 1 SOON may the last glad song arise;
Through all the millions of the skies
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.
- 2 Let thrones, and powers, 'and king-
doms be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee;
And over land, and stream, and main,
Now wave the scepter of thy reign.
- 3 O let that glorious anthem swell;
Let host to host the triumph tell,

Till not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

Mrs. Voke.

[6, 4. Tune, Dort. Page 60]

530 *Let there be light.*

- 1 THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
"Let there be light."
- 2 Thou, who didst come to bring
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind;
O now, to all mankind,
"Let there be light."
- 3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight;
Move o'er the waters' face
By thine almighty grace;
And in earth's darkest place,
"Let there be light."
- 4 Blessed and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
O'er the world far and wide,
"Let there be light."

John Marriott.

MISSIONS.

WATCHMAN. 7. D.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are. Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height See that glo - ry - beaming star! Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy foretell? Traveler, yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el.

531 *The watchman's report.*

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends!
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wandering cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home!
Traveler, lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

Sir John Bowring.

532 *The word glorified.*

1 SEE how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesus' love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.
To bring fire on earth he came;
Kindled in some hearts it is:

O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!
2 When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day:
Now the word doth swiftly run;
Now it wins its widening way:
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.
3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise!
He the door hath opened wide;
He hath given the word of grace;
Jesus' word is glorified.
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of him,
Him who spake a world from naught.
4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land;
Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of his love.

Charles Wesley.

MISSIONS

ELTHAM. 7. 61.

LOWELL MASON.

FINE.

1. Hast-en, Lord, the glo-rious time, When, be-neath Mes-si-ah's sway,
D. C.—Ev-ery na-tion, ev-ery clime, Shall the gos-pel call o-bey.

Ev-ery na-tion, ev-ery clime, Shall the gos-pel call o-bey, D. O.

533 *Christ's universal reign.*

- 1 HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.
- 2 Mightiest kings his power shall own;
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.
- 3 Then shall wars and tumults cease;
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed, shall ever reign.
- 4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record,
All his wondrous love proclaim.

Harriet Auber.

534 *The song of jubilee.*

- 1 HARK! the song of jubilee;
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.
- 2 Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,
From the center to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed his sword; he speaks—'tis dope,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away:
Then the end;—beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

James Montgomery.

535 *The banner of the cross.*

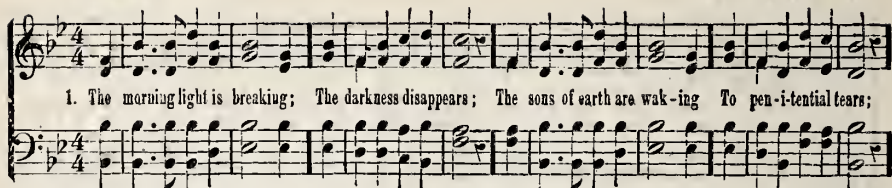
- 1 GO, ye messengers of God;
Like the beams of morning, fly;
Take the wonder-working rod;
Wave the banner-cross on high.
- 2 Where the lofty minaret
Gleams along the morning skies,
Wave it till the crescent set,
And the "Star of Jacob" rise.
- 3 Go to many a tropic isle
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies forever smile,
And the oppressed forever weep.
- 4 O'er the pagan's night of care
Pour the living light of heaven;
Chase away his dark despair,
Bid him hope to be forgiven.
- 5 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy East,
High the bleeding cross display;
Spread the gospel's richest feast.
- 6 Bear the tidings round the ball,
Visit every soil and sea;
Preach the cross of Christ to all,
Christ, whose love is full and free.

Joshua Marsden.

MISSIONS.

WEBB. 7, 6.

GEORGE JAMES WEBB.



1. The morning light is breaking; The darkness disappears; The sons of earth are wak-ing To pen-i-tential tears;



Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from a - far, Of nations in com - mo - tion, Prepared for Zion's war.

536 *The morning light is breaking.*

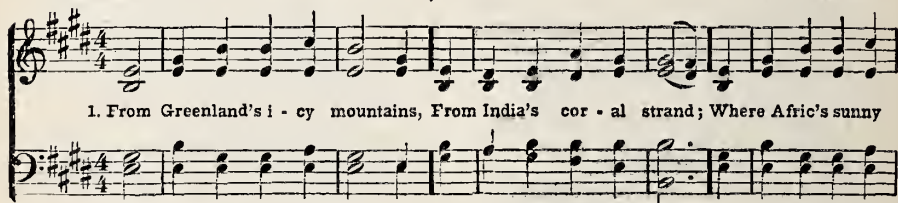
2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way:
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

Samuel F. Smith.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7, 6.

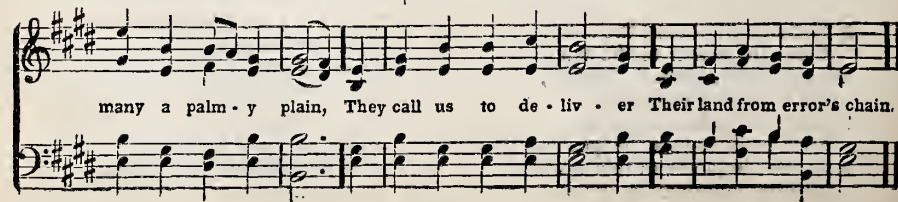
LOWELL MASON.



1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From India's cor - al strand; Where Afric's sunny



fountains Roll down their gold-en sand; From many an an - cient riv - er, From



many a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.

MISSIONS.

537 *Missionary hymn.*

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

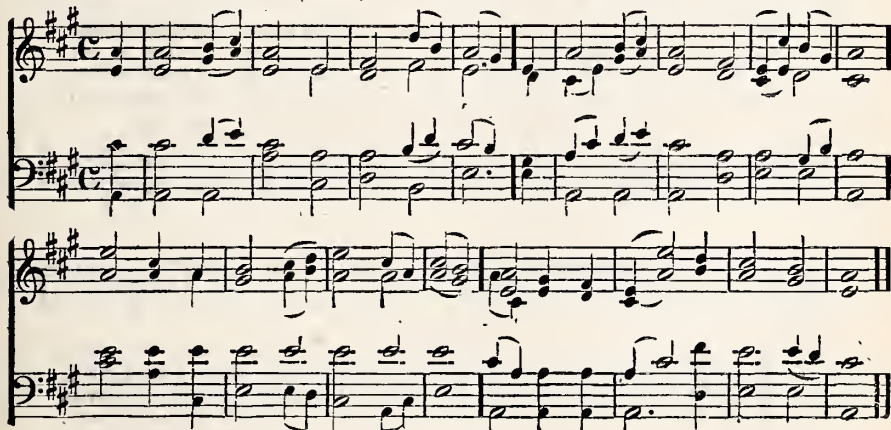
3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Reginald Heber.

WIMBORNE. L. M.

JOHN WHITAKER.



538 *The triumph near.*

1 ETERNAL Father, thou hast said,
That Christ all glory shall obtain;
That he who once a sufferer bled
Shall o'er the world a conqueror reign.

2 We wait thy triumph, Saviour King;
Long ages have prepared thy way;
Now all abroad thy banner fling,
Set time's great battle in array.

3 Thy hosts are mustered to the field;
"The Cross! the Cross!" the battle-
call;
The old grim towers of darkness yield,
And soon shall totter to their fall.

4 On mountain tops the watch-fires glow,
Where scattered wide the watchmen
stand;
Voice echoes voice, and onward flow
The joyous shouts from land to land.

5 O fill thy Church with faith and power,
Bid her long night of weeping cease;
To groaning nations haste the hour
Of life and freedom, light and peace.

6 Come, Spirit, make thy wonders known,
Fulfil the Father's high decree;
Then earth, the might of hell o'erthrown,
Shall keep her last great jubilee.

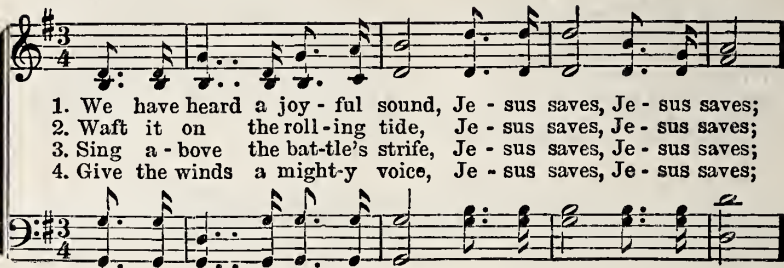
Ray Palmer.

MISSIONS.

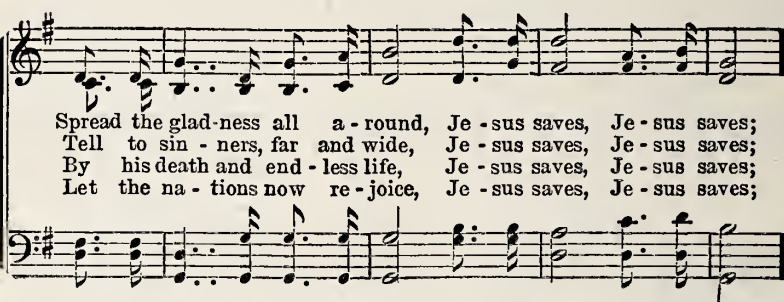
539 JESUS SAVES.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

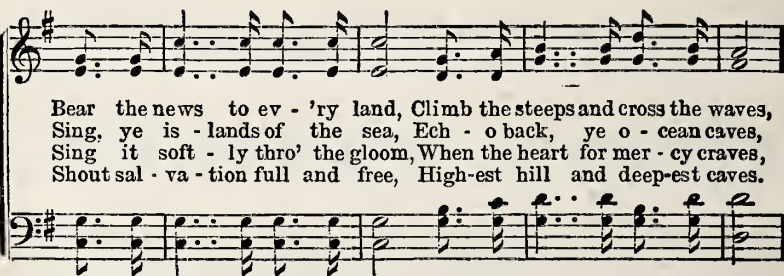
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;



Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Tell to sin - ners, far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 By his death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;



Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steep - s and cross the waves,
 Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves,
 Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hill and deep - est caves.



On - ward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Earth shall keep her Ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

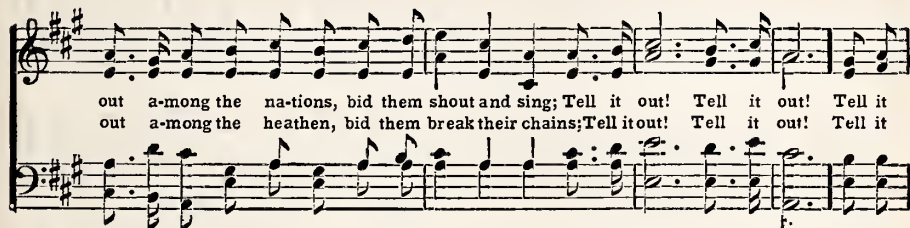
MISSIONS.

TELL IT OUT.

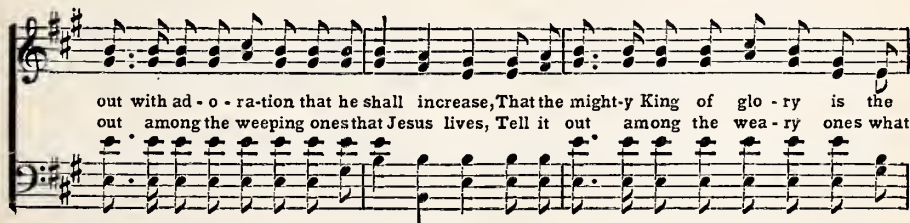
Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.



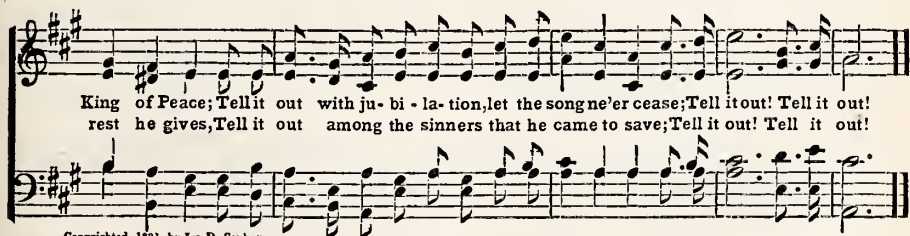
1. Tell it out among the nations that the Lord is King; Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it
2. Tell it out among the people that the Saviour reigns; Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it



out a-mong the na-tions, bid them shout and sing; Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it
out a-mong the heathen, bid them break their chains; Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it



out with ad-o-ra-tion that he shall increase, That the might-y King of glo-ry is the
out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives, Tell it out among the wea-ry ones what



King of Peace; Tell it out with ju-bi-la-tion, let the song ne'er cease; Tell it out! Tell it out!
rest he gives, Tell it out among the sinners that he came to save; Tell it out! Tell it out!

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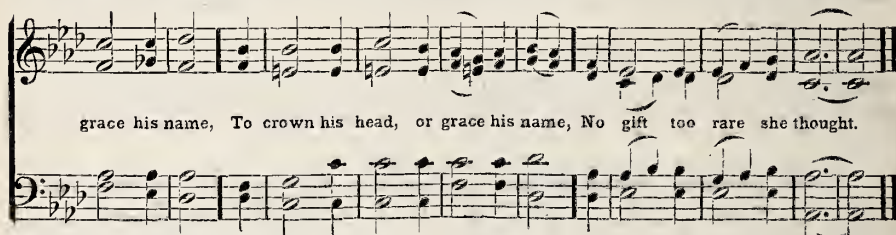
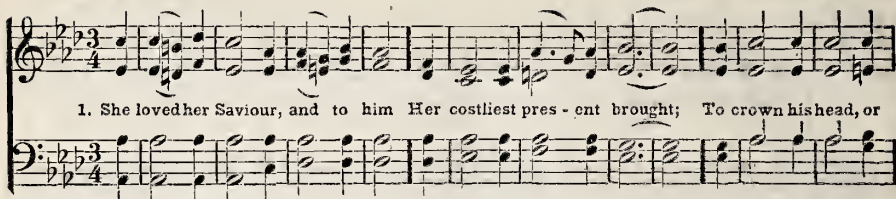
The Lord is King.

3 Tell it out among the people, Jesus reigns above;
Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out among the nations that his reign is love;
Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home,
Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean's foam,
That the weary, heavy-laden, need no longer roam;
Tell it out! Tell it out!

Frances B. Havergal.

541 *The box of spikenard.*

- 1 SHE loved her Saviour, and to him
Her costliest present brought;
To crown his head, or grace his name,
No gift too rare she thought.
- 2 So let the Saviour be adored,
And not the poor despised;
Give to the hungry from your hoard,
But all, give all to Christ.
- 3 Go, clothe the naked, lead the blind,
Give to the weary rest;
For sorrow's children comfort find,
And help for all distressed;
- 4 But give to Christ alone thy heart,
Thy faith, thy love supreme;
Then for his sake thine alms impart,
And so give all to him.

William Cutter.

542 *Ye have the poor always with you.*

Matt. 26: 11.

- 1 LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let love's treasures still be spent,
Like his, upon the poor.
- 2 Like him, through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their crowded loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.
- 3 For thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And that thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.
- 4 Mean are all offerings we can make;
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

William Crowell.

543 *Thy neighbor.*

- 1 WHO is thy neighbor? He whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.
- 2 Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim;
O enter thou his humble door,
With aid and peace for him.
- 3 Thy neighbor? He who drinks the cup
When sorrow drowns the brim;
With words of high, sustaining hope,
Go thou and comfort him.
- 4 Thy neighbor? Pass no mourner by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery;
Go, share thy lot with him.

William R. O. Peabody.

544 *For the inebriate.*

- 1 LIFE from the dead, Almighty God,
'Tis thine alone to give;
To lift the poor inebriate up,
And bid the helpless live.
- 2 Life from the dead! For those we plead
Fast bound in passion's chain,
That, from their iron fetters freed,
They wake to life again.
- 3 Life from the dead! Quickened by thee,
Be all their powers inclined
To temperance, truth, and piety,
And pleasures pure, refined.
- 4 And may they by thy help abide,
The tempter's power withstand;
By grace restored and purified,
In Christ accepted stand.

Unknown.

CHARITIES AND REFORMS.

545 *Treasures in heaven.*

1 RICH are the joys which cannot die,
With God laid up in store;
Treasures beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.

2 The seeds which piety and love
Have scattered here below,
In the fair fertile fields above
To ample harvests grow.

3 All that my willing hands can give
At Jesus' feet I lay:
Grace shall the humble gift receive,
Abounding grace repay.

Philip Doddridge.

546 *Deeds of love rewarded.*

1 How blest the children of the Lord,
Who, walking in his sight,

Make all the precepts of his word
Their study and delight!

2 That precious wealth shall be their
dower,
Which cannot know decay;
Which moth or rust shall ne'er devour,
Or spoiler take away.

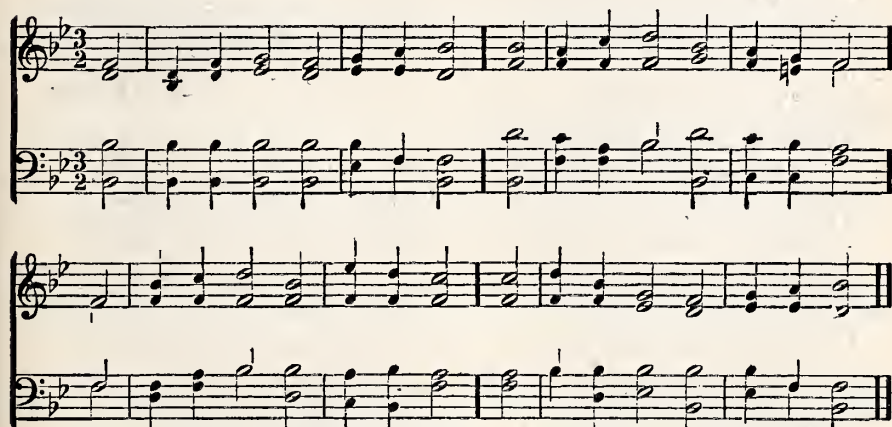
3 For them that heavenly light shall
spread
Whose cheering rays illumine
The darkest hours of life, and shed
A halo round the tomb.

4 Their works of piety and love,
Performed through Christ, their Lord,
Forever registered above,
Shall meet a sure reward.

Harriet Auber.

HEBRON. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



547 *For mercy on the drunkard.*

1 WHEN, doomed to death, the apostle
lay
At night in Herod's dungeon cell,
A light shone round him like the day
And from his limbs the fetters fell.

2 A messenger from God was there,
To break his chain and bid him
rise;
And lo! the saint, as free as air,
Walked forth beneath the open skies.

3 Chains yet more strong and cruel bind
The victims of that deadly thirst

Which drowns the soul, and from the
mind
Blots the bright image stamped at first.

4 O God of love and mercy, deign
To look on those with pitying eye
Who struggle with that fatal chain,
And send them succor from on high!

5 Send down, in its resistless might,
Thy gracious Spirit, we implore,
And lead the captive forth to light,
A rescued soul, a slave no more!

William C. Bryant.

BAPTISM.

WARD. L. M.

SCOTCH TUNE, ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.

1. Come, Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Hon - or the means ordained by thee;

Make good our ap - os - tol - ic boast, And own thy glo - rious min - is - try.

548 *The sacramental seal.*

- 1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Honor the means ordained by thee;
Make good our apostolic boast,
And own thy glorious ministry.
- 2 We now thy promised blessing claim;
Sent to disciple all mankind,
Sent to baptize into thy name,
We now thy promised presence find.
- 3 Father, in these reveal thy Son;
In these, for whom we seek thy face,
The hidden mystery make known,
The inward, pure, baptizing grace.
- 4 Jesus, with us thou always art;
Effectual make the sacred sign;
The gift unspeakable impart,
And bless the ordinance divine.
- 5 Eternal Spirit, from on high,
Baptizer of our spirits thou,
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.
Charles Wesley.

549 *At a child's baptism.*

- 1 THIS child we dedicate to thee,
O God of grace and purity!
Shield it from sin and threatening wrong,
And let thy love its life prolong.
- 2 O may thy Spirit gently draw
Its willing soul to keep thy law;
May virtue, piety, and truth,
Dawn even with its dawning youth.
- 3 We, too, before thy gracious sight,
Once shared the blest baptismal rite,

And would renew its solemn vow
With love, and thanks, and praises, now.

- 4 Grant that, with true and faithful heart,
We still may act the Christian's part,
Cheered by each promise thou hast given,
And laboring for the prize in heaven.

Tr. by S. Gilman.

[L. M. 61. Tune, Selena. Page 55.]

550 *The Lord's Supper instituted.*

- 1 IN that sad, memorable night,
When Jesus was for us betrayed,
He left his death-recording rite:
He took, and blest, and brake the bread;
And gave his own their last bequest,
And thus his love's intent expressed:
- 2 "Take, eat, this is my body, given
To purchase life and peace for you,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven:
Do this, my dying love to show:
Accept your precious legacy,
And thus, my friends, remember me."
- 3 He took into his hands the cup,
To crown the sacramental feast,
And, full of kind concern, looked up,
And gave to them what he had blest;
And, "Drink ye all of this," he said,
"In solemn memory of the dead.
- 4 "This is my blood, which seals the new
Eternal covenant of my grace;
My blood, so freely shed for you,
For you and all the sinful race:
My blood, that speaks your sins forgiven,
And justifies your claim to heaven."

Charles Wesley.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

DUNDEE. C. M.

GUILLAUME FRANC.



551

The invitation.

1 THE King of heaven his table spreads,
And blessings crown the board;
Not paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed
To raise our souls to heaven.

3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

4 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

Philip Doddridge.

4 The living bread sent down from heaven,
In us vouchsafe to be:
Thy flesh for all the world is given,
And all may live by thee.

Charles Wesley.

553

Grateful remembrance.

1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee!

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee!

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember thee!

5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee!

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me!

James Montgomery.

552

Approaching the table.

1 JESUS, at whose supreme command,
We now approach to God,
Before us in thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipped in blood.

2 The tokens of thy dying love
O let us all receive,
And feel the quickening Spirit move,
And sensibly believe.

3 The cup of blessing, blest by thee,
Let it thy blood impart;
The bread thy mystic body be,
To cheer each languid heart.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

INNOCENTS. 7.

ANON. ARR. BY WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

554 *Praise to our victorious King.*

- 1 AT the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide
Flowing from his piercé side;
- 2 Praise we him, whose love divine
Gives his sacred blood for wine,
Gives his body for the feast,
Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest.
- 3 Where the paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
- 4 Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, paschal Bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.
- 5 Mighty Victim from the sky!
Hell's fierce powers beneath thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light:
- 6 Now no more can death appall,
Now no more the grave enthrall;
Thou hast opened paradise,
And in thee thy saints shall rise.

Roman Breviary. Tr. by R. Campbell.

555 *Discerning the Lord's body.*

- 1 JESUS, all-redeeming Lord,
Magnify thy dying word;
In thine ordinance appear;
Come, and meet thy followers here.
- 2 In the rite thou hast enjoined,
Let us now our Saviour find;
Drink thy blood for sinners shed,
Taste thee in the broken bread,

- 3 Thou our faithful hearts prepare;
Thou thy pardoning grace declare;
Thou that hast for sinners died,
Show thyself the Crucified!
- 4 All the power of sin remove;
Fill us with thy perfect love;
Stamp us with the stamp divine;
Seal our souls forever thine.

Charles Wesley.

[7, 6. Tune, St. Hilda. Page 249]

556 *Angels' food.*

- 1 O BREAD to pilgrims given,
O Food that angels eat,
O Manna sent from heaven,
For heaven-born natures meet;
Give us, for thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled;
Till, earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is stilled.
- 2 O Water, life bestowing,
From out the Saviour's heart,
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love thou art:
O let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage;
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.
- 3 Jesus, this feast receiving,
We thee unseen adore;
Thy faithful word believing,
We take, and doubt no more:
Give us, thou true and loving,
On earth to live in thee;
Then, death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see.

From the Latin. Tr. by R. Palmer.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

SIMPSON. C. M.

FROM LOUIS SPOHR.



557 *Rich gifts of gospel grace.*

- 1 O LOVE divine ! O matchless grace !
Which in this sacred rite
Shines forth so full, so free, in rays
Of purest living light.
- 2 O wondrous death ! O precious blood
For us so freely spilt,
To cleanse our sin-polluted souls
From every stain of guilt.
- 3 O covenant of life and peace,
By blood and suffering sealed !
All the rich gifts of gospel grace
Are here to faith revealed.
- 4 Jesus, we bow our souls to thee,
Our life, our hope, our all,
While we, with thankful, contrite hearts,
Thy dying love recall.
- 5 O may thy pure and perfect love
Be written on our minds ;
Nor earth, nor self, nor sin obscure
The ever-radiant lines.

Edward Turney.

558 *The sacred feast.*

- 1 IN memory of the Saviour's love,
We keep the sacred feast,
Where every humble, contrite heart
Is made a welcome guest.
- 2 By faith we take the bread of life,
With which our souls are fed ;
The cup, in token of his blood,
That was for sinners shed.
- 3 Under his banner thus we sing
The wonders of his love,
And thus anticipate by faith
The heavenly feast above.

Unknown.

559 *Gratitude and love.*

- 1 If human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie :
If tender thoughts within us burn
To feel a friend is nigh :
- 2 O shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died our fears to quell,
And save from endless woe ?
- 3 While yet in anguish he surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed !
" Meet, and remember me."
- 4 Remember thee ! thy death, thy shame,
The griefs which thou didst bear !
O memory, leave no other name
So deeply graven there.

Gerard T. Noel.

560 *He died for me.*

- 1 THAT doleful night before his death,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Did, almost with his dying breath,
This solemn feast ordain.
- 2 To keep the feast, Lord, we have met,
And to remember thee :
Help each poor trembler to repeat,
" For me he died, for me !"
- 3 Thy sufferings, Lord, each sacred sign
To our remembrance brings ;
We eat the bread, and drink the wine,
But think on nobler things.
- 4 O tune our tongues, and set in frame
Each heart that pants for thee,
To sing, " Hosanna to the Lamb,
The Lamb that died for me !"

Joseph Hart.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

REST. L. M.

WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY.

1. A - sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep!

A calm and un - dis - turbed re - pose, Un - brok - en by the last of foes.

561 *Asleep in Jesus.*

1 ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep!
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing,
That Death hath lost his venom'd sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Mrs. Margaret Mackay.

562 *The Christian's parting hour.*

1 How sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And when the sun, with cloudless ray,
Sheds mellow luster o'er the scene!

2 Such is the Christian's parting hour;
So peacefully he sinks to rest;
When faith, endued from heaven with
power,
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,
That smile upon his wasted cheek;
They tell us of his glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak.

4 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to their bright abode.

5 Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness?

William H. Bathurst.

563 *The vision of faith.*

1 SHALL man, O God of light and life,
Forever molder in the grave?
Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
Thy promise, and thy power to save?

2 In those dark, silent realms of night,
Shall peace and hope no more arise?
No future morning light the tomb,
Nor day-star gild the darksome skies?

3 Cease, cease, ye vain, desponding fears:
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness
sprang,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heaven with praise and wonder rang.

4 Faith sees the bright, eternal doors
Unfold, to make his children way;
They shall be clothed with endless life,
And shine in everlasting day.

Timothy Dwight.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

CAPELLO. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. It is not death to die,— To leave this wea - ry road,

And, 'mid the broth - er - hood on high, To be at home with God,

564 *It is not death to die.*

2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear
The wretch that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

5 Jesus, thou Prince of life,
Thy chosen cannot die!
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high.
Abraham H. C. Malan. Tr. by G. W. Bethune.

565 *Let me die the death of the
righteous.*

1 O FOR the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.

4 O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!
James Montgomery.

566 *The conqueror crowned.*

1 SERVANT of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last;

2 Of all thy heart's desire
Triumphantly possessed;
Lodged by the ministerial choir
In thy Redeemer's breast.

3 In condescending love,
Thy ceaseless prayer he heard;
And bade thee suddenly remove
To thy complete reward.

4 With saints enthroned on high,
Thou dost thy Lord proclaim,
And still to God salvation cry,
Salvation to the Lamb!

5 O happy, happy soul!
In ecstasies of praise,
Long as eternal ages roll,
Thou seest thy Saviour's face.

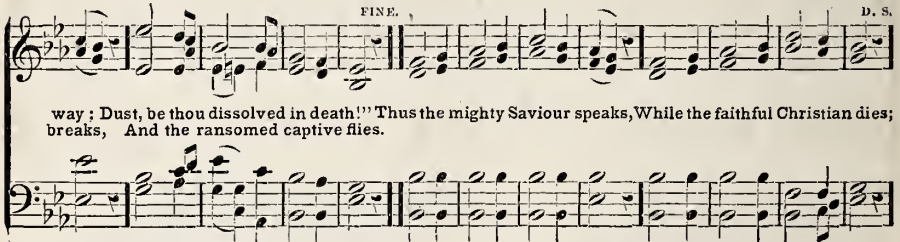
6 Redeemed from earth and pain.
Ah! when shall we ascend,
And all in Jesus' presence reign
With our translated friend?

Charles Wesley.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

LEAVITT. 7. D.

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.



567 *Clothed with immortality.*

- 1 "SPIRIT, leave thy house of clay;
Lingerin dust, resign thy breath!
Spirit, cast thy chains away;
Dust, be thou dissolved in death!"
Thus the mighty Saviour speaks,
While the faithful Christian dies;
Thus the bonds of life he breaks,
And the ransomed captive flies.
- 2 "Prisoner, long detained below,
Prisoner, now with freedom blest,
Welcome from a world of woe;
Welcome to a land of rest!"
Thus the choir of angels sing,
As they bear the soul on high,
While with hallelujahs ring
All the regions of the sky.
- 3 Grave, the guardian of our dust,
Grave, the treasury of the skies,
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise:
Hark! the judgment-trumpet calls,
"Soul, rebuild thy house of clay;
Immortality thy walls,
And eternity thy day!"

James Montgomery, alt.

568 *Dying in the Lord.*

- 1 HARK! a voice divides the sky,—
Happy are the faithful dead!
In the Lord who sweetly die,
They from all their toils are freed;

Them the Spirit hath declared
Blest, unutterably blest;
Jesus is their great reward,
Jesus is their endless rest.

2 Followed by their works they go,
Where their Head is gone before;
Reconciled by grace below,
Grace hath opened mercy's door;
Justified through faith alone,
Here they knew their sins forgiven;
Here they laid their burden down,
Hallowed and made meet for heaven.

3 Who can now lament the lot
Of a saint in Christ deceased?
Let the world, who know us not,
Call us hopeless and unblest:
When from flesh the spirit freed
Hastens homeward to return,
Mortals cry, "A man is dead!"
Angels sing, "A child is born!"

4 Born into the world above,
They our happy brother greet;
Bear him to the throne of love,
Place him at the Saviour's feet:
Jesus smiles, and says, "Well done!
Good and faithful servant thou!
Enter, and receive thy crown;
Reign with me triumphant now."

Charles Wesley.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

TALMAR. 8, 7.

ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.

1. Je - sus, while our hearts are bleed - ing O'er the spoils that death has won,

We would, at this sol - emn meet - ing, Calm - ly say, "Thy will be done."

569 *Bereavement and resignation.*

- 1 JESUS, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would, at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say, "Thy will be done."
- 2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken;
Though afflicted, not alone:
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken;
Blessed Lord, "Thy will be done."
- 3 Though to-day we're filled with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne;
With thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing, "Thy will be done."
- 4 By thy hands the boon was given;
Thou hast taken but thine own:
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore, "Thy will be done."

Thomas Hastings.

570 *Conflict ended—crown waiting.*

- 1 HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go!
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above;
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.
- 2 Struggle through thy latest passion,
To thy great Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.
For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live a life of glory;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

Charles Wesley.

[7. Tune, Leavitt. Page 336.]

571 *The dying believer.*

- 1 DEATHLESS spirit, now arise;
Soar, thou native of the skies!
Pearl of price by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought,—
- 2 Go, to shine before the throne;
Deck the Mediator's crown;
Go, his triumphs to adorn;
Made for God, to God return.
- 3 Lo! he beckons from on high;
Fearless to his presence fly:
Thine the merit of his blood,
Thine the righteousness of God.
- 4 Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow, bend;
Wait to catch the signal given,
And convey thee quick to heaven.
- 5 Shudder not to pass the stream:
Venture all thy care on him,—
Him, whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossings, hushed its roar.
- 6 Safe is the expanded wave,
Gentle as a summer's eve;
Not one object of his care
Ever suffered shipwreck there.
- 7 See the haven full in view:
Love divine shall bear thee through;
Trust to that propitious gale;
Weigh thine anchor, spread thy sail.
- 8 Saints in glory, perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade;
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See, they throng the blissful shore.

Augustus M. Toplady.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

FREDERICK. 11, or 13, 11, 12.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.

1. I would not live away; I ask not to stay Where storm aft - er
storm ris - es dark o'er the way: The few lu - rid mornings that
dawn on us here Are enough for life's woes, full e - nough for its cheer.

572

I would not live away.

2 I would not live away; no, welcome the tomb!

Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;

There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise, To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

3 Who, who would live away, away from his God;

Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode, Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,

And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,

Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;

While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,

And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

William A. Muhlenberg.

573

Thou art gone to the grave.

1 THOU art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,

Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;

Thy Saviour has passed through its portal before thee,

And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer behold thee,

Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side:

But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,

And sinners may die, for the Sinless hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansion forsaking,

Perchance thy weak spirit in fear lingered long;

But the mild rays of paradise beamed on thy waking,

And the sound which thou heardst was the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee;

Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and guide:

He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee;

And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.

Reginald Heber.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

MERIBAH. C. P. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Thou God of glorious maj - es - ty, To thee, a - gainst myself, to thee,

A worm of earth, I cry; A half - a - wakened child of man,

An heir of end - less bliss or pain, A sin - ner born to die.

574 *The brink of fate.*

1 THOU God of glorious majesty,
To thee, against myself, to thee,

A worm of earth, I cry;
A half-awakened child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die.

2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,
Secure, insensible:

A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

3 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

4 Before me place in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

5 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss to insure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

Charles Wesley.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION

WILL JESUS FIND US WATCHING?

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. When Jesus comes to reward his servants, Whether it be noon or night, Faithful to him will he

rit. REFRAIN.

find us watching, With our lamps all trimm'd and bright? Oh, can we say we are read-y, brother?

Ready for the soul's bright home? Say will he find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

Copyright, 1876, by W H Doane

575 Watch therefore.

1 When Jesus comes to reward his ser-
vants,
Whether it be noon or night,
Faithful to him will he find us watching,
With our lamps all trimmed and
bright?

CHORUS:

Oh, can we say we are ready, brother?
Ready for the soul's bright home?
Say, will he find you and me still watch-
ing, [come?
Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall

2 If at the dawn of the early morning,
He shall call us one by one,

When to the Lord we restore our talents.
Will he answer thee—"Well done!"

3 Have we been true to the trust he left
us?

Do we seek to do our best?
If in our hearts there is naught con-
demns us,
We shall have a glorious rest.

4 Blessed are those whom the Lord finds
watching,
In his glory they shall share;
If he shall come at the dawn or mid-
night,
Will he find us watching there?

Fanny J. Crosby.

HEAVEN.

WE SHALL MEET.

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

1. We shall meet be - yond the riv - er, By and by, by and by;

And the dark - ness shall be o - ver, By and by, by and by;

With the toil - some jour - ney done, And the glo - rious bat - tle won,

We shall shine forth as the sun, By and by, by and by;

Copyright, 1869, by Hubert P. Main.

576

By and by.

2 We shall strike the harps of glory,
By and by, by and by;
We shall sing redemption's story,
By and by, by and by;
And the strains for evermore
Shall resound in sweetness o'er
Yonder everlasting shore,
By and by, by and by.

3 We shall see and be like Jesus,
By and by, by and by;
Who a crown of life will give us,
By and by, by and by;

And the angels who fulfil
All the mandates of his will
Shall attend, and love us still,
By and by, by and by.

4 Wearing robes of snowy whiteness,
By and by, by and by;
And with crowns of dazzling brightness,
By and by, by and by:
Then, our storms and perils passed,
And with glory ours at last,
We'll possess the kingdom vast,
By and by, by and by.

Rev. John A. Kinson, D. D., alt.

HEAVEN.

SHINING SHORE.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil - grim stran - ger,

Would not de - tain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan - ger.

REFRAIN.

For, oh, we stand on Jor - dan's strand, Our friends are pass - ing o - ver;

And, just be - fore the shin - ing shore We may al - most dis - cov - er!

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The rest of Heaven.

- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has sent us word,
Let every lamp be burning.—REF.
- 3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;

That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.—REF.

- 4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever; [home
Our King says, "Come," and there's our
Forever, oh, forever.—REF.

David Nelson.

I'M A PILGRIM.

"BUONA NOTTE," Italian Melody.

1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger: I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night.

HEAVEN.

I'M A PILGRIM.—*Concluded.*

Do not de-tain me, for I am go-ing To where the streamlets are ev-er flow-ing.

CHORUS.

I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger: I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night.

578 *Longing for Heaven.*

2 There the sunbeams are ever shining,
Oh, my longing heart, my longing heart is
there.

Here in this country so dark and dreary,
I long have wandered forlorn and weary.

CHO.—I'm a pilgrim.

3 Of that country to which I'm going,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light:
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any sin there, nor any dying.

CHO.—I'm a pilgrim.

Mrs. Mary S. B. D. Shindler.

NORTHFIELD. C. M.

JEREMIAH INGALLS. (1804).

I'll bid farewell, I'll bid farewell, I'll bid farewell to ev-ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.

ev-ry fear, I'll bid farewell to ev-ry fear, I'll bid fare-well to ev-ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.

579 *Heavenly rest anticipated.*

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,

So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Isaac Watts.

HEAVEN.

ALIDA. C. M. Double.

D. B. THOMPSON.
FINE.

1. { How hap - py ev - ery child of grace, Who knows his sins for - giv - en; } seek my place in
The earth, he cries, is not my place, I { Omit - - - } heaven prepared for

D.C.—The land of rest, the saints' de - light, The { Omit - - - } heaven prepared for

heaven. A coun - try far from mor - tal sight, Yet. O, by faith I see,
me.

580 *The full assurance of hope.*

2 O what a blessed hope is ours!

While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day;
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

3 O would he more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessels break,
And let our ransomed spirits go
To grasp the God we seek;
In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me;
And shout and wonder at his grace
Through all eternity!

Charles Wesley.

THE SAINTS' HOME. 11.

HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP.

1. { 'Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and creature complaints, }
How sweet to the soul is com - munion (Omit)..... } with saints! To find at the banquet of

mercy there's room. And feel in the presence of Je - sus at home. Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
D.S. Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glo - ry, my home.

HEAVEN.

THE SAINTS HOME.—Continued.

581 *Home! home! sweet, sweet home.*

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace! [not cease,

And, thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,

I long to behold thee in glory, at home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee; [may foam,

Though now my temptation like billows
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee
at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,

O give me submission, and strength as my day;

In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine;

No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,

With glorified millions to praise thee at home.
David Denham.

WELCOME TO GLORY.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. { O. when I shall sweep thro' the gates! The scenes of mor-tal-i-ty o'er, }
{ What then for my spir-it a-waits? Will they sing on the glo-ri-fied shore? }

CHORUS.

Wel-come home! wel-come home! A wel-come in glo-ry for

Welcome home!

welcome home!

me; Welcome home! welcome home! A welcome for me!

Welcome home!

welcome home!

welcome home!

Copyright, 1872, by Joseph F. Knapp.

582 *Welcome to glory.*

2 And when from earth's cares I arise,
And pass through the portals above,
Will shouts, Welcome home to the skies!
Resound through the regions of love?

Welcome home! etc.

3 Yes! loved ones who knew me below,
Who learned the new song with me here,
In chorus will hail me, I know,

And welcome me home with good cheer!
Welcome home! etc.

4 The beautiful gates will unfold,
The home of the blood-washed I'll see;
The city of saints I'll behold!

For, O! there's a welcome for me!
Welcome home! etc.

5 A sinner made whiter than snow,
I'll join in the mighty acclaim,
And shout through the gates as I go,
Salvation to God and the Lamb!

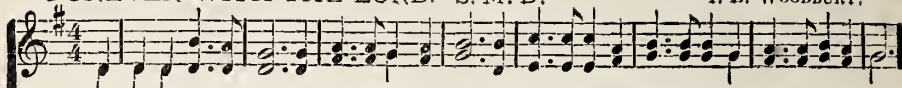
Welcome home! etc.

Phoebe Palmer,

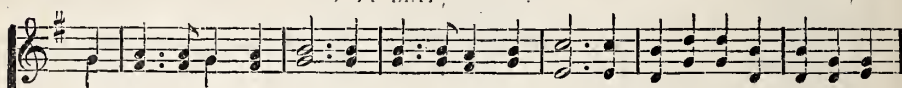
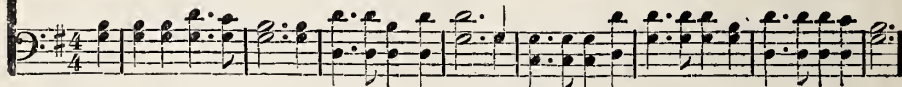
HEAVEN.

FOREVER WITH THE LORD. S. M. D.

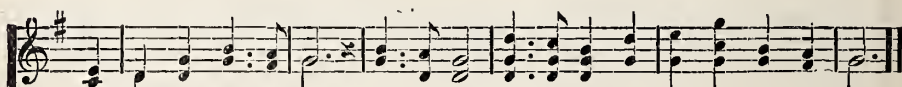
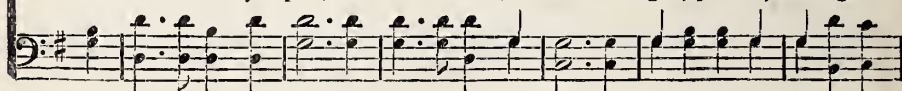
I. B. WOODBURY.



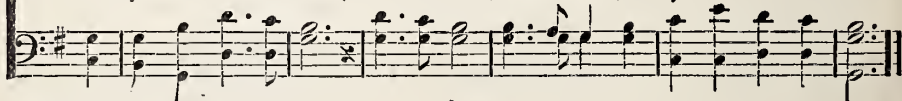
1. "Forever with the Lord!" Amen, so let it be; Life from the dead is in that word, 'Tis immortality.



Here in the bod-y pent, Ab-sent from him, I roam, Yet nightly pitch my moving tent



A day's march near-er home; Near-er home, near-er home, A day's march nearer home.



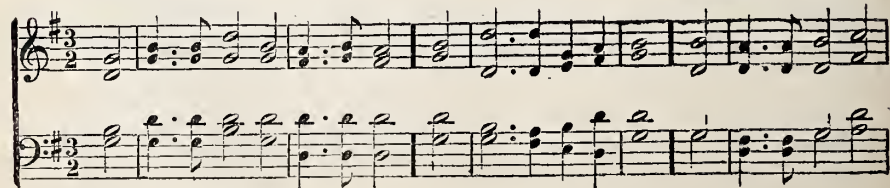
583

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's aspiring eye
Thy golden gates appear.
Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love;
The bright inheritance of saints—
Jerusalem above;
Home above, home above,
Jerusalem above.

3 Yet doubts still intervene,
And all my comfort flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.
Anon the clouds depart,
The wind and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace:
Bow of peace, bow of peace,
Expands the bow of peace.

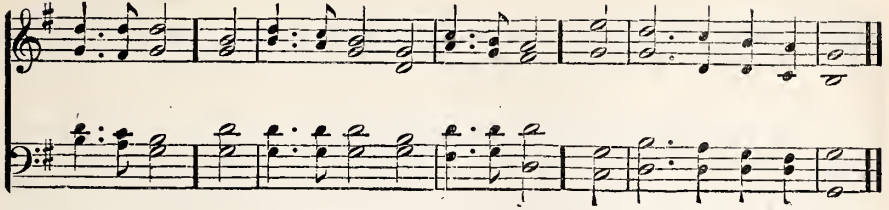
WOODLAND. C. M.

NATHANIEL D. GOULD



HEAVEN.

WOODLAND.—*Concluded.*



584 *The land of rest.*

1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found above, in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous
shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear; 'tis heaven.

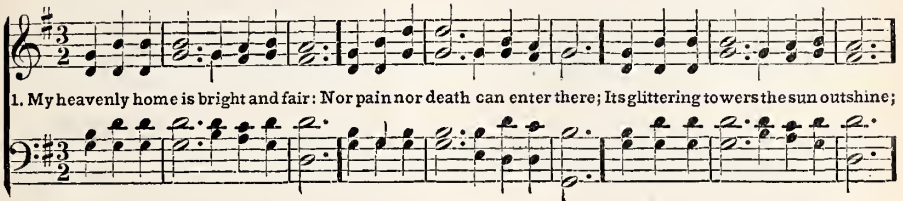
3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal
bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

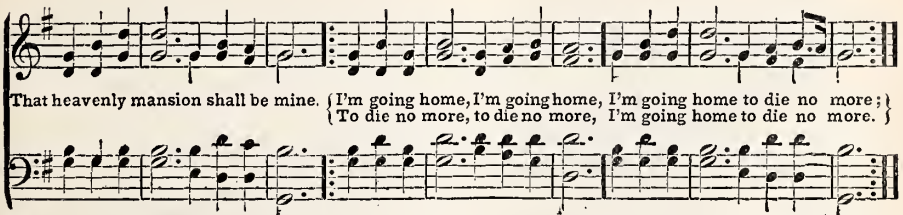
William B. Tappan.

GOING HOME. L. M.

ARR. REV. WILLIAM McDONALD.



1. My heavenly home is bright and fair: Nor pain nor death can enter there; Its glittering towers the sun outshine;



That heavenly mansion shall be mine. {I'm going home, I'm going home, I'm going home to die no more; }
{To die no more, to die no more, I'm going home to die no more. }

585 *The heavenly home.*

2 My father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky,
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
Although, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

5 Then fail the earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me,

William Hunter.

HEAVEN.

VIGIL. S. M.

ST. ALBAN'S TUNE BOOK.

1. "For - ev - er with the Lord!" A - men, so let it be!

Life from the dead is in that word, 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty.

586 *At home in heaven.*

1. "FOREVER with the Lord!"
Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
- 2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.
- 3 "Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
E'en here to me fulfill.
- 4 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
- 5 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"

James Montgomery.

587 *The goodly land.*

- 1 FAR from these scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of joy and pure delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 Fair land! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!
- 3 No cloud those regions know,
Realms ever bright and fair;

For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

- 4 O may the prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.
- 5 Prepared, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high,
Lord, bid our spirits rise and join
The chorus of the sky.

Apne Steele.

588 *The land of peace.*

- 1 COME to the land of peace;
From shadows come away;
Where all the sounds of weeping cease,
And storms no more have sway.
- 2 Fear hath no dwelling here;
But pure repose and love
Breathe through the bright, celestial air
The spirit of the dove.
- 3 Come to the bright and blest,
Gathered from every land;
For here thy soul shall find its rest
Amid the shining band.
- 4 In this divine abode
Change leaves no saddening trace;
Come, trusting spirit, to thy God,
Thy holy resting-place.
- 5 "Come to our peaceful home,"
The saints and angels say,
"Forsake the world, no longer roam;
O wanderer, come away!"

Unknown.

HEAVEN.

VARINA. C. M.

JOHANN CH. HEINRICH RINK.

1. (There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign;
In - fi - nite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.) 2. There everlasting spring abides.

And never-withering flowers: Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.

589 *The heavenly Canaan.*

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts.

590 *The promised land.*

- 1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.
- 3 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

- 4 No chilling winds, or poisonous
breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
- 5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my father's face,
And in his bosom rest?
- 6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay:
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

Samuel Stennett.

[S. M. Tune, Vigil. Page 348]

591 *No night in heaven.*

- 1 THERE is no night in heaven;
In that blest world above
Work never can bring weariness,
For work itself is love.
- 2 There is no grief in heaven;
For life is one glad day,
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.
- 3 There is no sin in heaven;
Behold that blessed throng,
All holy in their spotless robes,
All holy in their song.
- 4 There is no death in heaven;
For they who gain that shore
Have won their immortality,
And they can die no more.

Frederick D. Huntington.

HEAVEN.

GAUNTLETT. 7, 6.

HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT.

592 *Brief sorrow—eternal rest.*

1 BRIEF life is here our portion ;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.
O happy retribution !
Short toil, eternal rest ;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest !

2 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown :
{ But he whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known :
And they that know and see him
Shall have him for their own.

3 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.
There God, our King and Portion,
In fullness of his grace,
Shall we behold forever,
And worship face to face.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect !
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect !
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest :
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny. Tr. by J. M. Neale.

[Tune Bernard, Page 351.]

593 *Immanuel's land.*

1 The sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair sweet morn awakes :
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But day-spring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

2 Oh, Christ, he is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love !
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above.
There, to an ocean fulness,
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

3 Oh, I am my Beloved's,
And my Beloved's mine !
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into his "house of wine."
I stand upon his merit :
I know no other stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

4 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear Bridegroom's face :
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace—
Not at the crown he giveth,
But on his pierced hand :
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

Mrs. Cousin.

HEAVEN.

BERNARD. 7, 6.

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

1. For thee, O dear, dear coun - try, Mine eyes their vig - ils keep; For ver - y love, be -

hold - ing Thy hap - py name, they weep. The men - tion of thy glo - ry Is

unc - tion to the breast, And med - i - cine in sickness, And love, and life, and rest.

594 *Paradise of joy.*

1. FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.
- 2 O one, O only mansion,
O paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
The Lamb is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.
- 3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emerald blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
Thy saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.

- 4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean;
Thou hast no time, bright day:
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away:
Upon the Rock of ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.
- 5 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluney. Tr. by J. M. Neale.

Doxology.

- To thee be praise forever,
Thou glorious King of kings!
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings:
We'll celebrate thy glory
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

Unknown.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - pressed:
I know not, O I know not What so - cial joys are there;
What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light be - yond com - pare.

595 *The home of God's elect.*

1 JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed:
I know not, O I know not
What social joys are there;
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

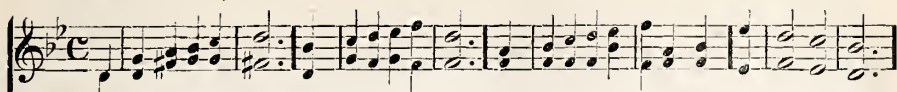
4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny. Tr. by J. M. Neale.

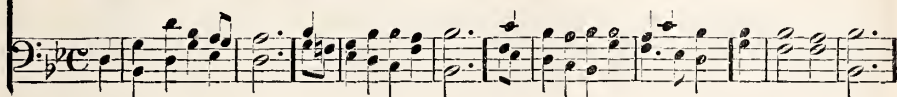
HEAVEN.

LEONI. 6, 8, 4.

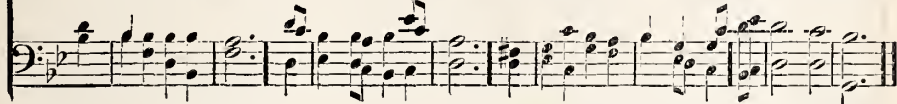
AD. BY RABBI LEONI.



1. The God of Abrah'm praise, Who reigns enthroned above, Ancient of everlasting days, And God of love :



Jehovah, great I AM, By earth and heaven confessed ; I bow and bless the sacred name, Forever blest.



FIRST PART.

596 *The God of Abraham.*

- 2 The God of Abrah'm praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand :
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power ;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.
- 3 The God of Abrah'm praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all his ways ;
He calls a worm his friend,
He calls himself my God !
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.
- 4 He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend ;
I shall, on eagle wings upborne,
To heaven ascend ;
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

Thomas Olivers.

SECOND PART.

597 *Pressing toward the mark.*

- 1 **THOUGH** nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At his command ;
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view ;

And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

- 2 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest ;
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest.
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound ;
And trees of life forever grow,
With mercy crowned.
- 3 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of peace ;
On Zion's sacred height,
His kingdom still maintains ;
And, glorious, with his saints in light
Forever reigns.
- 4 He keeps his own secure ;
He guards them by his side ;
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride ;
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of paradise,
He still supplies.
- 5 Before the great Three One
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders he hath done
Through all their land :
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame ;
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous name.

Thomas Olivers.

HEAVEN.

ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm

CHORUS.

near - er home to - day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore. Near - er my home,

Near - er my home, Near - er my home to - day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore.

By permission.

598

- 2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne to-day,
Nearer the crystal sea.—CHO.
- 3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;

Nearer to leave the cross to-day,
And nearer to the crown.—CHO.

- 4 Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink,
For I am nearer home to-day,
Perhaps, than now I think.—CHO.

Phoebe Carey.

OUT ON AN OCEAN ALL BOUNDLESS WE RIDE. C. S. HARRINGTON.

1. Out on an ocean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound; Toss'd on the [waves of a]

HEAVEN.

OUT ON AN OCEAN ALL BOUNDLESS, ETC.—*Concluded.*

rough, restless tide, We're homeward bound, homeward bound. Far from the safe, quiet harbor we rode,
[Seeking our
Father's celestial abode, Promise of which on us each he bestow'd, We're homeward bound, home-
ward bound.]

599

- 2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars;
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores;
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Steady! O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,
Steady! we soon shall out-weather the
gale; [sail;
Oh! how we fly 'neath the loud creaking
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.]
- 3 Into the harbor of heaven now we
glide,
We're home at last, home at last;
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last, home at last.
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er;
Safely we stand on the radiant shore,
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last, home at last.

Author unknown.

JERUSALEM. C. M.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name ev - er dear to me,
When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy and peace in thee?

600

- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
And pearly gates behold? [walls,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?
- 3 There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
- Blest seats! through rude and stormy
I onward press to you. [scenes
- 4 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

From Francis Baker, ab, 1628.

HEAVEN.

CARY. G. [Irregular.]

EEN TOURJÉE, AD. BY L. FRANKLIN SNOW.

1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er, -
I am near - er home to - day Than I ev - er have been be - fore.

601

Nearer home.

- 2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne;
Nearer the crystal sea;
- 3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross;
Nearer gaining the crown.
- 4 But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,

Is the deep and unknown stream,
That leads at last to the light.

5 Father, perfect my trust!
Strengthen the might of my faith;
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shore of death:

6 Feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping over the brink;
For it may be, I'm nearer home—
Nearer now than I think!

Phoebe Cary.

OAK. 6, 4.

LOWELL MASON.

1. I'm but a stranger here, Heaven is my home; Earth is a des-ert drear, Heaven is my home.
Danger and sorrow stand Round me on every hand, Heaven is my father-land, Heaven is my home.

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602 *The Christian's Fatherland.*

- 1 I'M but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home,

Danger and sorrow stand,
Round me on every hand,
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home,

HEAVEN.

2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home:
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home.
Time's cold and wintry blast,
Soon will be overpast,
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

3 There at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
There, too, I soon shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

Thos. R. Taylor, alt.

BEULAH LAND.

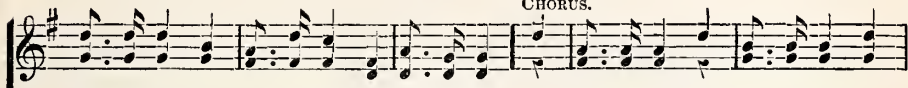
JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.



1. I've reach'd the land of corn and wine, And all its rich-es freely mine; Here shines undimm'd one
2. The Saviour comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we; He gently leads me



CHORUS.



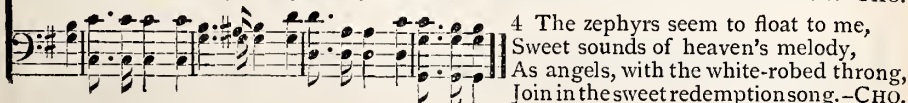
bliss - ful day, For all my night has pass'd a-way. } O Beu-lah land, sweet Beu-lah land, As
with his hand, For this is heaven's bor- der land. }



on thy high-est mount I stand, I look a-way across the sea, Where mansions are prepared for me.



And view the shining glo-ry shore, My heav'n, my home for-ev-er-more. Where streams of life forever flow. -CHO.



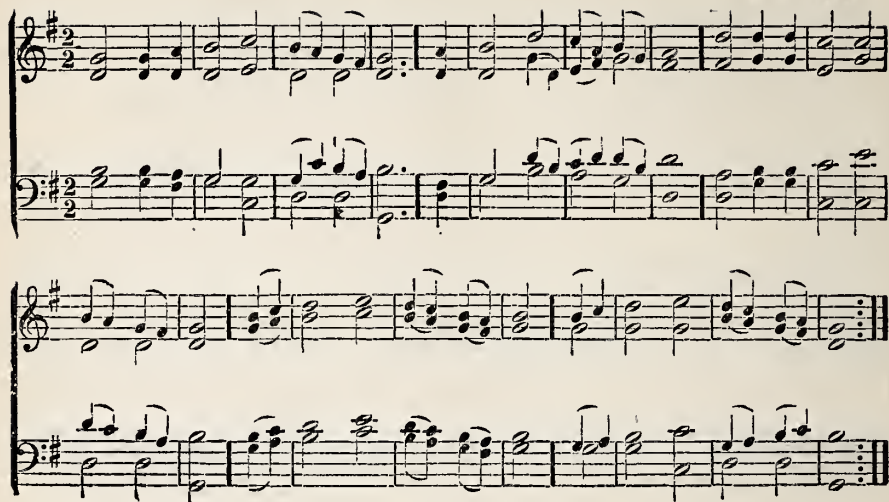
603 "Sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze,
Is borne from ever vernal trees,
And flow'rs that never fading grow
Where streams of life forever flow. -CHO.
4 The zephyrs seem to float to me,
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
As angels, with the white-robed throng,
Join in the sweet redemption song. -CHO.

Edgar Page Stites.

DEVIZES. C. M.

ISAAC TUCKER.

604 *Communion with saints in heaven.*

1 COME, let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise.

Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

2 One family we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.
One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of his host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

3 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die.

His militant embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.

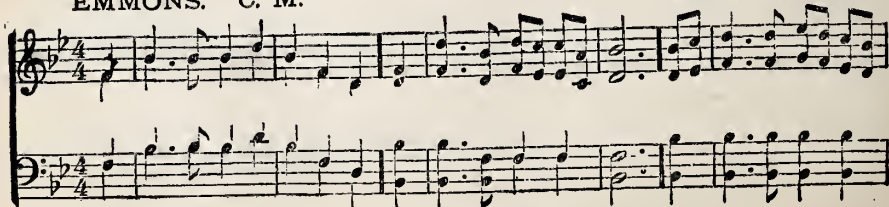
4 Our old companions in distress
We haste again to see,
And eager long for our release,
And full felicity.
E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before;
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

5 Our spirits, too, shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crowned,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear his trumpet sound.
O that we now might grasp our Guide!
O that the word were given!
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven!

Charles Wesley.

EMMONS. C. M.

FRIEDRICH BURGMÜLLER.



HEAVEN.

EMMONS.—*Concluded.*



605 *The heavenly city.*

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home !
Name ever dear to me !
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy and peace in thee ?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-
built walls
And pearly gates behold ?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold ?

3 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbath has no end ?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's
bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know :
Blest seats ! through rude and stormy
scenes
I onward press to you.

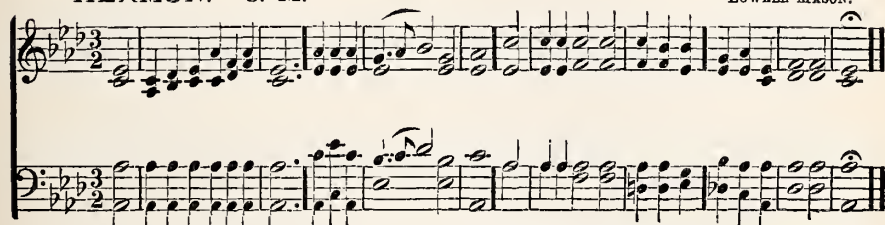
5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand :
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home !
My soul still pants for thee :
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

Unknown.

HERMON. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.



606 *The saints in glory.*

1 GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears ;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came :
They, with united breath,

Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They marked the footsteps that he
trod ;
His zeal inspired their breast ;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given ;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

Isaac Watts.

HEAVEN.

ANGELS' SONG. 11, 10.

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES.

1. Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling Of that new life when sin shall be no more!

CHORUS.

An-gels of Je-sus, an-gels of light, Sing-ing to wel-come the

pilgrims of the night! Singing to welcome the pilgrims, the pilgrims of the night!

607 *The night is far spent, the day is at hand.*
Rom. 13: 12.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,

"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"

And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,

The music of the gospel leads us home.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands, meekly stealing,

Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.

4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary;
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;

All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;

Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;

Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,

And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

Frederick W. Faber.

HEAVEN.

608 THE HOME OVER THERE.

"Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away and be at rest."—PSALM lvi. 6.

D. W. C. HUNTINGTON.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Oh, think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the ri-ver of
2. Oh, think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the jour-ney have

light, Where the saints, all im-mor-tal and fair,
trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
o-ver there!

Are robed in their gar-ments of white, o-ver there!
In their home in the pa-lace of God,
o-ver there.

REFRAIN.
O-ver there! o-ver there! Oh, think of the home o-ver there!
O-ver there! o-ver there! Oh, think of the friends o-ver there!
o-ver there! o-ver there! o-ver there!

there! o-ver there!
o-ver there! o-ver there! Oh, think of the home o-ver there!
there! o-ver there! o-ver there! Oh, think of the friends o-ver there!
o-ver there!

3. My Saviour is now over there, [rest];...
There my kindred and friends are at
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest,...
Over there!... over there!...
My Saviour is now over there.

4. I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;...
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me,...
Over there!... over there!...
I'll soon be at home over there.

HEAVEN.

THE HOME OF THE SOUL.

MRS. E. H. GATES.

P. PHILLIPS

1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land,

The far-a-way home of the soul, Where no storms e-ver

beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty

REFRAIN.

roll, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll; Where no storms e-ver

beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll

HEAVEN.

609 *The Home of the Soul.*

2 Oh, that home of the soul! in my
visions and dreams,
Its bright, jasper walls I can see;
Till I fancy but thinly the veil in-
tervenes
Between that fair city and me.
3 That unchangeable home is for
you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands:

The King of all kingdoms forever
is he, [his hands.
And he holdeth our crowns in
4 Oh, how sweet it will be in that
beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain:
With songs on our lips and with
harps in our hands
To meet one another again.

Mrs. E. H. Gates.

610 LIGHT AFTER DARKNESS.

JOHN R. SWENEY.

1. Light after darkness, Gain after loss, Strength after weakness, Crown after cross,
2. Sheaves after sowing, Sun after rain, Sight after mystery, Peace after pain,
3. Near after distant, Gleam after gloom, Love after loneliness, Life after tomb;

Rit.
Sweet after bitter, Hope after fears, Home after wandering, Praise after tears.
Joy after sorrow, Calm after blast, Rest after weariness, Sweet rest at last.
After long agony, Rapture of bliss: Right was the pathway Leading to this.

From "Goodly Pearls," by per.

[Meth. Hymnal No. 1074.]

611

Eternity near.

1 COME, let us anew our journey
With vigor arise, [pursue,
And press to our permanent place
in the skies.
Of heavenly birth, though wander-
ing on earth,
This is not our place,
But strangers and pilgrims our-
selves we confess.
2 At Jesus's call, we gave up our
And still we forego, [all;
For Jesus's sake, our enjoyments
below. [try behind;
No longing we find for the coun-
But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a coun-
try above;

3 A country of joy without any
We thither repair: [alloy;
Our hearts and our treasure already
are there.
We march hand in hand to Imman-
uel's land;
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth, for eter-
nity's near.
4 The rougher our way, the shorter
our stay;
The tempests that rise
Shall gloriously hurry our souls
to the skies:
The fiercer the blast, the sooner
'tis past;
The troubles that come
Shall come to our rescue, and has-
ten us home.

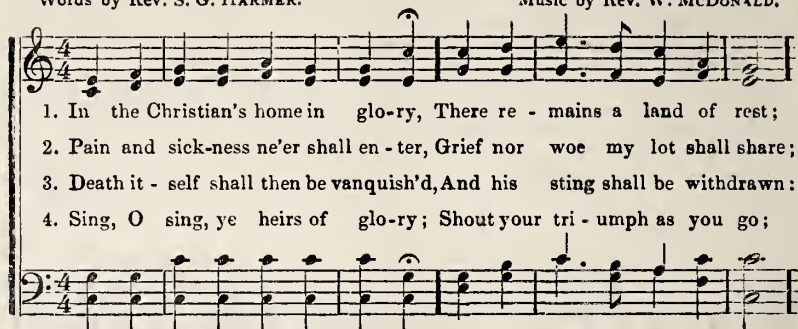
Charles Wesley.

HEAVEN

612 REST FOR THE WEARY.

Words by Rev. S. G. HARMER.

Music by Rev. W. McDONALD.



1. In the Christian's home in glo-ry, There re - mains a land of rest;
 2. Pain and sick-ness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
 3. Death it - self shall then be vanquish'd, And his sting shall be withdrawn:
 4. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glo-ry; Shout your tri - umph as you go;

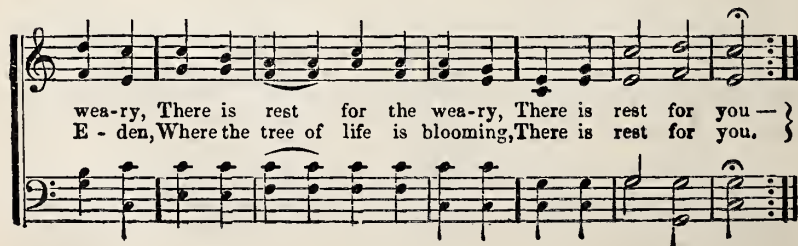


There my Saviour's gone be - fore me, To ful - fil my soul's re - quest.
 But in that ce - lestial cen - tre, I a crown of life shall wear.
 Shout for glad-ness, O ye ransom'd! Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.
 Zi - on's gates will o - pen for you, You shall find an entrance through.

CHORUS.



{ There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the
 { On the oth - er side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of



wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you — }
 E - den, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you. }

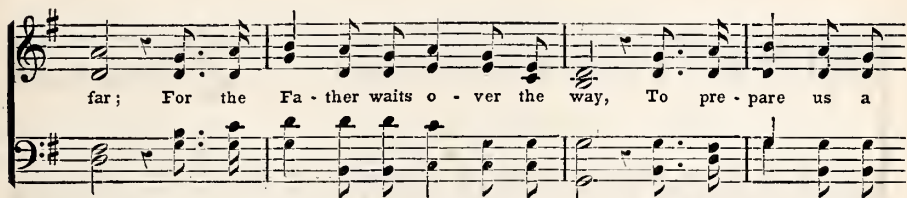
HEAVEN.

SWEET BY-AND-BY.

JOS. P. WEBSTER.



1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a -



far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a

CHORUS.



dwelling place there. In the sweet by - and - by, We shall
In the sweet by - and - by,



meet on that beau - ti - ful shore, In the sweet by - and -
by - and - by, by - and - by, by - and -



by. We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.
by, by - and - by.

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613 *The Christian's home.*

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.
CHO.—In the sweet, &c.

3 To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise.
For the glorious gift of his love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.
CHO.—In the sweet, &c.
S. Fillmore Bennett.

NATIONAL OCCASIONS.

NATIONAL AIR.

HENRY CAREY.



614 *Our native land.*

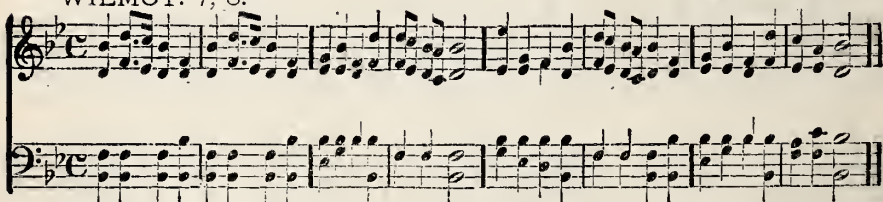
1 GOD bless our native land !
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night :
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies ;
On him we wait :
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State !

John S. Dwight.

WILMOT. 7, 8.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.



615 *Pardon for national sins.*

1 DREAD Jehovah ! God of nations !
From thy temple in the skies,
Here thy people's supplications :
Now for their deliverance rise.

3 Though our sins, our hearts confound-
ing,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding :
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

2 Lo ! with deep contrition turning,
In thy holy place we bend ;
Here us, fasting, praying, mourning ;
Here us, spare us, and defend.

4 Let that mercy veil transgression :
Let that blood our guilt efface :
Save thy people from oppression :
Save from spoil thy holy place.

Unknown.

NATIONAL OCCASIONS.

PALESTRINA. C. M.

GIOVANNI PIERI ALOYSIUS PALESTRINA.

1. O Lord, our fa - thers oft have told, In our at - tent - ive ears,

Thy won - ders in their days per - formed, And in more an - cient years.

616 *National deliverance ascribed to God.*

- 1 O LORD, our fathers oft have told,
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days performed,
And in more ancient years.
- 2 'Twas not their courage, nor their sword,
To them salvation gave;
'Twas not their number, nor their strength,
That did their country save;
- 3 But thy right hand, thy powerful arm,
Whose succor they implored;
Thy providence protected them,
Who thy great name adored.
- 4 As thee their God our fathers owned,
So thou art still our King;
O, therefore, as thou didst to them,
To us deliverance bring.
- 5 To thee the glory we ascribe,
From whom salvation came;
In God, our shield, we will rejoice,
And ever bless thy name.

Tate and Brady.

617 *Prayer for our native land.*

- 1 LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,—
The land we love the most.
- 2 O guard our shores from every foe;
With peace our borders bless,
Our cities with prosperity,
Our fields with plenteousness.

- 3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

- 4 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

John B. Wreford.

618 *Strong to heal and save.*

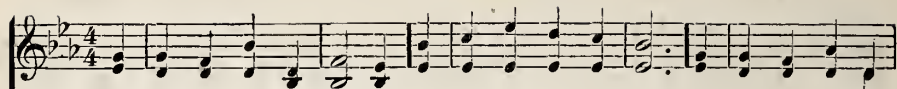
- 1 THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old
Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave:
To thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.
- 2 And lo, thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned thee, the Lord of light:
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.
- 3 Be thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless
With thine almighty breath.
To hands that work, and eyes that see,
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise thee evermore.

Edward H. Plumptre.

MARRIAGE

BOLTON. 7, 6.

JOHN WALSH. .



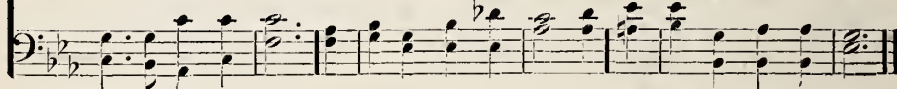
1. O Love, di - vine and tender! That through our homes doth move, Veiled in the softened



splendor Of ho - ly household love: A throne, without thy bless - ing, Were



la - bor with - out rest, And cot - ta - ges, pos - sess - ing Thy bless - ed - ness, are blest.



619 *Household love.*

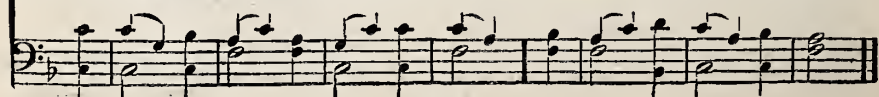
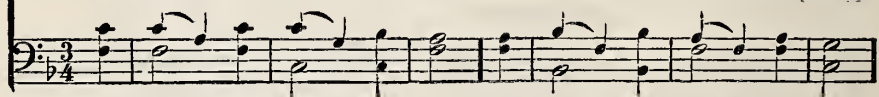
2 God bless these hands united,
God bless these hearts made one;
Unsevered and unblighted
May they through life go on:

Here, in earth's home preparing
For the bright home above,
And there, forever sharing
Its joy, where "God is love."

John S. B. Monsell. .

DENNIS. S. M.

HANS GEORG NAGEL



MARRIAGE.

620 *Marriage hymn.*

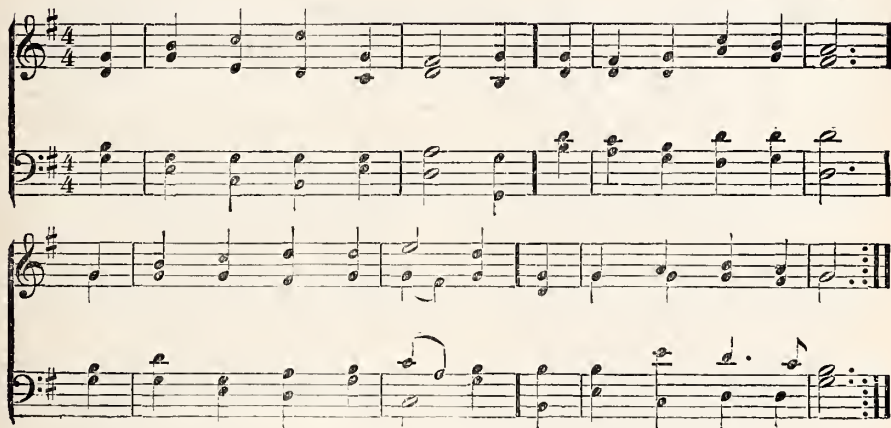
- 1 HOW welcome was the call,
And sweet the festal lay,
Wen Jesus deigned in Cana's hall
To bless the marriage day !
- 2 And happy was the bride,
And glad the bridegroom's heart,
For he who tarried at their side
Bade grief and ill depart.
- 3 His gracious power divine
The water vessels knew;
And plenteous was the mystic wine
The wondering servants drew.

- 4 O Lord of life and love,
Come thou again to-day;
And bring a blessing from above
That ne'er shall pass away.
- 5 O bless, as erst of old,
The bridegroom and the bride;
Bless with the holier stream that flowed
Forth from thy pierced side.
- 6 Before thine altar throne
This mercy we implore:
As thou dost knit them, Lord, in one,
So bless them evermore.

Sir Henry W. Baker.

GAUNTLETT. 7, 6.

HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT.



621 "God blessed them." Gen 1: 28.

- 1 THE voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not pass'd away.
- 2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The Holy Three are with us,
The three-fold grace is said:
- 3 For dower of blessed children,
For love and faith's sweet sake,
For high mysterious union
Which naught on earth may break.
- 4 Be present, Heavenly Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side.

- 5 Be present here, Emmanuel,
To join their loving hands,
As thou didst bind two natures
In thine eternal bands.
- 6 Be present, Holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel;
As thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,
The heavenly spouse dost seal.
- 7 Oh spread thy pure wing o'er them,
Thy overshadowing love,
While one in thee for ever
They seek thy rest above;
- 8 Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own bride they rise,
And cast their crowns before thee
In perfect sacrifice.

CHILDREN AND YOUTH.

SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD. 8, 7, 4.

WILLIAM E. BRADBURY.

1. { Saviour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need thy tenderest care; }
 { In thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use thy folds prepare: } Blessed Je-sus, Blessed

Jesus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are, Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

622 *For the Shepherd's care.*

- 1 SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
 Much we need thy tenderest care;
 In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
 For our use thy folds prepare:
 Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast bought us, thine we are.
- 2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
 Be the guardian of our way;
 Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
 Seek us when we go astray:
 Blessed Jesus,
 Hear, O hear us, when we pray.
- 3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
 Blessed Jesus,
 We will early turn to thee.
- 4 Early let us seek thy favor,
 Early let us do thy will;
 Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
 With thy love our bosoms fill:
 Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Dorothy A. Thrupp.

623 *For early piety.*

- 1 GOD has said, "Forever blessed
 Those who seek me in their youth;
 They shall find the path of wisdom,
 And the narrow way of truth:"
 Guide us, Saviour,
 In the narrow way of truth,

- 2 Be our strength, for we are weakness;
 Be our wisdom and our guide;
 May we walk in love and meekness,
 Nearer to our Saviour's side:
 Naught can harm us,
 While we thus in thee abide.
- 3 Thus, when evening shades shall gather,
 We may turn our tearless eye
 To the dwelling of our Father,
 To our home beyond the sky;
 Gently passing
 To the happy land on high.

Unknown.

624 *Children's hymn.*

- 1 CHILDREN, loud hosannas singing,
 Hymned Thy praise in olden time,
 Judah's ancient temple filling
 With the melody sublime;
 Infant voices
 Joined to swell the holy chime.
- 2 Though no more the incarnate Saviour
 We behold in latter days;
 Though a temple far less glorious
 Echoes now the songs we raise;
 Still in glory
 Thou wilt hear our notes of praise.
- 3 Loud we'll swell the pealing anthem,
 All thy wondrous acts proclaim,
 Till all heaven and earth resounding,
 Echo with thy glorious name;
 Hallelujah,
 Hallelujah to the Lamb!

Mrs. H. B. Steala.

CHILDREN AND YOUTH.

SILOAM. C. M.

ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.

1. By cool Si - lo - am's shad - y rill How sweet the lil - y grows!

How sweet the breath, be - neath the hill, Of Sha - ron's dew - y rose!

625 *The Christian child.*

- 1 BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!
- 2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.
- 5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue
crowned,
Were all alike divine;
- 6 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

Reginald Heber.

626 *Children praising Christ.*

- 1 COME, Christian children, come, and raise
Your voice with one accord;
Come, sing in joyful songs of praise
The glories of your Lord.

- 2 Sing of the wonders of his love,
And loudest praises give
To him who left his throne above,
And died that you might live.
- 3 Sing of the wonders of his truth,
And read in every page
The promise made to earliest youth
Fulfilled to latest age.
- 4 Sing of the wonders of his power,
Who with his own right arm
Upholds and keeps you hour by hour,
And shields from every harm.

Unknown.

627 *Blessedness of instructing the young.*

- 1 DELIGHTFUL work! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.
- 2 Children our kind protection claim;
And God will well approve
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Redeemer love.
- 3 Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way
To guide untutored youth,
And show the mind which went astray
The Way, the Life, the Truth.
- 4 Almighty God, thine influence shed,
To aid this blest design;
The honors of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

Joseph Straphan.

CHILDREN AND YOUTH

LEAD ME, PRECIOUS SAVIOUR.

Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

1. Lead me, lead me, Lead me precious Saviour In - to the narrow way, In - to the narrow way,

CHORUS.

Fold me, fold me, Fold me to thy bo - som, And may I nev - er stray, O nev - er stray, And

I will praise thee ev - er more, yes ev - er more, And I will praise thee ever more, yes, ev - er - more.

Copyright, 1869, Joseph F. Knapp

628 *A child's prayer.*

2 I will love thee,
Ever, ever love thee;
May sinful thoughts depart,
O take them from my heart. —CHO.

3 Lead me, fold me,
Guide and ever keep me,
And thanks my heart will give,
Dear Saviour, while I live. —CHO.

Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

GROWING UP FOR JESUS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Growing up for Je - sus, we are tru - ly blest, In his smile is welcome, in his arms our rest,

In his truth our treasure, in his love our rule, Growing up for Je - sus in our Sun - day school.

D.S. In his truth our treasure, in his love our rule, Growing up for Je - sus in our Sun - day school.

Copyright, 1885, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick

CHILDREN AND YOUTH.

GROWING UP FOR JESUS.—*Concluded.*

CHORUS. D.S.

Growing up for Je-sus, till in him com-plete, Growing up for Je-sus, oh, his work is sweet:

629

Little Branches of the Vine.

2 Not too young to love him, little hearts beat true,
Not too young to serve him as the dew-drops do,
Not too young to praise him singing as we come,
Not too young to answer when he calls us home.—CHO.

3 Growing up for Jesus, learning day by day
How to follow onward in the narrow way;
Seeking holy treasure, finding precious truth,
Growing up for Jesus in our happy youth.—CHO.

Priscilla J. Owens.

DEAR SAVIOUR, EVER AT MY SIDE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Dear Sav-iour, ev - er at my side, How lov - ing Thou must be, To leave Thy home in

heaven to guard A lit - tle child like me! Thy beau - ti - ful and shin - ing face I

see not, tho' so near; The sweetness of Thy soft, low voice I am too deaf to hear.

Copyright, 1859, in Oriola, by W. B. Bradbury.

630

He carries them in his bosom.

2 I cannot feel thee touch my hand
With pressure light and mild,
To check me, as my mother doth,
While I am but a child;
But I have felt Thee in my thoughts
Fighting with sin for me;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.

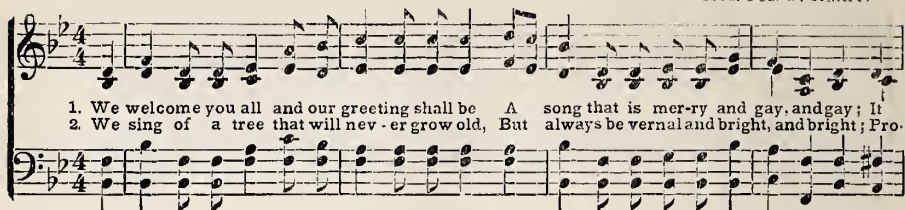
3 And when, dear Saviour ! I kneel down
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there;
Yes! when I pray, thou prayest too—
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

Rev. F. W. Faber.

CHILDREN AND YOUTH.

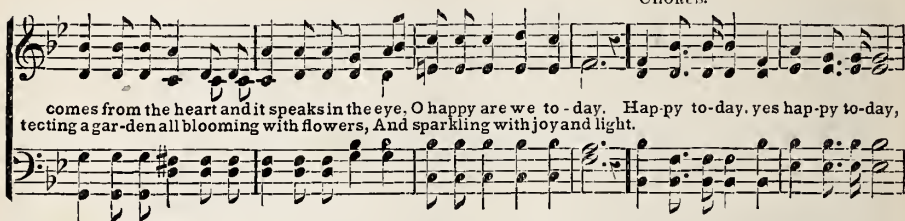
SUNBEAMS.

Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

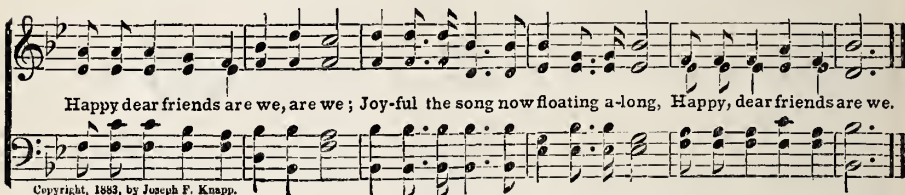


1. We welcome you all and our greeting shall be A song that is mer-ry and gay, and gay; it
2. We sing of a tree that will nev-er grow old, But always be vernal and bright, and bright; Pro-

CHORUS.



comes from the heart and it speaks in the eye. O happy are we to-day. Happy to-day, yes hap-py to-day,
tecting a gar-den all blooming with flowers, And sparkling with joy and light.



Happy dear friends are we, are we; Joy-ful the song now floating a-long, Happy, dear friends are we.

Copyright, 1883, by Joseph F. Knapp.

631

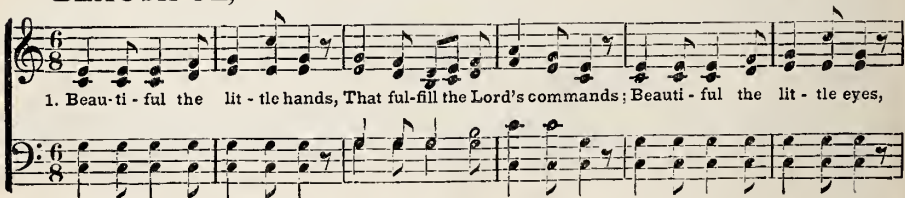
Happy children.

3 The Church is the tree—t'was planted by faith,
Our School is the garden so fair, so fair;
And we are the sunbeams, the buds and the flowers,
So lovingly twining there.—CHO.

Fanny J. Crosby.

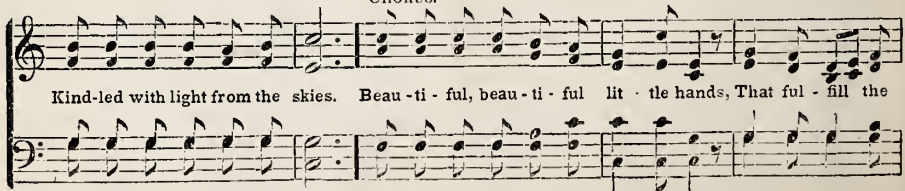
BEAUTIFUL, THE LITTLE HANDS.

BISHOP W. JONES.



1. Beau-ti-ful the lit-tle hands, That ful-fill the Lord's commands; Beau-ti-ful the lit-tle eyes,

CHORUS.

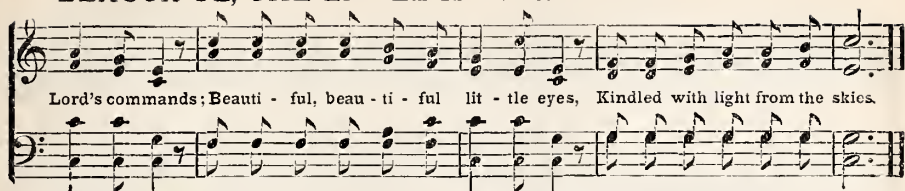


Kind-led with light from the skies. Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful lit-tle hands, That ful-fill the

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CHILDREN AND YOUTH

BEAUTIFUL, THE LITTLE HANDS.—*Concluded.*



632 *Something for each to do.*

2 All the little hands were made,
Jesus' precious cause to aid;
All the little hearts to beat
Warm in his service so sweet.
CHO.—Beautiful, &c.

3 All the little lips should pray
To the Saviour, ev'ry day;

All the little feet should go
Swift on his errands below,
CHO.—Beautiful, &c.

4 What your little hands can do,
That the Lord intends for you;
Make that thing your first delight,
Do it to him with your might.
CHO.—Beautiful, &c.

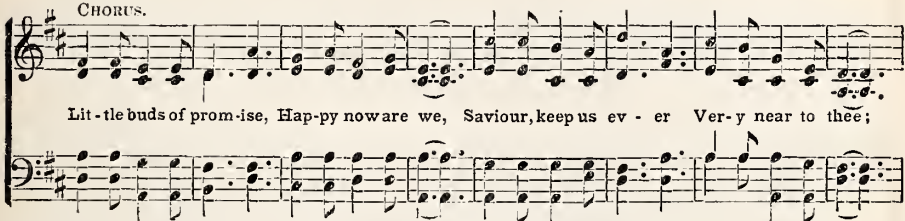
T. Corben.

LITTLE BUDS OF PROMISE.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.



CHORUS.



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633 *Suffer them to come.*

2 We would shine for Jesus,
Don't you think we may,
Like the pretty sunbeams
Shining on our way.—CHO.

3 We can work for Jesus,
He has told us so,
We can scatter sunshine
Every-where we go.—CHO.

Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

CHILDREN AND YOUTH.

MY YOUTH IS THINE.

ROBERT THALLON.

Dolce.

1. O God, my youth is thine, With all its mirth and glee. The

sweet - est gar - lands love can twine I glad - ly bring to thee. My

hap - py, hap - py gold - en days To thee, to thee, O Lord, I give, And

strive in all my youth - ful ways, For thee, for thee, a - lone to live.

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634

Youth's offering.

2 In thee I seek my joys;
Without thee all is drear;
'Tis sweet to hear thy gentle voice,
And feel thy presence near.
Thine, thine, O Lord, my youthful heart,
Yea, thine its truest, purest love;
And from thee it shall ne'er depart
Till called to dwell with thee above.

3 My life—its days, its hours—
All, Saviour, blest, divine,
My energies and all my powers
Shall be forever thine.
My offering, Lord, is poor and small,
But fully, freely, gladly given,
'Tis all I have—accept my all,
And guide, O guide, my steps to heaven.
Thomas E. Roach.

CHILDREN AND YOUTH.

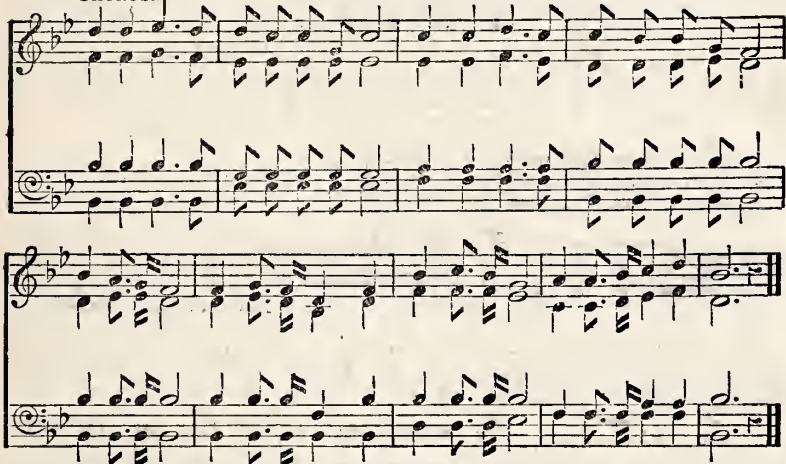
COME TO THE SAVIOUR.

G. F. ROOT.

Earnestly.



CHORUS.



635 *Come to the Saviour.*

1 COME to the Saviour, make no
delay: [the way;
Here in his word he has shown us
Here in our midst he's standing to-
day;
Tenderly saying, "Come!"

CHORUS.

Joyful, joyful will the meeting
be, [pure and free;
When from sin our hearts are
And we shall gather, Saviour,
with thee,
In our eternal home.

2 "Suffer the children," Oh, hear
his voice,
Let every heart leap forth and re-
joice;
And let us freely make him our
choice;
Do not delay, but come.

3 Think once again, he's with us
to-day: [obey:
Heed now his blest command and
Hear now his accents tenderly say,
"Will you, my children,
come?"

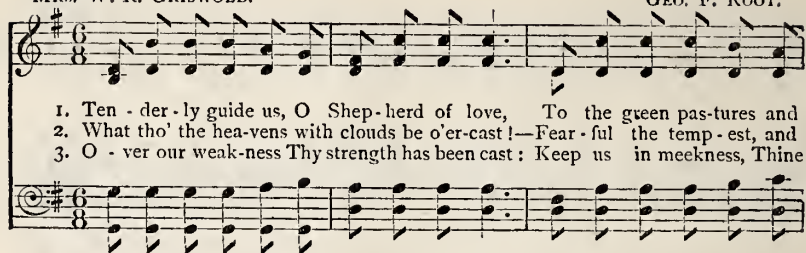
G. F. Root.

CHILDREN AND YOUTH.

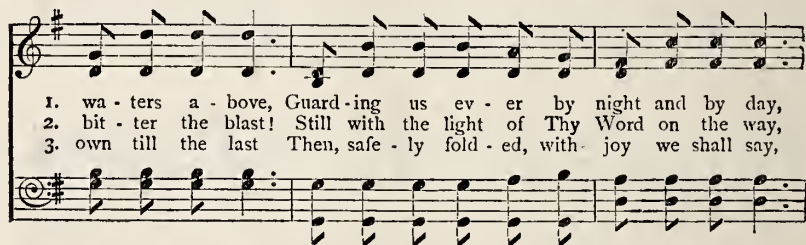
636 TENDERLY GUIDE US.

MRS. W. R. GRISWOLD.

GEO. F. ROOT.

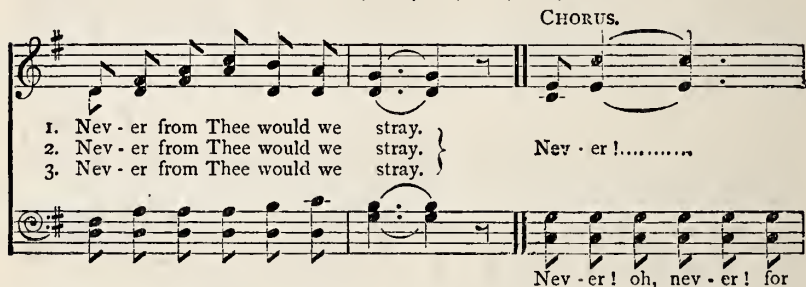


1. Ten - der - ly guide us, O Shep - herd of love, To the green pas - tures and
 2. What tho' the hea - vens with clouds be o'er - cast! — Fear - ful the temp - est, and
 3. O - ver our weak - ness Thy strength has been cast: Keep us in meekness, Thine

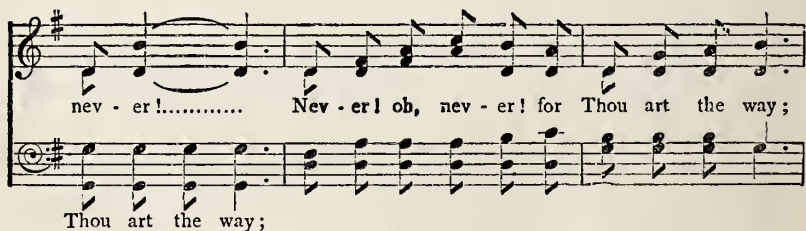


1. wa - ters a - bove, Guard - ing us ev - er by night and by day,
 2. bit - ter the blast! Still with the light of Thy Word on the way,
 3. own till the last Then, safe - ly fold - ed, with - joy we shall say,

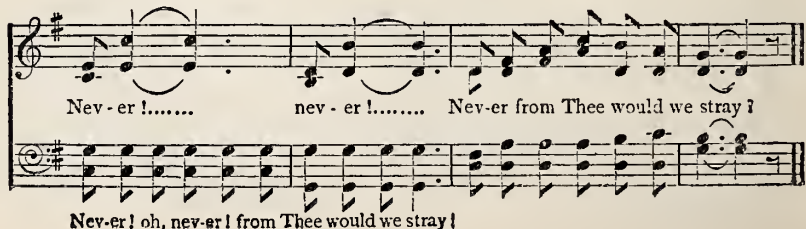
CHORUS.



1. Nev - er from Thee would we stray.
 2. Nev - er from Thee would we stray.
 3. Nev - er from Thee would we stray. } Nev - er!.....
 Nev - er! oh, nev - er! for



nev - er!..... Nev - er! oh, nev - er! for Thou art the way;
 Thou art the way;



Nev - er!..... nev - er!..... Nev - er from Thee would we stray?
 Nev - er! oh, nev - er! from Thee would we stray!

CHILDREN AND YOTUH.

637 JEWELS.

REV. W. O. CUSHING.

G. F. ROOT.

Moderato.

1. When He com - eth, when He com - eth, To make up His

jew - els, All His jew - els, precious jew - els, His loved and His own.

CHORUS.

Like the stars of the morn - ing, His bright crown a -

- dorn - ing, They shall shine in their beau - ty, Bright gems for His crown.

2. He will gather, He will gather
The gems for His kingdom;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.

3. Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own

CHILDREN AND YOUTH.

638 JESUS BIDS US SHINE.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. Je - sus bids us shine with a clear pure light, Like a lit - tle
2. Je - sus bids us shine, first of all for Him; Well He sees and
3. Je - sus bids us shine then; for, all a - round Ma - ny kinds of

1. can - dle burn - ing in the night; In this world of dark - ness,
2. knows it, if our light is dim; He looks down from hea - ven,
3. dark - ness in this world a - bound: Sin and want and sor - row;

1. we must shine— You in your small cor - ner, and I in mine.
2. to see us shine— You in your small cor - ner, and I in mine.
3. so we must shine— You in your small cor - ner, and I in mine.

FERRIER, 7.

MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. we must shine— You in your small cor - ner, and I in mine.
2. to see us shine— You in your small cor - ner, and I in mine.
3. so we must shine— You in your small cor - ner, and I in mine.

CHILDREN AND YOUTH.

639 "Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

1. Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child ;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to thee.
2. Fain I would to thee be brought :
Blessed Lord, forbid it not ;
In the Kingdom of thy grace
Give a little child a place.
3. Lamb of God, I look to thee ;
Thou shalt my example be ;

Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,
Thou wast once a little child.

4. Fain I would be as thou art ;
Give me thy obedient heart ;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have thy loving mind.
5. Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In thy gracious hands I am ;
Make me, Saviour, what thou art,
Live thyself within my heart.

Charles Wesley.

I THINK, WHEN I READ.

1. I think, when I read that sweet story of old, When Je - sus was here among men,

How he called lit - tle children as lambs to his fold. I should like to have been with them then.

640 *The Children's Friend.*

- 1 I think, when I read that sweet story
of old.

When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs
to his fold,

I should like to have been with them
then.

- 2 I wish that his hands had been placed
on my head, [me,
That his arms had been thrown around
And that I might have seen his kind
looks when he said,

"Let the little ones come unto me."

- 3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer
I may go,
And ask for a share in his love ;
And if I now earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above :—

- 4 In that beautiful place he 'is gone to
prepare

For all who are washed and forgiven :
And many dear children are gathering
there.

"For of such is the kingdom of
heaven."

Mrs. Jennima Luke.

CHILDREN AND YOUTH.

FATHER, LEAD THY LITTLE CHILDREN.

W. H. DOANE.

1, Father, lead thy lit - tle children Ver - y ear - ly to thy throne; We will have no gods before thee;
D. S. We will have no gods before thee;

Rit. *FINE.* *REFRAIN.* *D. S.*
Thou art God, and thou a-lone. Lead, O lead thy lit - tle chil - dren Ver - y ear - ly to thy throne;
Thou art God, and thou a-lone.

Copyright, 1882, by Biglow & Main.

641 *The first Commandment.*

- 2 In the Bible thou hast taught us
All our thoughts to thee are known;
Thou canst see us in the darkness;
Thou art God, and thou alone.—REF.
3 Though the heathen bow to idols
They have made of wood and stone,

We have Christian friends to tell us
Thou art God, and thou alone.—REF.
4 Thou dost give us all our comforts,
Everything we call our own
Comes from thee, our Heavenly Father;
Thou art God, and thou alone.—REF.
Fanny J. Crosby.

JESUS LOVES ME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Jesus loves me! this I know, For the Bible tells me so, Little ones to him belong, They are weak, but

CHORUS.
he is strong, Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Je-sus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, The Bible tells me so.

Copyright, 1862, in Golden Shower, by W. B. Bradbury.

642 *We love him because he first loved us.*

- 2 Jesus loves me! he who died,
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let his little child come in.—CHO.
3 Jesus loves me! loves me still,
Though I'm very weak and ill;

From his shining throne on high,
Comes to watch me where I lie.—CHO.
4 Jesus loves, me; he will stay
Close beside me all the way;
If I love him, when I die
He will take me home on high.—CHO.
Anna Bartlett Warner.

OUR GLAD JUBILEE.

WM. F. SHERWIN.



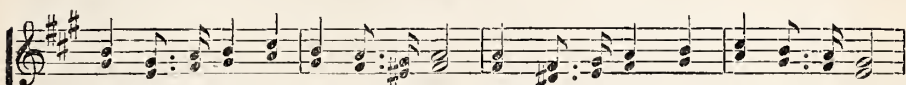
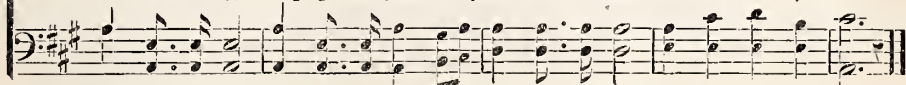
1. Wake, wake the song! our glad ju - bi - lee Once more we hail with



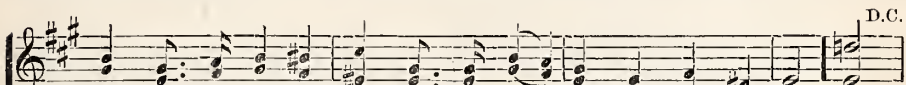
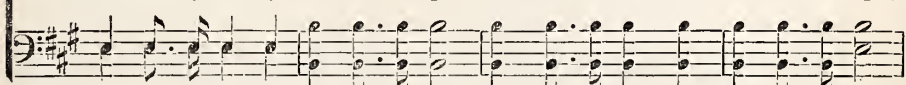
D. C.—Wake, wake the song! &c.



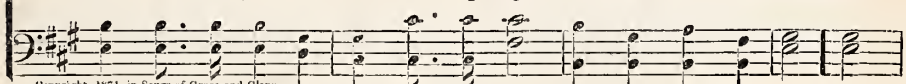
sweet mel - o - dy, Bringing our hymns of praise un - to thee, O most ho - ly Lord!



Praise for thy care by day and by night, Praise for the homes by love made so bright;



Thanks for the pure and soul-cheer-ing light Beaming from thy word. Then



Copyright, 1874, in Songs of Grace and Glory.

643 *Thou crownest the year with thy goodness.*

1 WAKE, wake the song! our glad jubilee
Once more we hail with sweet melody,
Bringing our hymns of praise unto thee,
O most holy Lord!

Praise for thy care by day and by night,
Praise for the homes by love made so
bright;

Thanks for the pure and the soul-cheering
Beaming from thy word.

2 Marching to Zion, dear blessed home!

Lord, by thy mercy hither we come;
Guide us, we pray where'er we may roam,

Keep us in thy fear;

Fill every soul with love all divine,
Now cause thy face upon us to shine:
Grant that our hearts may truly be thine
All the coming year.

3 Yet once again the anthem repeat,
Join every voice the Master to greet;
Love's sacrifice we lay at his feet,

In his temple now;
Jesus, accept the offering we bring,
Blending with songs the odors of spring;
Still of thy wondrous love we will sing,
Till in heaven we bow.

W. F. Sherwin.

CHILDREN AND YOUTH.

SABBATH HOME.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Sweet Sabbath School! more dear to me Than fair-est pal-ace dome, My heart e'er turns with

CHORUS.

joy to thee, My own dear Sabbath Home. Sabbath Home! Blessed Home! Sabbath Sweet Home! Sweet Home!

Home! Blessed Home! My heart e'er turns with joy to thee, My own dear Sabbath Home. Sweet Home! Sweet Home!

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644 Joy in the Sabbath School.

1 Sweet Sabbath School! more dear to
Than fairest palace dome, [me
My heart e'er turns with joy to thee,
My own dear Sabbath Home.

CHORUS.

Sabbath Home! Blessed Home!
Sabbath Home! Blessed Home!
My heart e'er turns with joy to thee,
My own dear Sabbath Home.

2 Here to my wilful, wand'ring heart,
The way of life is shown:
Here may I seek the better part,
And gain a Sabbath home.

3 Here Jesus stands with loving voice,
Entreating me to come
And make of him my earnest choice,
In this dear Sabbath Home.

Dr. C. B. Blackall.

DARE TO DO RIGHT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Dare to do right! Dare to be true! You have a work that no oth-er can do;

CHILDREN AND YOUTH.

DARE TO DO RIGHT.—*Concluded.*

Do it so brave-ly, so kind-ly, so well, An-gels will hast-en the sto-ry to tell.

CHORUS. >

Dare, Dare, Dare to do right, Dare, Dare, Dare to be true! Dare, Dare to do right, Dare to be true!

645 *Dare to do right.*

1 DARE to do right! Dare to be true!
You have a work that no other can do:
Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
Angels will hasten the story to tell.

CHORUS.

Dare, Dare, Dare to do right,
Dare, Dare, Dare to be true!
Dare, Dare to do right,
Dare to be true!

2 DARE to do right! Dare to be true!
Other men's failures can never save
you;
Stand by your conscience, your honor,
your faith;
Stand like a hero, and battle to death.

3 Dare to do right! Dare to be true!
God who created you, cares for you too
Treasures the tears that his striving
ones shed,
Counts and protects every hair of your
head.

4 Dare to do right! Dare to be true!
Jesus, your Saviour, will carry you
thro':
City and mansion and throne all in
sight,
Can you not dare to be true, and do
right?

Rev. Geo. L. Taylor.

646

Joy-bells.

[Songs and Solos No. 87.]

1 JOY-BELLS ringing,
Children singing,
Fill the air with music sweet:
Joyful measure,
Guileless pleasure,
Make the chain of song complete.

CHORUS.

Joy-bells! joy-bells!
Never, never cease your ringing,
Children! children!
Never, never cease your singing:
List, list, the song that swells,
Joy-bells! joy-bells!

2 Joy-bells ringing,
Children singing,
Hark! their voices, loud and clear;
Breaking o'er us,
Like a chorus,
From a purer, happier sphere.

3 Earth seems brighter,
Hearts grow lighter,
As the gladsome melody
Charms our sadness
Into gladness,
Pealing, pealing, joyfully.

4 Joy-bells nearer
Sound, and clearer,
When the heart is free from care;
Skies are cheering,
And we're hearing
Joy-bells ringing everywhere.

Miss J. Pollard,

1 SIMPLY trusting ev'ry day,
Trusting through a stormy way :
Even when my faith is small,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

CHORUS.

Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting as the days go by :
Trusting him whate'er befall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

2 Brightly doth his Spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine ;
While he leads I cannot fall :
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

3 Singing, if my way be clear :
Praying, if the path be drear :
If in danger, for him call :
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

4 Trusting him while life shall last,
Trusting him till earth be past,
Till within the jasper wall :
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

E. Page.

1 " MUST I go, and empty-handed ?—
Thus my dear Redeemer meet ?
Not one day of service give him,
Lay no trophy at his feet ? "

CHORUS.

" Must I go, and empty-handed ?—
Must I meet my Saviour so !—
Not one soul with which to greet him ?
Must I empty-handed go ! "

2 Not at death I shrink or falter,
For my Saviour saves me now :
But to meet him empty-handed !—
Thought of that now clouds my brow.

3 Oh, the years of sinning wasted,
Could I but recall them now,
I would give them to my Saviour,
To his will I'd gladly bow

4 Oh, ye saints ! arouse ! be earnest !
Up and work while yet 'tis day,
Ere the night of death o'ertake you !
Strive for souls while yet you may.

C. C. Luther.

1 THERE shall be showers of blessing :
This is the promise of love !
There shall be seasons refreshing,
Sent from the Saviour above.

CHORUS.

Showers of blessing,
Showers of blessing we need ;
Mercy-drops round us are falling,
But for the showers we plead.

2 " There shall be showers of blessing—
Precious reviving again ;
Over the hills and the valleys,
Sound of abundance of rain.

3 " There shall be showers of blessing " :
Send them upon us, O Lord !
Grant to us now a refreshing ;
Come and now honour thy word.

4 " There shall be showers of blessing " :
Oh that to-day they might fall,
Now as to God we're confessing,
Now as on Jesus we call !

El Nathan.

1 MORE holiness give me, more striv-
ings within ;
More patience in suff'ring, more sorrow
for sin ;
More faith in my Saviour, more sense of
his care ;
More joy in his service, more purpose
in prayer.

2 More gratitude give me, more trust in
the Lord :
More zeal for his glory, more hope in
his word ;
More tears for his sorrows, more pain
at his grief ;
More meekness in trial, more praise for
relief.

3 More purity give me, more strength
to o'ercome :
More freedom from earth-stains, more
longings for home ;
More fit for the kingdom, more used
would I be ;
More blessed and holy, more, Saviour,
like thee.

P. P. Bliss

651

S. S. 294.

1 I'VE found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!

He loved me ere I knew him!
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus he bound me to him:
And round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which nought can sever,
For I am his, and he is mine,
Forever and forever.

2 I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!

He bled, he died to save me:
And not alone the gift of life,
But his own self he gave me.
Nought that I have my own I call,
I hold it for the Giver:
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are his, and his forever.

3 I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!

All power to him is given,
To guard me on my onward course,
And bring me safe to heaven.
The eternal glories gleam afar,
To nerve my faint endeavour:
So now—to watch!—to work!—to war!
And then—to rest forever!

4 I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!

So kind, and true, and tender,
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender.
From him who loves me now so well,
What power my soul can sever?
Shall life?—or death?—or earth?—or
hell?
No! I am his forever!

J. G. Small.

652

S. S. 392.

1 Who is he in yonder stall,
At whose feet the angels fall?

CHORUS.

'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story!
'Tis the King of Glory!
At his feet we humbly fall—
Crown him, crown him Lord of all!

2 Who is he in deep distress,
Fasting in the wilderness?

3 Who is he the people bless
For his words of gentleness?

4 Who is he to whom they bring
All the sick and suffering?

5 Who is he that stands and weeps
At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?

6 Who is he the gathering throng
Greet with loud triumphant song?

7 Lo, at midnight who is he
Prays in dark Gethsemane?

8 Who is he on yonder tree
Dies in grief and agony?

9 Who is he who from the grave
Comes to succour, help and save?

10 Who is he who from his throne
Rules through all the worlds alone?

Rev. B. R. Hanby.

653

S. S. 133.

1 Oh TO be nothing, nothing,
Only to lie at his feet,
A broken and emptied vessel,
For the Master's use made meet:
Emptied that he might fill me,
As forth to his service I go;
Broken, that so unhindered,
His life through me might flow.

CHORUS.

Oh to be nothing, nothing,
Only to lie at his feet,
A broken and emptied vessel,
For the Master's use made meet.

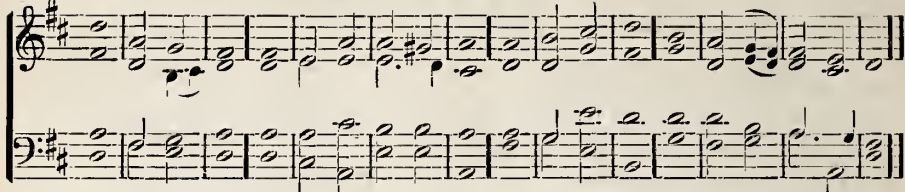
2 Oh to be nothing, nothing,
Only as led by his hand,
A messenger at his gateway,
Only waiting for his command:
Only an instrument ready
His praises to sound at his will,
Willing should he not require me,
In silence to wait on him still.

3 Oh to be nothing, nothing,—
Painful the humbling may be,
Yet low in the dust I'd lay me,
That the world might my Saviour see:
Rather be nothing, nothing,—
To him let their voices be raised,
He is the Fountain of blessing,
He only is meet to be praised.

Georgina Taylor.

654 VENITE, EXULTIMUS DOMINO.

WILLIAM BOYCE.

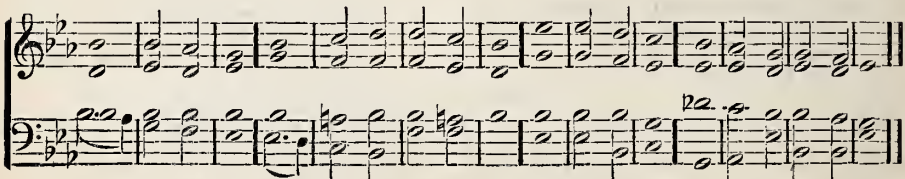


- 1 O COME, let us sing un- | to the | Lord ; || let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of |
our sal- | vation.
- 2 Let us come before his presence | with thanks- | giving, || and show ourselves | glad
in | him with | psalms.
- 3 For the Lord is a | great— | God, || and a great | King a- | bove all | gods.
- 4 In his hands are all the corners | of the | earth ; || and the strength of the | hills
is | his— | also.
- 5 The sea is his, | and he | made it ; || and his hands pre- | pared the | dry— | land.
- 6 O come, let us worship | and fall | down, || and kneel be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.
- 7 For he is the | Lord our | God, || and we are the people of his pasture, and the |
sheep of | his— | hand.
- 8 O worship the Lord in the | beauty .. of | holiness;— || let the whole earth | stand
in | awe of | him.
- *9 For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth, || and with righteousness to
judge the world, and the | people | with his | truth.
- 10 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost ;
- 11 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, || world | without | end. A- | men.

* Begin at middle of Chant.

655 JUBILATE DEO.

MORNINGTON.

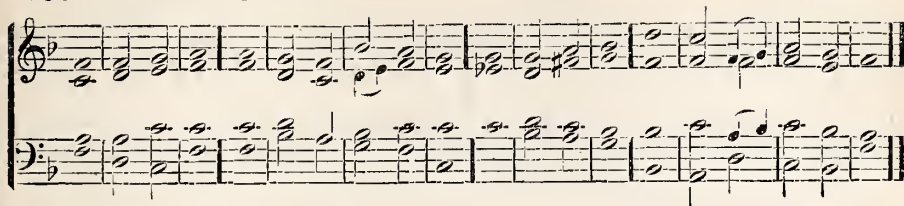


- 1 O BE joyful in the Lord, | all ye | lands ; || serve the Lord with gladness, and come
before his | presence | with a | song.
- 2 Be ye sure that the Lord | he is | God ; || it is he that hath made us, and not we
ourselves : we are his people, | and the | sheep of .. his | pasture.
- 3 O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his | courts with | praise ; ||
be thankful unto him, and | speak good | of his | name.
- 4 For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is | ever- | lasting ; || and his truth endureth
from gener- | ation .. to | gener- | ation.
- 5 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost ;
- 6 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, || world | without | end. A- | men.

CHANTS.

656 BENEDICTUS.

R. LANGDON.

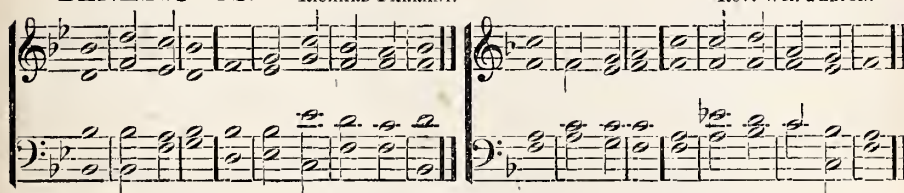


- 1 BLESSED be the Lord | God of | Israel, || for he hath visited | and re- | deemed his | people;
 2 And hath raised up a mighty sal- | vation | for us, || in the | house ' of his | servant | David;
 3 As he spake by the mouth of his | holy | prophets, || which have been | since the | world be- | gan;
 4 That we should be saved | from our | enemies, || and from the | hand of | all that | hate us.
 5 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost;
 6 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, || world | without | end. A- | men.

BENEDICTUS.

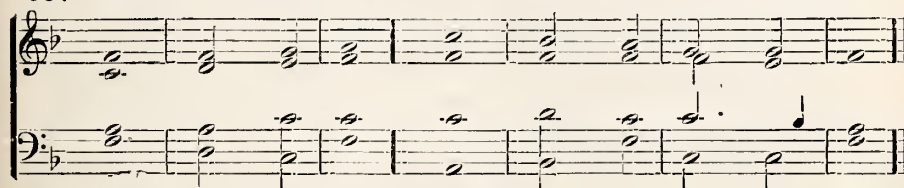
RICHARD FARRANT.

Rev. WM. FELTON.



657 DEUS MISEREATUR.

RICHARD FARRANT.



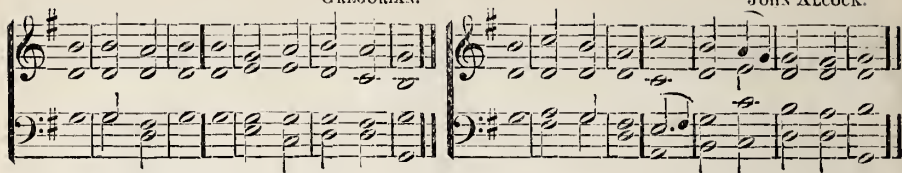
- 1 GOD be merciful unto | us, and | bless us; || and show us the light of his coun-
 tenance, and be | merci- ' ful | unto | us.
 2 That thy way may be | known up ' on | earth; | thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations.
 3 Let the people praise | thee, O | God; || yea, let | all the | people | praise thee.
 4 O let the nations rejoice | and be | glad; || for thou shalt judge the folk righteously,
 and govern the | nations | upon | earth.
 5 Let the people praise | thee, O | God; || yea, let | all the | people | praise thee.
 6 Then shall the earth bring | forth her | increase; || and God, even our own | God,
 shall | give us ' his | blessing.
 7 God | shall— | bless us; || and all the ends of the | world shall | fear— | him.
 8 Glory be to the Father. and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost;
 9 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, || world | without | end. A- | men.

CHANTS.

658 BONUM EST CONFITERI.

GREGORIAN.

JOHN ALCOCK.



- 1 It is a good thing to give thanks un- | to 'the | Lord: and to sing praises unto thy Name |
O —| Most —| Highest.
- 2 To tell of thy loving-kindness early | in 'the | morning: and of thy truth | in 'the |
night —| season.
- 3 Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up-| on 'the | lute: upon a loud instrument | and '
up-| on 'the | harp.
- 4 For thou, Lord, hast made me glad | through ' thy | works: and I will rejoice in giv-
ing praise, for the operations | of —| thy —| hands.
- 5 Glory be to the Father, | and ' to the | Son, and | to ' the | Holy | Ghost;
- 6 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be, world | with-out | end. A-| men.

659 DOMINUS REGIT ME.

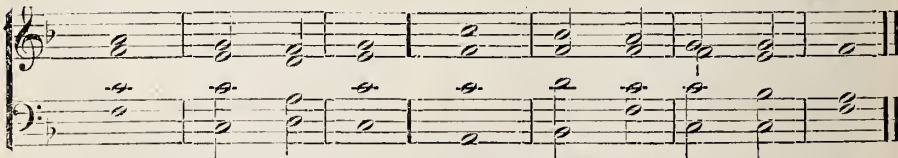
LOWELL MASON.



- 1 THE Lord is my Shepherd; I | shall not | want; || he maketh me to lie down in green
pastures, he leadeth me beside the | still—| waters.
- 2 He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his | name's—|
sake. || Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear
no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff | they—| comfort me.
- 3 Thou preparest a table before me, in the presenee of mine enemies, thou anointest my
head with oil; my | cup—| runneth | over. || Surely goodness and merey shall follow
me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the | Lord for—| ever. ||
A- | men.

660 VENITE AD ME.

UNKNOWN.



- 1 COME unto me all ye that labor and are | heavy-| laden, || and | I will | give you | rest.
- 2 Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me: for I am meek and | lowly—| in | heart: ||
and ye shall find | rest —| unto | your—| souls.
- 3 For my yoke is easy, and my | burden —| is | light, || for my yoke is easy, | and my |
burden —| is | light.
- 4 And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that | heareth, —| say, | Come. ||
And let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the | water —| of |
life—| freely. A—| men.

CHANTS.

661 GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

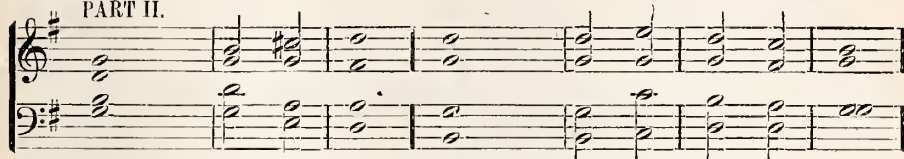
UNKNOWN.

PART I.



GLORY be to | God on | high, || and on earth | peace, good- | will -- toward | men.
We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee, || we glorify thee, we give thanks to
| thee for | thy great | glory.

PART II.



O Lord God, | heavenly | King, || God the | Father | Al- -- | mighty !
O Lord, the only-begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ, || O Lord God, Lamb of | God, Son |
of the | Father,

PART III.

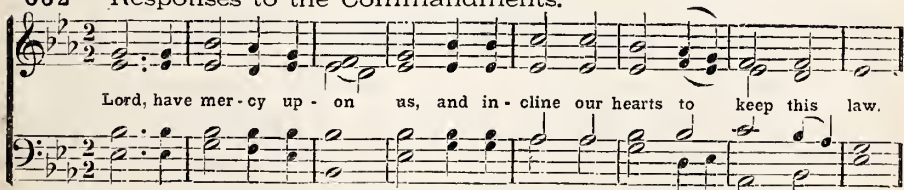


That takest away the | sins -- of the | world, || have mercy | upon | us.
Thou that takest away the | sins -- of the | world, || have mercy | upon | us.
Thou that takest away the | sins -- of the | world, || re- | ceive our | prayer.
Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, || have mercy | upon | us.

Return to PART I.

For thou | only -- art | holy, || thou | only | art the | Lord.
Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost, || art most high in the | glory -- of | God
the | Father. || A - men.

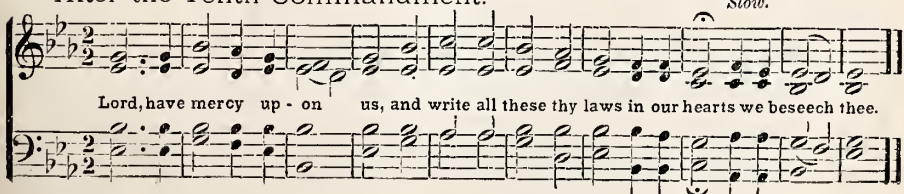
662 Responses to the Commandments.



Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep this law.

After the Tenth Commandment.

Slow.



Lord, have mercy up - on us, and write all these thy laws in our hearts we beseech thee.

CHANTS.

663 THY WILL BE DONE.

ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.



"Thy will be done."

1 "Thy will be | done!" || In devious way
The hurrying stream of | life may | run; ||
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |
"Thy will be | done!"

2 "Thy will be | done!" || If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a | prosperous | sun, ||

This prayer will make it more divine: |

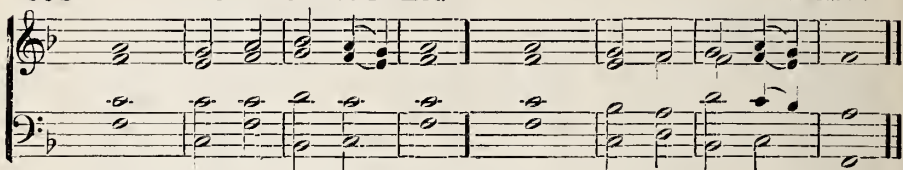
"Thy will be | done!"

3 "Thy will be | done!" || Though
shrouded o'er [one
Our | path with | gloom, || one comfort,
Is ours: to breathe, while we adore, |
"Thy will be | done!"

John Bowring.

664 THE LORD'S PRAYER.

GREGORIAN.



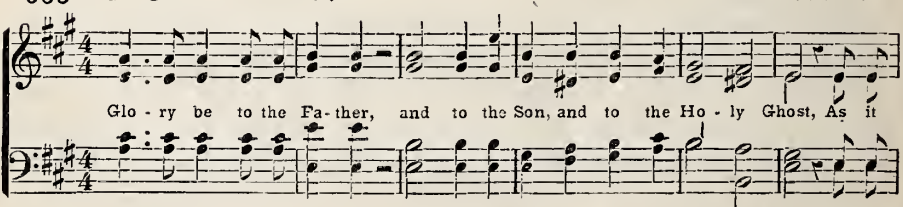
1 Our Father who art in heaven, | Hallowed | be thy | name. ||
Thy kingdom come: Thy will be done in | earth, "as it | is in | heaven,

2 Give us this | day our—| daily | bread: ||
And forgive us our debts, as | we for-| give our | debtors.

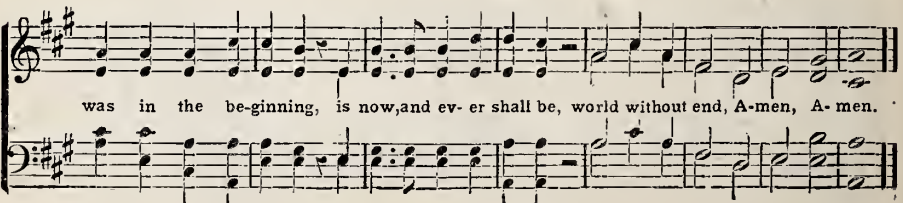
3 Lead us not into temptation, but de-| liver | us from | evil; ||
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for | ever. | A- —|men.

665 GLORIA PATRI.

CHARLES MEINEKE.



Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost, As it



was in the be-gin-ning, is now, and ev-er shall be, world without end, A-men, A-men.

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Abide with me! fast f 39	Break thou the bread 171	Day is dying in the 40
According to thy gra 553	Brief life is here our p 592	Dear Saviour, ever a 630
Again as evening's s { 43	Bright was the guidin 178	Deathless spirit, now 571
Alas! and did my Sav 103	By cool Siloam's sha 625	Deep are the wounds 181
All for Jesus! all for 355	By thy birth, and by 262	Delay not, delay not, 188
All glory to Jesus be 207	Call'd to the feast by 460	Delightful work! you 627
All hail the power of J 129	Calm on the listening 94	Depth of mercy! can 205
All my doubts I give 277	Cast thy bread upon 510	Did Christ o'er sinner 195
All people that on ea 1	Children, loud hosan 624	Down at the cross wh 324
All praise to him who 148	Children of the heave 391	Down in the valley, a 352
All praise to the Lam 278	Christ, the Lord, is ri 119	Down life's dark vale 154
All the promises of Je 175	Christ, the Lord, is ri 118	Dread Jehovah! God 615
All the way my Savio 300	Christians, brethren. 33	Enthroned is Jesus no 150
All things are ready 266	Come, Christian chil 626	Ere mountains reared 67
Almighty God, thy w 180	Come, ev'ry soul by s 198	Eternal Father, thou 538
Almighty Spirit, we c 169	Come, Father, Son, a 548	Eternal Power, whose 9
Always with us, alwa 384	Come, Holy Ghost, in 164	
Am I a soldier of the 448	Come, Holy Ghost, o 161	Fade, fade, each eart 371
Amazing grace! how 279	Come, Holy Spirit, he 162	Faith of our fathers! 508
And can I yet delay 194	Come home! come ho 221	Far and near the field 485
And can it be that I 318	Come, humble sinner, 199	Far from my thoughts 8
Angel voices breathin 28	Come, let us anew our 611	Far from these scenes 587
Angels, from the rea 97	Come, let us join our 19	Far out on the desola 411
Anywhere with Jesus, 364	Come, let us join our 604	Father, how wide thy 68
Are you weary, are y 419	Come, let us to the L 299	Father, I stretch my 197
Arise, go forth to con 486	Come, let us tune our 4	Father, lead thy little 641
Arise, my soul, arise 295	Come, my soul, thy su 377	Father of all, whose p 58
Arise, ye saints, arise 492	Come, O my God, the 289	Father of mercies, in 177
Art thou weary, art t 143	Come, O my soul, in s 65	Father, whate'er of ea 302
As pants the hart for 298	Come, said Jesus' sac 202	Fear not! God is thy 446
Asleep in Jesus! bles 561	Come, sinners, to the 240	For thee, O dear, dear 594
At the Lamb's high f 554	Come, sound his prai 26	Forever here my rest 437
Awake, and sing the 23	Come, thou almighty 29	Forever with the Lord { 583
Awake! awake! the M 505	Come, thou Fount of 309	586
Awake, my soul, in jo 22	Come, thou long-expe 227	Forth in thy name, O 475
Awake, my soul, stret 468	Come, thou weary! J 273	Forward! be our watc 476
Awake, my soul, to m 21	Come to the land of p 588	Fountain of life, to a 286
	Come to the Saviour 635	Free from the law, oh 325
Beautiful, the little h 632	Come unto me all ye t 660	From all that dwell b 3
Before Jehovah's awf 2	Come unto me, when 420	From Calvary a cry w 105
Behold a stranger at 209	Come with thy sins to 235	From every stormy w 380
Behold the Christian 469	Come, ye disconsolat 375	From Greenland's ic 537
Behold the throne of 392	Come, ye sinners, po 204	
Being of beings, God 440	Come, ye that love th { 24	Gentle Jesus, meek an 639
Blessed assurance, Je 373	467	Give me the wings of f 606

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Glorious things of th	523	How gentle God's co	85	It came upon the mid	93
Glory be to God abov	518	How happy every chi	580	It is a good thing to	658
Glory be to God on h	661	How helpless nature	190	It is not death to die,	564
Glory be to the Fathe	665	How precious is the b	170	It may not be our lot	471
Glory, to thee, my God	48	How sweet, how heav	519	I've a message from t	220
Go forth, ye heralds,	528	How sweet the hour o	562	I've found a friend in	322
Goforward, Christian	482	How sweet the name o	182	I've found a Friend; o	651
Go, labor on; spend a	472	How tedious and tast	401	I've found a joy in so	458
Go, ye messengers of	535	How tender is thy ha	86	I've reach'd the land	603
God be merciful unto	657	How welcome was the	620	I was once far away f	216
God be with you till	36				
God bless our native	614	I am coming to the cr	260	Jerusalem, my happy	600
God calling yet! shal	231	I am dwelling on the	340		605
God has said, "Fore	623	I am so glad that our	354	Jerusalem the golden	595
God is gone up on hig	131	I am thine, O Lord, I	353	Jesus, all-redeeming L	555
God is my strong sal	426	I could not do withou	346	Jesus, and shall it ev	473
God is love; his merc	74	I gave my life for th	246	Jesus, at whose supre	552
God is our refuge and	64	I hear the Saviour sa	275	Jesus bids us shine	638
God loved the world	236	I hear thy welcome vo	270	Jesus Christ is risen	120
God of eternal truth a	290	I heard the voice of J	294	Jesus, Friend of sinn	457
God moves in a myst	80	I know I love thee be	330	Jesus, high in glory,	13
God's holy law trans	192	I know no life divided	405	Jesus! I am resting, r	357
Grace!' tis a charmin	196	I know not why God's	331	Jesus, I my cross hav	428
Gracious Spirit, Lov	166	I know that my Rede	144	Jesus is tenderly call	206
Growing up for Jesus	629	I know that my Rede	312	Jesus, keep me near	326
Guide me, O thou gre	81	I lay my sins on Jesu	404	Jesus, let thy pitying	456
		I leave it all with Jes	362	Jesus, Lover of my so	422
Hail the day that sees	121	I love thy kingdom,	515	Jesus loves me! this	642
Hail thou once despi	132	I love to steal awhile	393	Jesus, my all, to heav	249
Happy soul, thy days	570	I love to tell the story	403	Jesus, thy life is mine	358
Hark! a voice divides	568	I need thee every hou	307	Jesus, my Lord, to th	257
Hark, hark, my soul!	607	I think, when I read	640	Jesus, my Savior, to	149
Hark, how the watch	497		284	Jesus, Savior, pilot m	323
Hark, my soul! It is t	441	I thirst, thou wounded	408	Jesus shall reign whe	527
Hark, the glad sound	90		280	Jesus, the Conqueror	146
		I want a principle wi	296	Jesus, the Lord of gl	138
Hark! the herald ang	95	I was a wandering sh	310	Jesus! the name high	516
	158	I will sing for Jesus,	155	Jesus, the very thoug	136
Hark! the song of ju	534	I will sing of my Red	609	Jesus, thine all-victor	311
Hark, the voice of Jes	223	I will sing you a son	160	Jesus, thou everlastin	5
Hark, the voice of Jes	512	I worship thee, O Holy	238	Jesus, thou Source d	191
Hark! the voice of lo	116	I would be thine: O t	372	Jesus, thy blood and	140
Hark! what mean tho	96	I would not live alwa	370	Jesus, united by thy g	522
Hasten, Lord, the glo	533	If God himself be for	559	Jesus, where'er thy p	6
Hasten, sinner, to be	203	If human kindness m	431	Jesus, while our hear	569
Have you been to Jes	245	If, on a quiet sea	578	Joy-bells ringing,	646
He has entered! he h	361	I'm a pilgrim, and I'	602	Joy to the world! the	88
He leadeth me! O bles	376	I'm but a stranger he	503	Just as I am, without	259
He was not willing th	263	I'm not ashamed to o	349		
Hear thou my pray'r	466	In God I have found	425	Keep me, hide me, oh	301
Heirs to the kingdom	488	In heavenly love abi	558	King of kings, and wi	438
Ho! ev'ry one that th	242	In memory of the Sav	412		
Hold thou my hand!	329	In some way or other	550	Laborers of Christ, a	493
Holy Father, thou h	367	In that sad, memorab	612	Laboring and heavy l	385
Holy, holy, holy, Lor	61	In the Christian's ho	108	Lead, kindly Light, a	423
Holy Spirit, faithful g	168	In the cross of Christ	333	Lead me, lead me,	628
Holy Spirit, Truth di	167	In the rifted Rock I'm	344	Let every mortal ear	185
Hover o'er me, Holy	159	In the secret of his pr	186	Let every tongue thy	77
How beauteous are th	526	In the silent midnight	447	Let us keep steadfast	495
How blest the childre	546	In thy cleft, O Rock o			

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Hymn.

Hymn.

Hymn.

Life from the dead, 544	My soul, repeat his p 82	On Jordan's stormy 590
Lift your glad voices 126	My spirit, on thy car 445	On the mountain's to 524
Light after darkness, 610	My times are in thy h 435	Oh Thee my heart is r 366
Like a river glorious 363		Once more, my soul, t 20
Lo, the golden fields 511	Nearer, my God, to t 387	One little hour for wa 415
Look, ye saints, the 117	Nearer the cross ! my 356	One more day's work 487
Lord, and is thine an 291	Never further than th 115	One sweetly solemn th { 598
Lord, as to thy dear 502	New every morning is 46	601
Lord, at thy mercy-se 217	Not here, as to the pr 11	One there is above all 153
Lord, dismiss us with 35	Now is the accepted t 193	Only waiting, till the 429
Lord, have mercy up 662	Now just a word for J 459	Onward, Christian so 477
Lord, how secure and 281	Now let my soul, eter 172	Our blest Redeemer, e 165
Lord, how shall sinne 145		Our God is love, and 521
Lord, I am thine, ent 407	O be joyful in the Lo 655	Our Lord is risen fro 125
Lord, I believe a rest 313	O bliss of the purified 276	Out on an ocean all b 599
Lord, I believe thy ev 451	O Bread to pilgrims 556	Out on the desert, loo 222
Lord, I care not for ri 414	O come, and dwell in 442	Our Father who art in 664
Lord, I delight in thee 87	O come, let us sing u 654	
Lord, I bear of show 228	O could I speak the m 37	Pass me not, O gentle 234
Lord, in the morning 14	O day of rest and gla 53	Pcace, perfect peace, 465
Lord, it belongs not t 452	O for a closer walk wi 297	Plunged in a gulf of d 239
Lord Jesus, I long to 413	O for a faith that wil 450	Praise, my soul, the K 464
Lord, lead the way th 542	O for a heart to prais 288	Praise the Lord, his g 32
Lord of all being ! th 66	O for a thousand ton 18	Praise the Rock of ou 27
Lord, this day they ch 51	O for the death of tho 565	Pray, without ceasing 501
Lord, we come before 30	O glorious hope of pe 413	Prayer is appointed t 381
Lord, when we bend 16	O God, my youth is th 634	Prayer is the breath o 396
Lord, while for all m 617	O God, our help in ag 70	Prayer is the soul's s 394
Love divine, all love 430	O God, to thee we ral 433	Precious promise Go 410
Loved with everlastin 368	O God, we praise thee 71	Precious Saviour, Th 321
	O happy band of pilg 427	Prince of peace, contr 287
Majestic sweetness sit 133	O happy day, that fix 283	
Make haste, O man, to 491	O how happy are they 285	Redeemed, how I love 335
Man of Sorrows, what 156	O Jesus, Lord, thy dy 219	Rejoice, the Lord is K 130
'Mid scenes of confusi 581	O Lord, our fathers o 616	Rescue the perishing, 483
Mighty God ! while a 75	O Love, divine and te 619	Rich are the joys wh 545
More holiness give m 650	O Love divine ! O mat 557	Rise, glorious Conqu 122
More love to thee, O C 388	O Love divine, what h 112	Rock of ages, cleft fo 261
Mortals, awake, with 92	O Love, thy sovereign 409	
Must I go, and empty 648	O mourner of Zion, h 214	Safe in the arms of J 378
Must Jesus bear the c 449	O, now I see the crim 201	Safely through anoth 55
My body, soul, and s 417	O thou God of my sal 463	Salvation ! O the joy 183
My days are gliding s 577	O Thou, in whose pre 314	Sav'd to the uttermos 341
My faith looks up to 306	O Thou who driest th 303	Saviour, again to th 42
My Father is rich in h 406	O turn ye, O turn ye, f 187	Saviour breathe an e 41
My God, how endless 47	O what, if we are Chri 436	Saviour, like a sheph 622
My God, how wonderf 69	O, when I shall sweep 582	Saviour, more than l 327
My God, the spring of 397	O where shall rest be 189	Saviour, teach me, da 379
My gracious Lord, I 474	O wondrous power of 399	Saviour ! thy dying l 319
My heart is resting, O 359	O worship the King a 60	Saviour, when, in du 386
O My heavenly home is 585	Of Him who did salva 229	Saviour, who died fo 372
My hope is built on n 374	Oh, blessed fellowshi 339	See how great a flame 532
My hope, my all, my 317	Oh, let us be glad in o 147	Servant of God, well 566
My Jesus, as thou wil 315	Oh, safe to the Rock t 461	Shall man; O God of 563
My Jesus, I love thee 337	Oh, scatter seeds of l 509	She loved her Saviou 541
My life flows on in en 365	Oh, sometimes the sha 418	Show pity, Lord, O L 251
My Saviour, my almi 398	Oh, think of the home 608	Silently the shades o 38
My Shepherd's might 305	Oh, this uttermost sa 211	Simply trusting ey'ry 647
My soul, be on thy g 496	Oh to be nothing, not 653	Sing them over again 243
My soul, in sad exile 342	Oh, what a Saviour t 272	Sinners Jesus will re 208

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Hymn.		Hymn.		Hymn.	
So near to the kingdo	233	The starry firmament	173	Wake, wake the song	643
Softly and tenderly J	210	The voice of free grac	225	Walk in the light! so	439
Softly fades the twili	52	The voice that breath	621	Watchman, tell us of	531
Softly now the light o	44	The whole world was	157	We have heard a joyf	539
Soldiers of Christ, a	499	There is a fountain fi	206	We may not climb the	101
Soldiers of Christ, l	500	There is a gate that s	268	We praise thee, O Go	320
Soldiers of the cross,	480	There is a green hill f	114	We shall meet beyon	576
Sometimes a light su	424	There is a land of pu	589	We sing the praise of	104
Songs of praise the a	31	There is a name I lov	142	We welcome you all	631
Soon may the last gl	529	There is an hour of p	584	Weeping will not sav	255
ound the battle-cry	504	There is no name so s	141	Welcome, sweet day o	54
Sow in the morn thy	490	There is no night in h	591	Welcome, thou Victor	127
Sowing in the morni	507	There seems a voice i	72	Well for him who all	282
Spirit Divine, attend	163	There shall be shower	649	What a friend we hav	308
Spirit, leave thy hou	567	There were ninety and	269	What can wash away	271
Stand up for Jesus, C	506	There's a gentle voice	254	What glory gilds the	179
Stand up, stand up fo	481	There's a land that is	613	What grace, O Lord,	100
Standing on the prom	332	There's a stranger at	212	What various hindra	382
Stay, thou insulted S	250	There's a wideness in	73	When all thy mercies	79
Still, still, with thee,	63	There's sunshine in m	334	When, doomed to dea	547
Strike! O strike for v	478	They who seek the th	390	When He cometh, whe	637
Sun of my soul, thou	45	Thine arm, O Lord, i	618	When I can read my	579
Sweet hour of prayer	389	This child we dedicat	549	When I survey the w	107
Sweet Sabbath Schoo	644	Tho' troubles assail,	59	When Jesus comes to	575
Sweet the moments, r	383	Thou art gone to the	573	When Jesus laid his c	152
		Thou art gone up on	124	When, marshaled on	98
Take my life, and let	345	Thou dear Redeemer,	135	When peace, like a ri	360
Take the name of Jes	421	Thou God of glorious	574	When Power divine, i	431
Take the world, but g	336	Thou hidden Source o	400	When time seems sho	226
Take up thy cross, th	470	Thou Lamb of God, t	432	Where will you spend	215
Talk with us, Lord, th	395	Thou my everlasting	348	While foes are strong	347
Tell it out among the	540	Thou Refuge of my so	455	While Jesus whispers	241
Tell me, the Old, Old S	328	Thou Shepherd of Isr	402	While life prolongs	230
Tenderly guide us, O	636	Thou whose almighty	530	While shepherds watc	91
Thanks be to Jesus, h	213	Thou whose name is c	369	While thee I seek, pr	304
That doleful night bef	560	Though nature's stre	597	Who is he in yonder	652
The chosen three, on	102	Thus far the Lord hat	49	Who is this, so weak	99
The Church's one fou	514	Thy presence gracious	10	Who is thy neighbor	543
The God of Abrah'm	596	Thy way, not mine, O	316	Who'll be the next to	253
The great Physician n	267	Thy will be done !	663	Whosoever heareth ! s	244
The harvest dawn is n	494	Thy word, almighty L	176	Why do you wait, de	256
The head that once wa	139	" 'Tis finished ! " so	110	Why should I wait? I	274
The heavens declare	174	'Tis finished ! the Mes	106	Why should the child	237
The home where chan	351	'Tis known in earth a	134	Will your anchor hol	343
The King of heaven h	551	'Tis midnight; and o	109	With joy we hail the	56
The Lord into his ga	513	'Tis so sweet to trust	462	With joy we lift our	25
The Lord is my Shep	659	'Tis the blessed hour	12	With joy we meditat	137
The Lord is my Shep	83	'Tis the promise of G	258	With tearful eyes I lo	232
The Lord is risen ind	123	To the work ! to the w	484	Wonderful story of l	151
The Lord my pasture	84	To us a Child of hop	89	Wonderous words! ho	248
The Lord our God is	62	To-day the Saviour c	224	Work, for the night i	479
The Lord's my Shep	78	Trying to walk in the	350	Would Jesus have th	113
The morning light is	536	Try us, O God, and s	520		
The royal banner is u	111			Ye simple souls that	265
The sands of time are	593	Urge on your rapid	498	Yield not to temptati	416
The Saviour ! O what	184			Your harps ye trembl	444
The spacious firmame	57	Vain, delusive world,	292		
The Spirit, in our hea	264	Vain man, thy fond p	252	Zion stands with hills	525

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If at this time alms are received for the poor, a person shall wait upon the congregation for their offerings while the Elder reads suitable portions of scripture.

After which the Elder shall give the following INVITATION, the people standing:—

If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous : and he is the propitiation for our sins :—and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.

Wherefore ye that do truly and earnestly repent of your sins, and are in love and charity with your neighbors, and intend to lead a new life, following the commandments of God, and walking from henceforth in his holy ways, draw near with faith, and take this holy sacrament to your comfort : and, devoutly kneeling, make your humble confession to Almighty God.

Then shall this general CONFESSION, be made by the Minister in the name of all those who are minded to receive the holy communion, both he and all the people devoutly kneeling, and saying :—

Almighty God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Maker of all things, Judge of all men : we acknowledge and bewail our manifold sins and wickedness, which we from time to time most grievously have committed, by thought, word, and deed, against thy Divine Majesty, provoking most justly thy wrath and indignation against us. We do earnestly repent, and are heartily sorry for these our misdoings ; the remembrance of them is grievous unto us. Have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us, most merciful Father ; for thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ's sake, forgive us all that is past, and grant that we may ever hereafter serve and please thee in newness of life, to the honor and glory of thy name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Then shall the Elder say :—

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, who of thy great mercy hast promised forgiveness of sins to all them that with hearty repentance and true faith turn

unto thee : have mercy upon us ; pardon and deliver us from all our sins, confirm and strengthen us in all goodness, and bring us to everlasting life through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

The Collect.

Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid ; cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love thee, and worthily magnify thy holy name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Then shall the Elder say :—

We do not presume to come to this thy table, O merciful Lord, trusting in our own righteousness, but in thy manifold and great mercies. We are not worthy so much as to gather up the crumbs under thy table. But thou art the same Lord, whose property is always to have mercy : Grant us, therefore, gracious Lord, so to eat the flesh of thy dear Son Jesus Christ, and to drink his blood, that we may live and grow thereby ; and that, being washed through his most precious blood, we may evermore dwell in him, and he in us. *Amen.*

Then the Elder shall say the prayer of CONSECRATION, as followeth :—

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, who of thy tender mercy didst give thine only Son Jesus Christ to suffer death upon the cross for our redemption ; who made there, by his oblation of himself once offered, a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world ; and did institute, and in his holy Gospel command us to continue a perpetual memory of his precious death until his coming again : hear us, O merciful Father, we most humbly beseech thee, and grant that we, receiving these thy creatures of bread and wine according to thy Son our Saviour Jesus Christ's holy institution, in remembrance of his death and passion, may be partakers of his most blessed body and blood ; who in the same night

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that he was betrayed, took bread : and when he had given thanks, he broke it, and gave it to his disciples, saying, Take, eat : this my body which is given for you ; do this in remembrance of me.

Likewise after supper he took the cup ; and when he had given thanks, he gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of this : for this is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you, and for many, for the remission of sins : do this, as oft as ye shall drink it, in remembrance of me. *Amen.*

Then shall the Minister receive the communion in both kinds, and proceed to deliver the same to the other Ministers, if any be present ; after which he shall say :—

It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty, that we should at all times, and in all places, give thanks unto thee, O Lord, holy Father, Almighty, Everlasting God.

Therefore with angels and archangels, and with all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify thy glorious name, evermore praising thee, and saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts, heaven and earth are full of thy glory. Glory be to thee, O Lord most high. *Amen.*

The Minister shall then proceed to administer the communion to the people in order, kneeling, into their uncovered hands. And when he delivereth the bread, he shall say :—

The body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for thee, preserve thy soul and body unto everlasting life. Take and eat this in remembrance that Christ died for thee and feed on him in thy heart by faith with thanksgiving.

And the Minister that delivereth the eup shall say :—

The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was shed for thee, preserve thy soul and body unto everlasting life. Drink this in remembrance that Christ's blood was shed for thee, and be thankful.

Then shall the Elder say the Lord's Prayer ; the people kneeling, and repeating after him every petition.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread ; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us ; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil ; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. *Amen.*

After which shall be said as followeth :—

O Lord, our heavenly Father, we thy humble servants desire thy Fatherly goodness mercifully to accept this our sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving ; most humbly beseeching thee to grant, that, by the merits and death of thy Son Jesus Christ, and through faith in his blood, we and thy whole Church may obtain remission of our sins and all other benefits of his passion. And here we offer and present unto thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy, and lively sacrifice unto thee ; humbly beseeching thee that all we who are partakers of this holy communion may be filled with thy grace and heavenly benediction. And although we be unworthy, through our manifold sins, to offer unto thee any sacrifice, yet we beseech thee to accept this our bounden duty and service, not weighing our merits, but pardoning our offences, through Jesus Christ our Lord ; by whom, and with whom, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, all honor and glory be unto thee, O Father Almighty, world without end. *Amen.*

*Then shall be said or sung :—**

Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good-will toward men. We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we glorify thee, we give thanks unto thee for thy great glory. O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty.

O Lord, the only begotten Son Jesus Christ : O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer. Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us. For thou only art holy : thou only art the Lord ; thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father. *Amen.*

Then the Elder, if he see it expedient, may offer up an extemporary prayer ; and afterward shall let the people depart with this blessing :—

May the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord, and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be among you, and remain with you always. *Amen.*

* "Gloria in Excelsis," see page 391.

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